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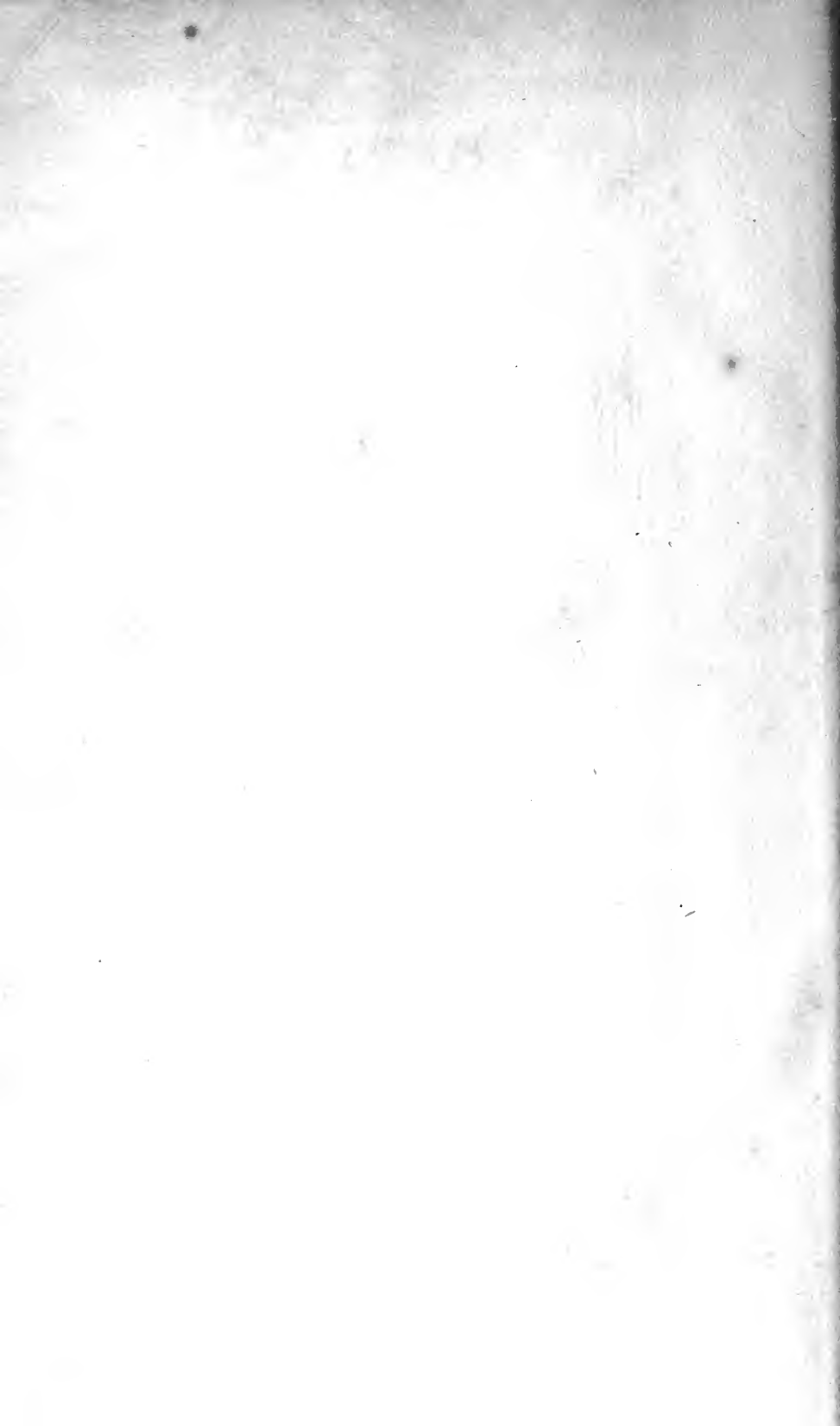


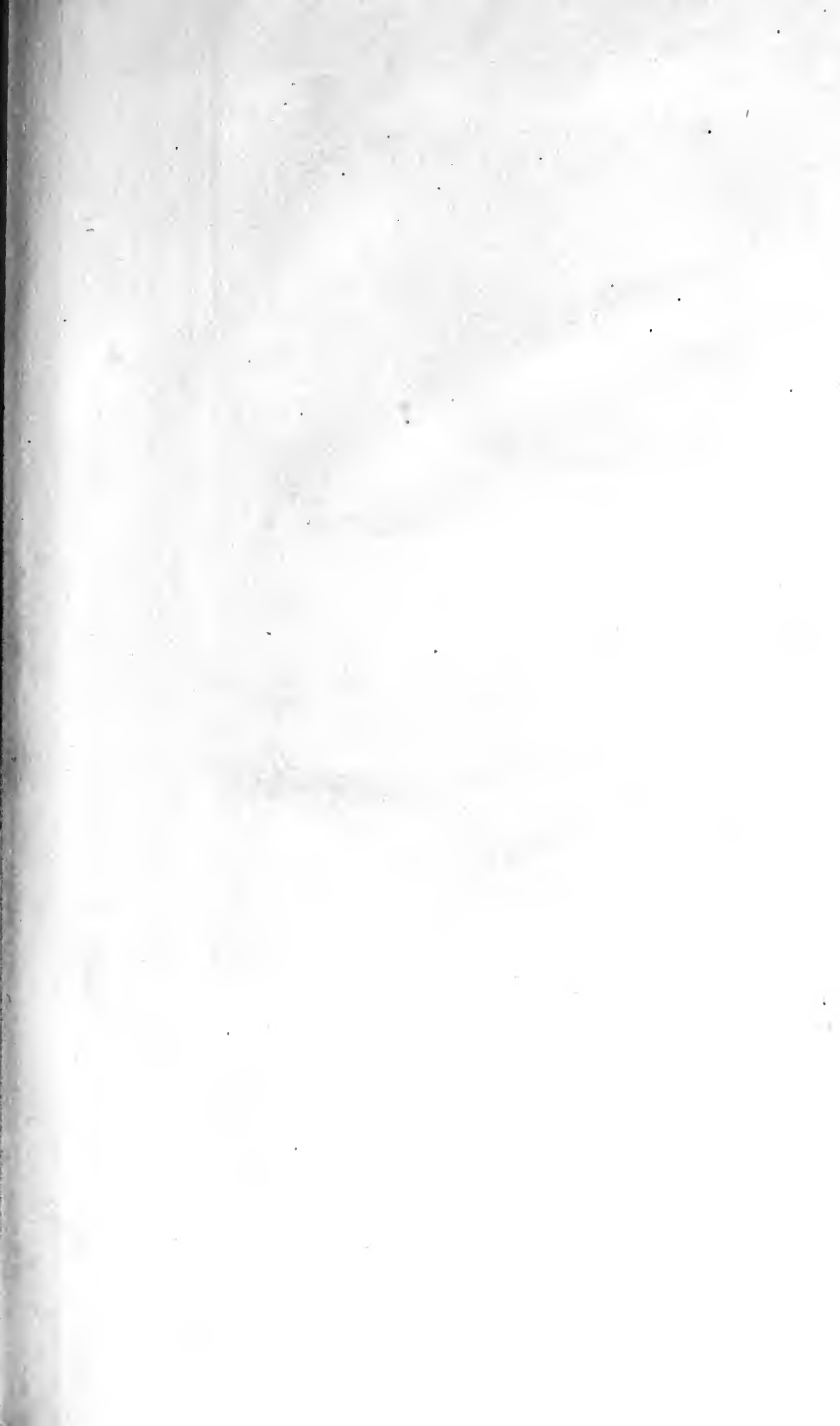
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THE JOURNAL OF  
THE REV. JOHN WESLEY, A.M.







John Y. ... in the Year 1765

Vol. A

# THE JOURNAL

OF THE REV.

## JOHN WESLEY, A.M.

SOMETIME FELLOW OF LINCOLN COLLEGE, OXFORD

ENLARGED FROM ORIGINAL MSS., WITH NOTES  
FROM UNPUBLISHED DIARIES, ANNOTA-  
TIONS, MAPS, AND ILLUSTRATIONS

EDITED BY

NEHEMIAH Curnock

ASSISTED BY EXPERTS

STANDARD EDITION

VOL. V

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CHARLES H. KELLY

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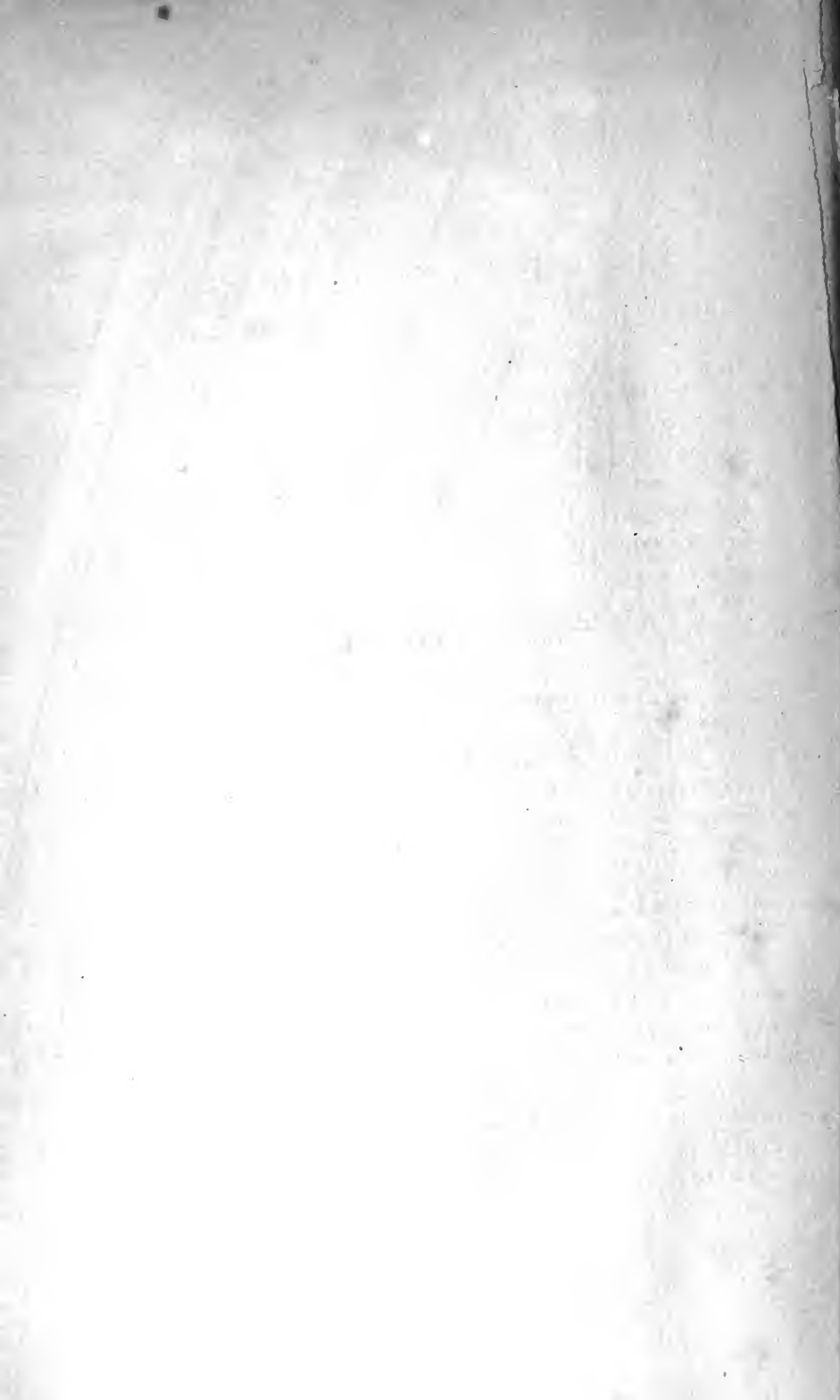
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# PART THE THIRTEENTH

*(Continued)*

*The man who figures most prominently in this section of the Journal is Thomas Maxfield, Wesley's 'son in the gospel,' who always, from the ecclesiastical point of view, was a self-willed younger son, with errant instincts and a certain hankering after independence that all the love of his spiritual father never entirely overcame. He was not the first lay preacher in Methodism—that honour belongs to John Cennick; but through Susanna, youngest daughter of Samuel Annesley (primate of late seventeenth-century Nonconformity) and mother of Samuel and John and Charles Wesley, he won for lay preaching its lawful place in Methodism. Neither as Methodist preacher, nor as Independent minister, nor as episcopally ordained but unbeneficed clergyman, did Maxfield ever learn obedience. Hence, probably, the comparative failure of what might have been a great life. Nevertheless there must have been attractive force in him. Lady Huntingdon gave him a high place in her regard, as did many of the leaders in the religious revival of the eighteenth century. Wesley himself, however angry, never ceased to love Thomas Maxfield. His life, even now, should be written, for he was one of the potencies of the age, both for good and for evil.*

## THE JOURNAL

*From January 1, 1763, to May 25, 1765*

1763.<sup>1</sup> JAN. 1, *Sat.*—A woman told me, ‘Sir, I employ several men. Now, if one of my servants will not follow my direction, is it not right for me to discard him at once? Pray, do you apply this to Mr. Bell.’ I answered: ‘It is right to discard such a servant; but what would you do if he were your son?’<sup>2</sup>

*Wed. 5.*—Having procured one who understood Spanish<sup>3</sup> to interpret, I had a long conversation with the supposed Turks. One account they gave of themselves then; a second they soon after gave to Mrs. G. I observed the account now given, which I read over to them, in some particulars differed from both. This increased my fear, though I still hoped the best, till Mr. B[lackwell] procured a Jew to talk with them, who understood both Turkish and Spanish, upon whose questioning them thoroughly they contradicted all the accounts given before; and upon the elder of them mentioning Solomon Selim, a Jewish merchant, of Amsterdam, one who knew him wrote to Solomon about him, who answered he had known him upwards of fourteen years; that he was a Spanish Jew, a physician by profession; that some years since he had cured him of a dangerous

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<sup>1</sup> In the midst of public excitements and distresses he published, in London, *An Extract from Milton's 'Paradise Lost,'* with notes, writing the Preface on Jan. 1, 1763. ‘This inimitable work,’ he says, ‘is unintelligible to abundance of readers, the immense learning which he [Milton] has everywhere crowded together making it quite obscure to persons of common

education.’ This difficulty he endeavoured to remove by omitting lines he despaired of explaining except by using many words, and by adding short and easy notes. See *Works*, vol. xiv. p. 335.

<sup>2</sup> i.e. Thomas Maxfield, who was his ‘son in the gospel.’

<sup>3</sup> See above, vol. i. p. 299, &c.

illness, in gratitude for which he had given him ten pounds to carry him over to England.<sup>1</sup>

*Fri. 7.*—I desired George Bell, with two or three of his friends, to meet me with one or two others.<sup>2</sup> We took much pains to convince him of his mistakes, particularly that which he had lately adopted—that the end of the world was to be on February 28, which at first he had earnestly withstood. But we could make no impression upon him at all. He was as unmoved as a rock.

*Sun. 9.*—I endeavoured (from 1 Cor. xii. 11, and the following verses) to guard the sincere against all thoughts of separating from their brethren by showing what need all the members of the body have of each other. But those who wanted the caution most turned all into poison.

*Mon. 10.*—I rode to Shoreham, and paid the last office of love<sup>3</sup> to Mrs. Perronet.

*Wed. 12.*—I returned to London, and the next day strongly enforced, on a large congregation at the Foundery, the words of Isaiah (never more needful): 'He that believeth shall not make haste.'

*Mon. 17.*—I rode to Lewisham and wrote my sermon to be preached before the Society for Reformation of Manners.

*Sun. 23.*—In order to check, if not stop, a growing evil, I preached on 'Judge not, that ye be not judged.' But it had just the contrary effect on many, who construed it into a satire upon G[eorge] Bell, one of whose friends said: 'If the devil himself had been in the pulpit he would not have preached such a sermon.'

All this time I did not want for information from all quarters

<sup>1</sup> In Wesley's letters at this time to his brother, the 'Turks' rival Maxfield. On Feb. 26 he writes:

Yesterday Mr. Madan and I, with a few more, gave the full hearing to the famous Turk and his associate. He is an exquisite wretch; was originally a Spanish Jew, afterwards a Turk, then a Papist, then a Jew again, then a Protestant, and now at last (under Mr. Lombard's wing) a zealous Papist.

<sup>2</sup> On Jan. 7 he wrote to *The London Chronicle* explaining briefly the views of 'Mr. Bell and a few others,' and disowning responsibility for their proceed-

ings. A month later he again wrote, announcing that Mr. Bell was not 'a member of our society, and that neither he [Wesley] nor his people believed that the end of the world or any other signal calamity was due on the 28th instant' (Tyerman's *Life of Wesley*, vol. ii. p. 460; see also *Life of the Countess of Huntingdon*, vol. i. pp. 321, 322).

<sup>3</sup> i.e. administering Holy Communion. She died on Feb. 5. Vincent Perronet married Charity, daughter of Thomas Goodhew, Esq., of Clerkenwell, London, on Dec. 4, 1718.



that Mr. M[axfield] was at the bottom of all this; that he was the life of the cause, that he was continually spiriting up all with whom I was intimate against me; that he told them I was not capable of teaching them, and insinuated that none was but himself, and that the inevitable consequence must be a division in the society.

Yet I was not without hope that, by bearing all things, I should overcome evil with good, till on *Tuesday* the 25th, while I was sitting with many of our brethren, Mrs. Coventry<sup>1</sup> (then quite intimate with Mr. M[axfield]) came in, threw down her ticket, with those of her husband, daughters, and servants, and said they would hear two doctrines no longer. They had often said before, Mr. M[axfield] preached Perfection, but Mr. W[esley] pulled it down. So I did, that perfection of Benjamin Harris, G. Bell, and all who abetted them. So the breach is made! The water is let out. Let those who can gather it up.

I think it was on *Friday* the 28th that I received a letter from John Fox, and another from John and Elizabeth Dixon, declaring the same thing.<sup>2</sup>

FEB. 4, *Fri.*—Daniel Owen and G. Bell told me they should stay in the society no longer. The next day Robert Lee, with five or six of his friends, spake to the same effect.

I now seriously considered whether it was in my power to have prevented this. I did not see that it was, for though I had heard from time to time many objections to Mr. M[axfield]'s conduct, there was no possibility of clearing them up. Above a year ago I desired him to meet me with some that accused him that I might hear them face to face; but his answer was as follows:

*December 28, 1761.*

I have considered the thing since you spoke to me about meeting at Mrs. March's, and I do not think to be there or to meet them at any

<sup>1</sup> Cf. below, p. 12.

<sup>2</sup> On Jan. 30 he preached before the Society for the Reformation of Manners (see Tyerman's *Life of Wesley*, vol. ii. pp. 468-9). Wesley and the Methodists had revived the society. In 1763 it numbered 160 members, nearly half of whom were Methodists. The service was held in

West Street Chapel, Wesley preaching from the same text his father had taken sixty-five years before on a similar occasion: 'Who will rise up with me against the wicked?' The sermon was written at Lewisham, and published as a pamphlet in London. See Green's *Wesley Bibliog.*, No. 217; and below, p. 154.

time. It is enough that I was arraigned at the Conference. [At which I earnestly defended him and silenced all his accusers.] I am not convinced that it is my duty to make James Morgan, &c., my judges. If you, sir, or any one of them, have anything to say to me alone I will answer as far as I see good.

The next month I wrote him a long letter telling him mildly all I heard or feared concerning him. He took it as a deep affront, and in consequence thereof wrote as follows :

*January 14, 1762.*

If you call me proud or humble, angry or meek, it seems to sit much the same on my heart. If you call me John or Judas, Moses or Korah, I am content. As to a separation, I have no such thought ; if you have, and now (as it were) squeeze blood out of a stone, be it to yourself.

Several months after, hearing some rumours, I again wrote to him freely. In his answer were the following words :

*September 23, 1762.*

Experience teaches me daily that they that preach salvation from the nature of sin will have the same treatment from the others as they had and have from the world ; but I am willing to bear it. Your brother is gone out of town. Had he stayed much longer and continued, Sunday after Sunday, to hinder me from preaching, he would have forced me to have got a place to preach in, where I should not have heard what I think the highest truths contradicted.

In his next letter he explained himself a little farther :

*October 16, 1762.*

We have great opposition on every side. Nature, the world, and the devil will never be reconciled to Christian Perfection. But the great wonder is that Christians will not be reconciled to it ; all, almost every one who call themselves ministers of Christ or preachers of Christ contend for sin to remain in the heart as long as we live, as though it were the only thing Christ delighted to behold in His members.

I long to have your heart set at full liberty. I know you will then see things in a wonderful different light from what it is possible to see them before.

The day after the first separation, viz. January 26, I wrote him the following note :

MY DEAR BROTHER,

For many years I and all the preachers in connexion with me have taught that every believer may and ought to grow in grace.

Lately you have taught, or seemed to teach, the contrary. The effect of this is, when I speak as I have done from the beginning, those who believe what you say will not bear it. Nay, they will renounce connexion with us, as Mr. and Mrs. Coventry did last night. This breach lies wholly upon you. You have contradicted what I taught from the beginning. Hence it is that many cannot bear it, but when I speak as I always have done they separate from the society. Is this for your honour, or to the glory of God?

Oh, Tommy, seek counsel, not from man, but God; not from brother B[ell], but Jesus Christ! I am

Your affectionate brother,

J. W.

Things now ripened apace for a farther separation, to prevent which (if it were possible) I desired all our preachers, as they had time, to be present at all meetings when I could not myself, particularly at the Friday meeting in the chapel at West Street. At this Mr. M[axfield] was highly offended, and wrote to me as follows:

February 5, 1763.

I wrote to you to ask if those who before met at brother Guilford's<sup>1</sup> might not meet in the chapel. Soon after you came to town the preachers were brought into the meeting, though you told me again and again they should not come. [True; but since I said this there has been an entire change in the situation of things.] Had I known this I would rather have paid for a room out of my own pocket. I am not speaking of the people that met at the Foundery before, though I let some of them come to that meeting. If you intend to have the preachers there to watch, and others that I think very unfit, and will not give me liberty to give leave to some that I think fit to be there, I shall not think it my duty to meet them.

So from this time he kept a separate meeting elsewhere.<sup>2</sup>

*Sun. 6.*—Knowing many were greatly tempted on occasion of these occurrences, I preached on (1 Cor. x. 13) 'God is faith-

<sup>1</sup> Joseph Guilford, who began to travel in 1761. Under a sermon preached in the Foundery by Thomas Olivers he was awakened (*Wesley's Veterans*, vol. i. p. 230, or *E.M.P.* vol. ii. p. 78). See reference in *Life of Mrs. Fletcher*, p. 318, to a meeting of four hours in his house; also to Miss Bosanquet's conversion while he was praying. Atmore's *Memorial* gives an account of his death; see also below,

May 18, 1777, for Wesley's fine tribute.

<sup>2</sup> Maxfield preached at Snowsfields Chapel. See below, pp. 12 (pars. 15-17), and 39. He remained there two or three years, then removed to Rope-maker's Alley, Little Moorfields, and thence finally to Princes Street, Moorfields. See Wilson's *History of Dissenting Meeting-houses*, vols. iii. and iv.

ful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able; but will with the temptation also make a way to escape, that ye may be able to bear it.' In the evening we had a love-feast, at which many spoke with all simplicity, and their words were like fire. I hardly know when we have had so refreshing a season.

*Mon. 7.*—One who is very intimate with them that had left us told me in plain terms, 'Sir, the case lies here; they say you are only an hypocrite, and therefore they can have no fellowship with you.'

So now the wonder is over. First, it was revealed to them that all the people were dead to God. Then they saw that all the preachers were so too; only, for a time, they excepted me. At last they discern me to be blind and dead too. Now let him help them that can!<sup>1</sup>

*Thur. 10.*—I rode to Brentford, expecting to find disagreeable work there also; but I was happily disappointed. Not one seemed inclined to leave the society, and some were added to it; and the congregation was not only quiet, but more deeply attentive than is usual in this place.

Hence I rode, on *Friday* the 11th, to Shoreham, and buried the remains of Mrs. P[erronet], who, after a long, distressing illness, on *Saturday*, the 5th instant, fell asleep.<sup>2</sup>

*Sat. 12.*—I visited the classes at Snowsfields, where I was told many would go away; but the time was not come. As yet we have lost none, though some are held as by a single hair.

*Tues. 15.*—I rode to Deptford, and found the society there united in faith and love. During the sermon in the afternoon one poor mourner found peace with God. In the evening I preached at Welling, and on *Wednesday* the 16th<sup>3</sup> rode on to Sevenoaks. Here I was grieved to find one who did run well quite hardened by the deceitfulness of sin; but in the evening God looked upon him once more, and melted him into tears of love.

*Thur. 17.*—Light from above broke into the heart of another hard-hearted sinner. At the same time many were

<sup>1</sup> On Feb. 8 he wrote to his brother Charles (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 124).

<sup>2</sup> See above, Jan. 10; see also the

*Methodist Recorder* for September 5, 1912.

<sup>3</sup> 'Thursday 17' (1st ed., 1774, and Benson's, 1809-13).

delivered from doubts and fears, and 'knew the things which were freely given them of God.' On *Friday* I returned to London.

*Mon. 21.*—Observing the terror occasioned by that wonderful prophecy<sup>1</sup> to spread far and wide, I endeavoured to draw some good therefrom by strongly exhorting the congregation at Wapping to 'seek the Lord while He might be found.' But at the same time I thought it incumbent upon me to declare (as indeed I had done from the hour I heard it) that 'it must be false, if the Bible be true.'

The three next days I spent in the tedious work of transcribing the names of the society. I found about thirty of those who thought they were saved from sin had separated from their brethren; but above four hundred, who witnessed the same confession, seemed more united than ever.<sup>2</sup>

*Mon. 28.*<sup>3</sup>—Preaching in the evening at Spitalfields on 'Prepare to meet thy God,' I largely showed the utter absurdity of the supposition that the world was to end that night. But notwithstanding all I could say, many were afraid to go to bed, and some wandered about in the fields, being persuaded that, if the world did not end, at least London would be swallowed up by an earthquake. I went to bed at my usual time, and was fast asleep about ten o'clock.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Bell had prophesied the end of the world on Feb. 28; this adds point to Wesley's modest remark on the Book of Revelation (above, vol. iv. p. 540).

<sup>2</sup> On Feb. 26 he wrote to Charles Wesley (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 125; and see above, Jan. 5, 1763).

<sup>3</sup> On the day before the 28th Bell and his followers ascended a mound near the site of St. Luke's Hospital. There he was arrested, taken before a magistrate, and committed to prison, to await his predicted end of the world. Southey traces him to the end of his life. 'Passing from one extreme to another, the ignorant enthusiast became an ignorant infidel, turned fanatic in politics, as he had been in religion, and, having gone through all the degrees of disaffection and disloyalty, died at a great old age a radical reformer' (Southey's *Life of*

*Wesley*, vol. ii. pp. 344-5; in the Cavenish ed. chap. xxiv. p. 421).

<sup>4</sup> On March 6 he wrote to his brother Charles respecting his journey the day following to Norwich, where he anticipates 'rough work; but the turbulent spirits must bend or break.' On March 18 he wrote from Norwich to *Lloyd's Evening Post*, in reply to 'a pert, empty, self-sufficient man, who, calling himself Philodemas,' had unjustly charged the Methodists with the absurdities of Mr. Bell. On the 20th he wrote to Lady Huntingdon assuring her also that he was not a jot more accountable for the prophecies of George Bell and his friends than Mr. Whitefield. He complains of the desertion of many friends. Only Mr. Romaine had shown a truly sympathizing spirit. See *Life of the Countess of Huntingdon*, vol. i. p. 329.

MARCH 7, *Mon.*—I took the machine to Norwich, and, after spending a few quiet, comfortable days in Norwich, Yarmouth, and Colchester, without any jar or contention, on *Saturday* the 19th returned to London.

*Mon.* 28.—I retired to Lewisham, and wrote the sermon on 'Sin in Believers,' in order to remove a mistake which some were labouring to propagate—that there is no sin in any that are justified.<sup>1</sup>

APRIL 11, *Mon.*—Leaving things, as it seemed, pretty well settled in London, I took the machine for Bristol, where, on *Tuesday* the 19th, I paid the last office of love to Nicholas Gilbert,<sup>2</sup> who was a good man and an excellent preacher, and likely to have been of great use. But God saw it best to snatch him hence by a fever in the dawn of his usefulness.

*Sat.* 23.—I returned to London. On *Thursday* the 28th I was at Westminster, where I had appointed to preach, when word was brought me, about five in the afternoon, that Mr. M[axfield] would not preach at the Foundery. So the breach is made; but I am clear, I have done all I possibly could to prevent it. I walked immediately away, and preached myself, on 'If I am bereaved of my children, I am bereaved.'

That I may conclude this melancholy subject at once, and have no need to resume it any more, I add a letter which I wrote some time after, for the information of a friend:

At your instance I undertake the irksome task of looking back upon things which I wish to forget for ever. I have had innumerable proofs (though such as it would now be an endless task to collect together) of all the facts which I recite. And I recite them as briefly as possible, because I do not desire to aggravate anything, but barely to place it in a true light.

1. Mr. Maxfield was justified while I was praying with him in Baldwin Street, Bristol.

<sup>1</sup> On April 5 he wrote to the *London Chronicle* (Tyerman's *Life of Wesley*, vol. ii. p. 469) respecting a fraudulent use of one of his 'Extracts' in the *Christian Library*. On the 7th he wrote to 'A Member' (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 278).

<sup>2</sup> The Rev. F. F. Bretherton, quoting Tyerman's *Life of Wesley*, vol. ii. p. 299, briefly notes Nicholas as the son of

Nathaniel Gilbert and brother of Mary and Alice Gilbert and Mrs. Yates. He was of 'the first race of preachers,' entering the itinerancy in 1744 and dying in 1763. In 1864 a great-grandson was vicar of Madeley. (Myles, *Chron. Hist. Meth.* p. 447; Bretherton's *Meth. in and Around Chester*, p. 82 and MS. note; see also above, vol. iv. p. 415.)

2. Not long after he was employed by me as a preacher in London.

3. Hereby he had access to Mrs. Maxfield,<sup>1</sup> whom otherwise he was never likely to see, much less to marry; from whence all his outward prosperity had its rise.

4. He was by me (by those who did it at my instance) recommended to the Bishop of Derry, to be ordained priest, who told him then (I had it from his own mouth), 'Mr. M[axfield], I ordain you to assist that good man, that he may not work himself to death.'

5. When, a few years ago, many censured him much, I continually and strenuously defended him; though to the disgusting several of the preachers, and a great number of the people.

6. I disgusted them, not barely by defending him, but by commending him in strong terms, from time to time, both in public and private, with regard to his uprightness, as well as usefulness.

7. All this time Mr. M[axfield] was complaining (of which I was frequently informed by those to whom he spoke) that he was never so ill persecuted by the rabble in Cornwall as by me and my brother.

8. Four or five years since, a few persons were appointed to meet weekly at the Foundry. When I left London, I left these under Mr. M[axfield]'s care, desiring them to regard him just as they did me.

9. Not long after I was gone some of these had dreams, visions, or impressions, as they thought from God. Mr. M[axfield] did not put a stop to these; rather he encouraged them.

10. When I returned, I opposed them with my might, and in a short time heard no more of them. Meanwhile I defended and commended Mr. M[axfield], as before, and, when I left the town again, left them again under his care.

11. Presently visions and revelations returned: Mr. M[axfield] did not discourage them. Herewith was now joined a contempt of such as had them not, with a belief that they were proofs of the highest grace.

12. Some of our preachers opposed them roughly. At this they took fire, and refused to hear them preach, but crowded after Mr. M[axfield]. He took no pains to quench the fire, but rather availed himself of it to disunite them from other preachers, and attach them to himself. He likewise continually told them they were not to be taught by man, especially by those who had less grace than

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<sup>1</sup> Mrs. Maxfield was a Miss Elizabeth Branford. She was converted under Whitefield. Maxfield, after her death in

1777, wrote an 'Account of God's dealings' with her, a copy of which is in the Conference Office Library.

themselves. I was told of this likewise from time to time ; but he denied it, and I would not believe evil of my friend.

13. When I returned in October 1763,<sup>1</sup> I found the society in an uproar, and several of Mr. M[axfield]'s most intimate friends formed into a detached body. Enthusiasm, pride, and great uncharitableness appeared in many who once had much grace. I very tenderly re-proved them. They would not bear it ; one of them, Mrs. C[oventry], cried out, 'We will not be brow-beaten any longer ; we will throw off the mask.' Accordingly, a few days after, she came, and, before a hundred persons, brought me hers and her husband's tickets, and said, 'Sir, we will have no more to do with you ; Mr. M[axfield] is our teacher.' Soon after several more left the society (one of whom was George Bell), saying, 'Blind John is not capable of teaching us ; we will keep to Mr. M[axfield].'

14. From the time that I heard of George Bell's prophecy I explicitly declared against it both in private, in the society, in preaching, over and over ; and, at length, in the public papers. Mr. M[axfield] made no such declaration ; I have reason to think he believed it.<sup>2</sup> I know many of his friends did, and several of them sat up the last of February, at the house of his most intimate friend, Mr. Biggs,<sup>3</sup> in full expectation of the accomplishment.

15. About this time one of our stewards, who, at my desire, took the chapel in Snowsfields for my use, sent me word the chapel was his, and Mr. Bell should exhort there, whether I would or no. Upon this I desired the next preacher there to inform the congregation that, while things stood thus, neither I nor our preachers could in conscience preach there any more.

16. Nevertheless, Mr. M[axfield] did preach there. On this I sent him a note, desiring him not to do it ; and adding, 'If you do, you thereby renounce connexion with me.'

17. Receiving this, he said, 'I *will* preach at Snowsfields.' He did so, and thereby renounced connexion. On this point, and no other, we divided ; by this act the knot was cut. Resolving to do this, he told Mr. Clementson, 'I am to preach at the Foundry no more.'

<sup>1</sup> Evidently a mistake for 1762.

<sup>2</sup> See letter to Charles Wesley of March 6 (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 125). Maxfield, however, in his *Vindication*, published in 1767, says that at Wapping, after Bell had done speaking, 'I stood up and set aside all that he had said about it.'

<sup>3</sup> 'July 18, 1761, Saturday.—We had a good time at the meeting this morning at brother Biggs's. Mr. Fletcher was with

us' (*Life of Mrs. Fletcher*, p. 373). Murlin says (*E.M.P.* vol. iii. p. 298): 'Here [Whitehaven] I met with a companion, who for three or four years was inseparable from me. His name was Benjamin Biggs, a favourite servant of the late Sir James Lowther ; with him I embarked in July, 1758, for Liverpool. But the captain deceived us, and carried us to the Isle of Man. Here we stayed a week.'



18. From this time he has spoke all manner of evil of me, his father, his friend, his greatest earthly benefactor. I cite Mr. F[letcher]<sup>1</sup> for one witness of this, and Mr. M[ada]n for another. Did he speak evil of me to Mr. F[letcher] one day only? Nay, but every day for six weeks together. To Mr. M[ada]n he said (among a thousand other things, which he had been twenty years raking together), 'Mr. W[esley] believed and countenanced all which Mr. Bell said; and the reason of our parting was this: he said to me one day, "Tommy, I will tell the people you are the greatest gospel preacher in England; and you shall tell them I am the greatest." For refusing to do this, Mr. W[esley] put me away!'

Now, with perfect calmness, and, I verily think, without the least touch of prejudice, I refer to your own judgement what connexion I ought to have with Mr. M[axfield], either till I am satisfied these things are not so, or till he is thoroughly sensible of his fault.

MAY 2, *Monday*, and the following days, I was fully employed in visiting the society, and settling the minds of those who had been confused and distressed by a thousand misrepresentations. Indeed, a flood of calumny and evil-speaking (as was easily foreseen) was poured out on every side. My point was still to go straight forward in the work whereto I am called.<sup>2</sup>

*Mon.* 16.—Setting out a month later than usual, I judged it needful to make the more haste; so I took post-chaises, and by that means easily reached Newcastle on *Wednesday* the 18th.<sup>3</sup> Thence I went on at leisure, and came to Edinburgh on *Saturday* the 21st. The next day I had the satisfaction of spending a little time with Mr. Whitefield. Humanly speaking, he is worn out; but we have to do with Him who hath all power in heaven and earth.<sup>4</sup>

*Mon.* 23.—I rode to Forfar, and on *Tuesday* the 24th rode on to Aberdeen.<sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> See Fletcher's letters *re* Maxfield and Bell (*Life of the Countess of Huntingdon*, vol. i. pp. 321-2). Madan was in London and Brighton at this time.

<sup>2</sup> On May 12 he wrote to Mrs. Maitland (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 257).

<sup>3</sup> The distance is 274 miles. At this time the *Newcastle Fly* was carrying passengers in three days for £3 6s. For this journey Wesley must have paid about

£12 for his post-chaises, the rate being 9d. per mile, besides gratuities to the post-boys. See *W.H.S.* vol. vii. pp. 51-2.

<sup>4</sup> Whitefield had intended to embark for America about the middle of April, but was detained in Scotland by illness until June 4. See Tyerman's *Life of Whitefield*, vol. ii. p. 465.

<sup>5</sup> See above, vol. iv. p. 450, and *W.H.S.* vol. iv. p. 162.

*Wed. 25.*—I inquired into the state of things here. Surely never was there a more open door. The four ministers of Aberdeen, the minister of the adjoining town, and the three ministers of Old Aberdeen, hitherto seem to have no dislike, but rather to wish us 'good luck in the name of the Lord.' Most of the townspeople as yet seem to wish us well; so that there is no open opposition of any kind. Oh what spirit ought a preacher to be of, that he may be able to bear all this sunshine!

About noon I went to Gordon's Hospital, built near the town for poor children. It is an exceeding handsome building, and (what is not common) kept exceeding clean. The gardens are pleasant, well laid out, and in extremely good order; but the old bachelor who founded it has expressly provided that no woman should ever be there.

At seven, the evening being fair and mild, I preached to a multitude of people, in the College Close, on 'Stand in the ways and see, and ask for the old paths.' But the next evening, the weather being raw and cold, I preached in the College Hall. What an amazing willingness to hear runs through this whole kingdom! There want only a few zealous, active labourers, who desire nothing but God; and they might soon carry the gospel through all this country, even as high as the Orkneys.<sup>1</sup>

*Fri. 27.*—I set out for Edinburgh again. About one I preached at Brechin. All were deeply attentive. Perhaps a few may not be forgetful hearers. Afterwards we rode on to Broughty Castle, two or three miles below Dundee. We were in hopes of passing the river here, though we could not at the town; but we found our horses could not pass till eleven or twelve at night. So we judged it would be best to go over ourselves and leave them behind. In a little time we procured a kind of a boat, about half as long as a London wherry, and three or four feet broad. Soon after we had put off I perceived it leaked on all sides, nor had we anything to lade out the water. When we came toward the middle of the river, which was three

<sup>1</sup> On May 26 he wrote to Jane E. Freeman, of Dublin (*W.H.S.* vol. viii. p. 168; cf. *ib.* 98).

miles over, the wind being high and the water rough, our boatmen seemed a little surprised ; but we encouraged them to pull away, and in less than half an hour we landed safe. Our horses were brought after us, and the next day we rode on to Kinghorn Ferry, and had a pleasant passage to Leith.

*Sun.* 29.—I preached at seven in the High School yard at Edinburgh.<sup>1</sup> It being the time of the General Assembly, which drew together, not the ministers only, but abundance of the nobility and gentry, many of both sorts were present ; but abundantly more at five in the afternoon. I spoke as plain as ever I did in my life ; but I never knew any in Scotland offended at plain dealing. In this respect the North Britons are a pattern to all mankind.

*Mon.* 30.—I rode to Dunbar. In the evening it was very cold, and the wind was exceeding high ; nevertheless, I would not pen myself up in the room, but resolved to preach in the open air. We saw the fruit ; many attended, notwithstanding the cold, who never set foot in the room ; and I am still persuaded much good will be done here, if we have zeal and patience.

*Tues.* 31.—I rode to Alnwick, and was much refreshed among a people who have not the form only, but the spirit, of religion, fellowship with God, the living power of faith divine.

JUNE 1, *Wed.*—I went on to Morpeth, and preached in a ground near the town to far the most serious congregation which I had ever seen there. At one I preached to the loving colliers in Plessey, and in the evening at Newcastle.

*Sat.* 4.—I rode, though much out of order, to Sunderland, and preached in the evening at the room. I was much worse in the night, but toward morning fell into a sound sleep, and was refreshed.

*Sun.* 5.—I designed to preach abroad this morning, but the wind and rain hindered. So at eight I preached in the room

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<sup>1</sup> Lady Frances Gardiner, widow of Colonel Gardiner, heard Wesley preach on this occasion. In a letter to Wesley dated Edinburgh, July 25, 1763, she says, 'I ventured to the High School

yard the morning you left Edinburgh ; and it pleased God, even after I had got home, to follow part of your sermon with a blessing to me' (Moore's *Life of Wesley*, vol. ii. p. 249).

again, purposing to preach in the street at noon; but Mr. Good-day<sup>1</sup> sent me word he was taken ill in the night, and begged I would supply his church. So at ten I began reading prayers, though I was so exceeding weak that my voice could scarce be heard; but as I went on I grew stronger, and before I had half done preaching I suppose all in the church could hear.

The wind drove us into the house at Newcastle likewise; that is, as many as the house would contain; but great numbers were constrained to stand in the yard. However, I suppose all could hear; for my weakness was entirely gone while I was enforcing those important words, 'If thou canst believe, all things are possible to him that believeth.'

*Mon. 6.*—I rode to Barnard Castle, and preached in the evening, but to such a congregation, not only with respect to number, but to seriousness and composure, as I never saw there before. I intended after preaching to meet the society; but the bulk of the people were so eager to hear more that I could not forbear letting in almost as many as the room would hold; and it was a day of God's power. They all seemed to take the kingdom by violence, while they besieged Heaven with vehement prayer.

*Tues. 7.*—So deep and general was the impression now made upon the people that, even at five in the morning, I was obliged to preach abroad by the numbers who flocked to hear, although the northerly wind made the air exceeding sharp. A little after preaching one came to me who believed God had just set her soul at full liberty. She had been clearly justified long before; but said the change she now experienced was extremely different from what she experienced then—as different as the noon-day light from that of day-break; that she now felt her soul all love, and quite swallowed up in God. Now suppose, ten weeks or ten months hence, this person should be cold or dead, shall I say, 'She deceived herself; this was merely the work of her own imagination'? Not at all. I have no right so to judge, nor authority so to speak. I will rather say, 'She was unfaithful to the grace of God, and so cast away what was really given.'

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<sup>1</sup> Of Monkwearmouth. See above, vol. iv. p. 461, and *Arm. Mag.* 1780, p. 165.

Therefore that way of talking which has been very common, of staying 'to see if the gift be really given,' which some take to be exceeding wise, I take to be exceeding foolish. If a man says, 'I now feel nothing but love,' and I know him to be an honest man, I believe him. What, then, should I stay to see? Not whether he *has* such a blessing, but whether he will *keep* it.

There is something remarkable in the manner wherein God revived His work in these parts. A few months ago the generality of people in this circuit were exceeding lifeless. Samuel Meggot, perceiving this, advised the society at Barnard Castle to observe every Friday with fasting and prayer.<sup>1</sup> The very first Friday they met together God broke in upon them in a wonderful manner; and His work has been increasing among them ever since. The neighbouring societies heard of this, agreed to follow the same rule, and soon experienced the same blessing. Is not the neglect of this plain duty (I mean, fasting, ranked by our Lord with almsgiving and prayer) one general occasion of deadness among Christians? Can any one willingly neglect it, and be guiltless?

In the evening I preached at Yarm; but I found the good doctrine of Christian Perfection had not been heard of there for some time. The wildness of our poor brethren in London has put it out of countenance above two hundred miles off; so these strange advocates for perfection have given it a deeper wound than all its enemies together could do!<sup>2</sup>

*Wed. 8.*—Just as I began preaching (in the open air, the room being too small even for the morning congregation) the rain began; but it stopped in two or three minutes, I am persuaded, in answer to the prayer of faith. Incidents of the same kind I have seen abundance of times, and par-

<sup>1</sup> See below, June 12, note 2.

<sup>2</sup> On the 7th the Rev. Dr. Richard Conyers, vicar of Helmsley, wrote to him declaring that 'my house and my heart are, and ever shall be, open to you.' For a thrilling account of this Methodist clergyman see Tyerman's *Life of Wesley*, vol. ii. pp. 335, 336 and 473. Conyers introduced hymn-singing into his church.

Probably he received from Wesley the tune composed (in its original form) by Thomas Olivers, and published (in 1761) in *Sacred Melody* under the name *Olivers*. It is thought that Conyers gave it the new name, 'Helmsley.' See Lightwood's *Hymn-Tunes*, pp. 138-140. For a further account of Conyers see below, p. 58.

ticularly in this journey; and they are nothing strange to them who seriously believe 'the very hairs of your head are all numbered.'

After preaching at Potto about noon I rode to Thirsk, intending to preach near the house where I alighted; but several gentlemen of the town sent to desire I would preach in the market-place. I did so to a numerous congregation, most of whom were deeply attentive. I hastened away after preaching, and between nine and ten came to York.

*Sat. 11.*—I rode to Epworth, and preached at seven in the market-place.

*Sun. 12.*—I preached at the room in the morning; in the afternoon at the market-place; and about one the congregation gathered from all parts in Haxey parish, near Westwood-side. At every place I endeavoured to settle the minds of the poor people, who had been not a little harassed by a new doctrine which honest Jonathan C——<sup>1</sup> and his converts had industriously propagated among them—that 'there is *no sin* in believers; but the moment we believe sin is destroyed, root and branch.' I trust this plague also is stayed; but how ought these unstable ones to be ashamed who are so easily 'tossed about with every wind of doctrine'!

I had desired Samuel Meggot to give me some farther account of the late work of God at Barnard Castle.<sup>2</sup> Part of his answer was as follows:

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<sup>1</sup> Jonathan Crosby, an Epworth name, has been suggested (*W.H.S.* vol. v. p. 203). But Edward Perronet, in his annotated copy of the Journal (Conference Office Library), writes 'Catlow.'

<sup>2</sup> Even in the Yorkshire dales George Bell's prophecies created an uproar. But George Story and his senior colleague, Samuel Meggot, watched over the people with pious zeal. Meggot was like a father to young Story—one of the most remarkable of Wesley's 'Helpers.' See Southey's sketch of him, *Life of Wesley*, chap. xviii., also chap. xxiv., in which is told how he controlled the Bell mania in Darlington. Meeting Story one day, Meggot said, 'You must make haste

to Barnard Castle: the people are all in confusion; six or seven of them have found full sanctification, and the rest are tearing one another to pieces about it.' Thanks to prompt, wise, and kindly treatment, 'the snare of the enemy was effectually broken, and from that time the work spread, not only through the town, but also into the neighbouring societies' (*Wesley's Veterans*, vol. ii. pp. 251–52, or *E.M.P.* vol. v. p. 239). It is interesting to remember that, from generation to generation, the Barnard Castle circuit has been one of the strongholds of Yorkshire Methodism, and, indeed, a wellspring of blessing to Methodism throughout the world.

*June 7, 1763.*

Within ten weeks at least twenty persons in this town have found peace with God, and twenty-eight the pure love of God. This morning, before you left us, one found peace, and one the second blessing; and after you was gone two more received it. One of these had belonged to the society before; but, after he turned back, had bitterly persecuted his wife, particularly after she professed the being saved from sin. May 29 he came, in a furious rage, to drag her out of the society. One cried out, 'Let us go to prayer for him.' Presently he ran away, and his wife went home. Not long after he came in like a madman, and swore he would be the death of her. One said, 'Are you not afraid lest God should smite you?' He answered, 'No; let God do His worst; I will make an end of her and the brats, and myself too, and we will all go to hell together.' His wife and children fell down and broke out into prayer. His countenance changed, and he was as quiet as a lamb. But it was not long before a horrible dread overwhelmed him; he was sore distressed. The hand of God was upon him, and gave him no rest, day or night. On Tuesday, in the afternoon, he went to her who prayed for him when he came to drag his wife out, begging her, with a shower of tears, to pray for his deliverance. On Thursday he wrestled with God till he was as wet all over with sweat as if he had been dipped in water. But that evening God wiped away his tears and filled him with joy unspeakable.

This morning, while brother Story was at prayer, God gave him a witness in himself that He had purified his heart. When he was risen from his knees he could not help declaring it. He now ran to his wife, not to kill her, but to catch her in his arms, that they might praise God and weep over one another with tears of joy and love.

*Mon. 13.*—Even in Epworth a few faithful servants of Satan were left who would not leave any stone unturned to support his tottering kingdom. A kind of gentleman got a little party together, and took huge pains to disturb the congregation. He hired a company of boys to shout, and made a poor man exceeding drunk, who bawled out much ribaldry and nonsense, while he himself played the French horn. But he had little fruit of his labour. I spoke a few words to their champion, and he disappeared. The congregation was not at all disturbed, but quietly attended to the end.

*Wed. 15.*—I rode to Doncaster, and at ten, standing in an open place, exhorted a wild yet civil multitude to 'seek the Lord while He might be found.' Thence I went on to Leeds, and declared to a large congregation 'Now is the day of salvation.'

*Thur. 16.*—At five in the evening I preached at Dewsbury, and on *Friday* the 17th reached Manchester. Here I received a particular account of a remarkable incident.<sup>1</sup> An eminent drunkard of Congleton used to divert himself, whenever there was preaching there, by standing over against the house cursing and swearing at the preacher. One evening he had a fancy to step in and hear what the man had to say. He did so; but it made him so uneasy that he could not sleep all night. In the morning he was more uneasy still. He walked in the fields, but all in vain, till it came in his mind to go to one of his merry companions who was always ready to abuse the Methodists. He told him how he was and asked what he should do. 'Do!' said Samuel; 'go and join the society. I will; for I was never so uneasy in my life.' They did so without delay. But presently David cried out, 'I am sorry I joined; for I shall get drunk again, and they will turn me out.' However, he stood firm for four days. On the fifth he was persuaded by his old companions to 'take one pint,' and then another and another, till one of them said, 'See, here is a Methodist drunk!' David started up and knocked him over, chair and all. He then drove the rest out of the house, caught up the landlady, carried her out, threw her into the kennel; went back to the house, broke down the door, threw it into the street, and then ran into the fields, tore his hair, and rolled up and down on the ground. In a day or two was a lovefeast. He stole in; getting behind, that none might see him. While Mr. Furz was at prayer he was seized with a dreadful agony, both of body and mind. This caused many to wrestle with God for him. In a while he sprung up on his feet, stretched out his hands, and cried aloud, 'All my sins are forgiven!' At the same instant one on the other side of the room cried out, 'Jesus is mine! And He has taken away all my sins.' This was Samuel H. David burst through the people, caught him in his arms, and said, 'Come, let us sing the Virgin Mary's Song: I never could sing it before. "My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit doth

<sup>1</sup> This story is told also by John Furz, with many other graphic details, in *Wesley's Veterans*, vol. v. p. 221, or *E.M.P.* vol. v. p. 128. Wesley was entertained on this occasion at Portwood

Hall, and an intimacy commenced between him and young Matthew Mayer which was uninterrupted till Wesley's death. See next page.



rejoice in God my Saviour.” And their following behaviour plainly showed the reality of their profession.

*Sat.* 18.—I found the work of God was still greatly increasing here, although many stumbling-blocks had been thrown in the way, and some by those who were once strong in grace. But this is no wonder: I rather wonder that there are not abundantly more. And so there would be, but that Satan is not able to go beyond his chain.

*Mon.* 20.—I preached at Macclesfield about noon. As I had not been well, and was not quite recovered, our brethren insisted on sending me in a chaise to Burslem. Between four and five I quitted the chaise and took my horse. Presently after, hearing a cry, I looked back, and saw the chaise upside down (the wheel having violently struck against a stone) and wellnigh dashed in pieces. About seven I preached to a large congregation at Burslem. These poor potters, four years ago, were as wild and ignorant as any of the colliers in Kingswood. Lord, Thou hast power over Thy own clay.

*Tues.* 21.<sup>1</sup>—I rode to Birmingham,<sup>2</sup> and on *Thursday* to

<sup>1</sup> On June 22 he wrote from Birmingham to the Rev. Henry Venn (*Works*, vol. xiii. p. 238, where the letter is wrongly dated 1765).

<sup>2</sup> In a dark court off Moor Street, one of the oldest parts of the town, a theatre was erected in 1740, which the Methodists hired in 1763. ‘Here Wesley preached on the evenings of the 21st and 22nd. Travelling from Stockport, he brought with him Matthew Mayer, the well-educated son of a farmer, who had been converted in 1759, and had already shown an aptitude for work among the poor. He and a friend are believed to have been the first to establish the weekly public prayer-meeting as a regular feature of Methodist work. It was on this occasion that Wesley, by one of those happy inspirations so frequent in his life, made this young man of twenty-three a preacher. For one week he entrusted the circuit to Matthew Mayer’s care, taking the appointed preacher away with him on a

journey. We read of a ‘sleepless night,’ of loneliness and helplessness. But Wesley’s words, ‘The Lord will help you,’ rang day by day in his ears. ‘He worked the circuit for a week, preaching night and morning . . . not knowing, when one sermon was finished, where to look for the next text. But he left behind him “more than twenty persons who professed to be brought into the liberty of God, and many more who were truly awakened.”’ It was the beginning of a long and honoured career, chiefly in Lancashire, Yorkshire, and Cheshire. He was one of the most remarkable local preachers Methodism has ever had. Wesley always invited him to the Conferences, and often consulted him on matters of importance. See *Meth. Mag.* 1816, pp. 3, 7, 161, 241. ‘Portwood’ is now included in Stockport. Presumably the ‘Hall’ estate gave a name to a district in which a chapel and schools were built in the early years of the nineteenth century.

Towcester.<sup>1</sup> I would willingly have rested there,<sup>2</sup> but, our brethren desiring me to go on a little farther, I walked on (about three miles) to Whittlebury. Here I found a truly loving and simple people. I preached at the side of the new preaching-house<sup>3</sup>; I suppose most of the town were present.

*Fri. 24.*—I took horse early, and in the afternoon came once more safe to London.

About this time I received the following letter :

God is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever! He was, is, and will be all in all! Being a minute part of the whole, let me consider myself alone. Where was I before my parents were born? In the mind of Him who is all in all. It was God alone that gave me a being amongst the human race. He appointed the country in which I should begin my existence. My parents were also His choice. Their situation in mind, body, and estate was fully known to Him. My parents are answerable for my education in infancy. My capacity was from above. That I improved so little was mostly owing to my connexions; but partly to my own inattention or idleness. In most things, whilst an infant, whether good or evil, I was certainly passive; that is, I was instructed or led by others, and so acted right or wrong. In all the incidents of life, whether sickness, health, escapes, crosses, spiritual or temporal advantages or disadvantages, I can trace nothing of myself during my childhood. And till I became a subject to my own will, perhaps I was innocent in the eyes of infinite Justice; for the blood of Jesus Christ certainly cleanseth from all original sin, and presents all spotless who die free from the guilt of actual transgression.

At what time I became a subject to my own will I cannot ascertain; but from that time in many things I offended. First, against my parents; next, against God! And that I was preserved from outward evils was not owing to the purity of my own will, but the grace of Christ preventing and overruling me.

My natural will ever cleaved to evil, and if I had ever any good in me it came from above. What is called good-nature is a divine gift, and not from the corrupt root. My will could not produce good, and in various instances it was in a manner annihilated before grace could

<sup>1</sup> For the beginnings of Methodism in Towcester and Whittlebury see *Meth. Mag.* 1801, pp. 476-82; and for two notable women in Whittlebury, Susannah Owen and Mrs. Cordeux, see *Meth. Mag.* 1814, p. 793, and 1825, p. 294. See also above, vol. iv. p. 366.

<sup>2</sup> On the invitation of Mr. Carter,

whose great-grandson was the father of the cause at Herne Bay (*Meth. Rec.* July 7, 1910).

<sup>3</sup> Myles's *Chronological History*, p. 435. But by violent opposition, led by the rector, it was torn down and not completed till 1783. See below, Nov. 20, 1781.

fix any good in me. In other words, my will acts from the motions of the old Adam where I transgress; but what is good in me is from the grace of Christ, working whilst my own will is made passive or unresisting. Thus my life has been so far holy, as I gave up my own will and lived in God, who is all in all.

From the time I could sin I trace the divine goodness in preserving me from innumerable evils, into which my own will would have led me. The unknown temptations and evils perhaps are infinitely more numerous than the known. If my will was only not resisting, when I received or did any good, how little was it concerned in my conviction, my conversion, my peace, and the sphere of life I engaged in after receiving such divine blessings? My concern about my soul's welfare, the time of my conversion, the ministers raised up to be the instruments of it, the place of my first hearing the gospel, and various other circumstances that instrumentally brought about those great and blessed events in my life, were no more from anything in myself than my birth and education. Rather, my will was overpowered, and grace triumphed over it.

From these reflections I conclude that whatever blessings I have enjoyed as to parents, country, education, employment, conversion, connexions in life, or any exterior or interior circumstance—all came from God, who is all in all! And whatever in my past life is matter of repentance and lamentation has arose chiefly from my corrupt will, though partly from defective judgement ever prone to err! So that, upon the whole, I have great cause to be thankful that God has been so much the all in all of my life; at the same time, I must bewail that I ever followed my own corrupt will in anything.

My present state of life, I believe, is from God. In a bad state of health, out of employment, and retired from all engagements in the world, I use the means for my recovery, and it is not from any evil principle that I am a cipher; but I cannot yet obtain health, business, or a sphere of usefulness. Nor can I ascertain how far I am culpable as to being what I am. My present duty is submission to the divine will. I study for improvement, and pray for such blessings as I want. Is not God all in all as to my present state? I have no desire so strong as this: 'Let Thy blessed will be done in and upon me!' And the prayer which governs my soul continually is, 'Oh may my will die day by day; and may God in Christ Jesus be all in all to me, and in me and mine, during our life, in our last moments, and to all eternity! Amen.'<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> On July 11 he wrote to Mr. Hart a few hints on Mr. Sandeman's whole system (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 258). On

the 16th he wrote to Miss Furly respecting John Downes, whom she afterwards married (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 207).

Finding it was not expedient to leave London during the ferment which still continued by reason of Mr. M[axfield]'s separation from us, I determined not to move from it before the Conference.<sup>1</sup> This began on *Tuesday*, JULY 19, and ended on *Saturday* the 23rd. And it was a great blessing that we had peace among ourselves, while so many were making themselves ready for battle.

AUG. 1, *Mon.*—I began visiting the classes again, and found less loss than might reasonably have been expected, as most of those who had left us spake all manner of evil without either fear or shame. Poor creatures! Yet 'he that betrayed' them into this 'hath the greater sin.'

*Mon.* 15.—I went in the one-day machine<sup>2</sup> to Bath, where one of our friends from Bristol met me (as I had desired) in the afternoon, and took me thither in a post-chaise.

*Wed.* 17.—Being informed that the boat at the Old Passage would go over at six o'clock, I took horse at four and came to the Passage a few minutes after six. But they told us they would not pass till twelve, and I had appointed to preach in Chepstow at eleven. So we thought it best to try the New Passage. We came hither at seven, and might probably have stayed till noon had not a herd of oxen come just in time to the other side. In the boat which brought them over we crossed the water, and got to Chepstow between ten and eleven. As it had rained almost all the day, the house contained the congregation. Hence we rode to Coleford. The wind being high, I consented to preach in their new room; but, large as it was, it would not contain the people, who appeared to be not a little

<sup>1</sup> Of this Conference no record beyond the note in the Journal has survived. But in this year a second edition of the so-called *Large Minutes* was issued, and this, it is believed, contains many of the decisions of this unrecorded Conference. Pawson, however, says that at this Conference the Preachers' Fund was first begun. See *Wesley's Veterans*, vol. iv. p. 30; or *E.M.P.* vol. iv. p. 27. He himself, being young and inexperienced, was 'utterly amazed' at the proposal, nor did Wesley greatly approve, 'as

he always thought it worldly, and not Christian, prudence to provide for a rainy day; yet he consented to it, and the fund was begun.' The Conference was held in the chapel at Spitalfields, and Howell Harris was present. (*Tyerman's Life of Wesley*, vol. ii. p. 479; *Meth. Mag.* 1804, p. 269.) See Myles's *Chronological History*, p. 89.

<sup>2</sup> This was the coach. The references to the 'machine' are frequent. See above, March 7, April 11, and vol. iv. pp. 422, 477.

affected, of which they gave a sufficient proof by filling the room at five in the morning.

*Thur.* 18.—We breakfasted at a friend's a mile or two from Monmouth and rode to Crickhowell, where I intended to dine; but I found other work to do. Notice had been given that I would preach, and some were come many miles to hear. So I began without delay, and I did not observe one light or inattentive person in the congregation. When we came to Brecknock we found it was the Assize week; so that I could not have the Town Hall, as before, the Court being to sit there at the very time when I had appointed to preach. So I preached at Mr. James's door; and all the people behaved as in the presence of God.

*Fri.* 19.—I preached near the market-place, and afterwards rode over to Trevecca.<sup>1</sup> Howell Harris's<sup>2</sup> house is one of the most elegant places which I have seen in Wales. The little chapel, and all things round about it, are finished in an uncommon taste; and the gardens, orchards, fish-ponds, and the mount adjoining make the place a little paradise. He thanks God for these things, and looks through them. About six-score persons are now in the family; all diligent, all constantly employed, all fearing God and working righteousness. I preached at ten to a crowded audience, and in the evening at Brecknock again; but to the poor only: the rich (a very few excepted) were otherwise employed.

*Sat.* 20.—We took horse at four, and rode through one of the pleasantest countries in the world. When we came to Tre-castle we had rode fifty miles in Monmouthshire and Brecknockshire; and I will be bold to say all England does not afford such a line of fifty miles' length, for fields, meadows, woods, brooks, and gently rising mountains, fruitful to the very top. Carmarthenshire, into which we came soon after, has at least

<sup>1</sup> For Trevecca see *Meth. Rec.* Winter No., 1896, p. 86, and *W.M. Mag.* 1912, p. 538.

<sup>2</sup> Harris built the house referred to by Wesley in 1752, when, after seventeen years of itinerancy, he retired to Trevecca. Though still a layman, being refused ordination, he continued to be the most conspicuous leader in the Calvinistic Methodist revival within the Church of

England in Wales. A few years before this visit, during the threatened French invasion, he bore arms as captain of militia. His family of students provided twenty volunteers, who went with him to Yarmouth. He preached there several times in his regimentals, and at many other places on the march. See W. Williams's *Welsh Calvinistic Methodism*, chap. ix.; also above, vol. iv. p. 153.

as fruitful a soil ; but it is not so pleasant, because it has fewer mountains, though abundance of brooks and rivers. About five I preached on the Green at Carmarthen<sup>1</sup> to a large number of deeply attentive people. Here two gentlemen from Pembroke<sup>2</sup> met me, with whom we rode to St. Clears, intending to lodge there ; but the inn was quite full, so we concluded to try for Laugharne, though we knew not the way, and it was now quite dark. Just then came up an honest man who was riding thither, and we willingly bore him company.

*Sun. 21.*—It rained almost all the morning. However, we reached Tenby about eleven. The rain then ceased, and I preached at the Cross to a congregation gathered from many miles round. The sun broke out several times and shone hot in my face, but never for two minutes together. About five I preached to a far larger congregation at Pembroke. A few gay people behaved ill at the beginning ; but in a short time they lost their gaiety, and were as serious as their neighbours.<sup>3</sup>

*Wed. 24.*—I rode over to Haverfordwest. Finding it was the Assize week, I was afraid the bulk of the people would be too busy to think about hearing sermons. But I was mistaken. I have not seen so numerous a congregation since I set out of London ; and they were one and all deeply attentive. Surely some will bring forth fruit.

*Thur. 25.*—I was more convinced than ever that the preaching like an apostle, without joining together those that are awakened and training them up in the ways of God, is only begetting children for the murderer. How much preaching has there been for these twenty years all over Pembrokeshire ! But no regular societies, no discipline, no order or connexion ; and the consequence is that nine in ten of the once-awakened are now faster asleep than ever.

*Fri. 26.*—We designed to take horse at four, but the rain poured down so that one could scarce look out. About six, however, we set out, and rode through heavy rain to St. Clears.

<sup>1</sup> The Castle Green ; the room was in Red Lion Yard.

<sup>2</sup> In no county were the gentry and clergy more favourable to Methodism. See *Letters of Whitefield*.

<sup>3</sup> On Aug. 23 he wrote the first of a

series of letters to Mrs. Bennis of Limerick (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 385). Her correspondence and Journal were published by her son. She died in America in 1802. See *Life of Countess of Huntingdon*, vol. ii. p. 165.

Having then little hopes of crossing the sands, we determined to go round by Carmarthen; but the hostler told us we might save several miles by going to Llanstephan Ferry. We came thither about noon, where a good woman informed us the boat was aground, and would not pass till the evening; so we judged it best to go by Carmarthen still. But when we had rode three or four miles I recollected that I had heard speak of a ford which would save us some miles' riding. We inquired of an old man, who soon mounted his horse, showed us the way, and rode through the river before us.<sup>1</sup>

Soon after my mare dropped a shoe, which occasioned so much loss of time that we could not ride the sands, but were obliged to go round, through a miserable road, to Llandefeilog. To mend the matter, our guide lost his way, both before we came to Llandefeilog and after; so that it was as much as we could do to reach Loughor Ferry a little after sunset. Knowing it was impossible then to reach Penrhys, as we designed, we went on straight to Swansea.

*Sat. 27.*—I preached at seven to one or two hundred people, many of whom seemed full of good desires; but, as there is no society, I expect no deep or lasting work.

Mr. Evans<sup>2</sup> now gave me an account, from his own knowledge, of what has made a great noise in Wales: 'It is common in the congregations attended by Mr. W. W.<sup>3</sup> and one or two other clergymen, after the preaching is over, for any one that has a mind to give out a verse of a hymn. This they sing over and over with all their might, perhaps above thirty, yea, forty times.<sup>4</sup> Meanwhile the bodies of two or three, sometimes ten or twelve, are violently agitated; and they leap up and

<sup>1</sup> For this journey, and for Thomas Taylor's graphic description of the perils of sands and tides in passing and re-passing from Gower to Pembrokeshire, see *Arm. Mag.* 1780, p. 384.

<sup>2</sup> Probably the publisher of *Sketches of the Various Denominations and Religious Systems*. The account he gives of the Jumpers he received from 'a respectable minister, lately deceased, in Wales.'

<sup>3</sup> Rev. W. Williams of Pantycelyn, the Welsh hymnologist, who, as a medical

student at Hay, was converted under the preaching of Howell Harris, and took deacon's orders in the Established Church. He was the writer of the hymn 'Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah.' See below, p. 334.

<sup>4</sup> See Rees's *Nonconformity*, p. 392, second edition. 'Let us have no more of this mummary and nonsense,' said Rowland Hill when the Jumpers commenced their antics in one of his services in Wales.

down, in all manner of postures, frequently for hours together.' I think there needs no great penetration to understand this. They are honest, upright men who really feel the love of God in their hearts. But they have little experience, either of the ways of God or the devices of Satan. So he serves himself of their simplicity, in order to wear them out and to bring a discredit on the work of God.

About two I preached at Cowbridge, in the assembly-room, and then went on to Llandaff.<sup>1</sup> The congregation was waiting, so I began without delay, explaining to them the righteousness of faith. A man had need to be all fire who comes into these parts, where almost every one is cold as ice. Yet God is able to warm their hearts, and make rivers run in the dry places.

*Sun. 28.*—I preached once more in Wenvoe Church; but it was hard work. Mr. H[odges]<sup>2</sup> read the prayers (not as he did once, with such fervour and solemnity as struck almost every hearer, but) like one reading an old song, in a cold, dry, careless manner; and there was no singing at all. Oh what life was here once! But now there is not one spark left.

Thence I rode to Cardiff, and found the society in as ruinous a condition as the Castle. The same poison of Mysticism has wellnigh extinguished the last spark of life here also. I preached in the town hall,<sup>3</sup> on 'Now God commandeth all men everywhere to repent.' There was a little shaking among the dry bones; possibly some of them may yet 'come together and live.'

*Mon. 29.*—At noon I preached again at Llandaff, and in the evening at Aberddaw. I found the most life in this congregation that I have found anywhere in Glamorganshire. We lodged at F[onmon] Castle,<sup>4</sup> so agreeable once, but how is the

<sup>1</sup> To the house built by Admiral Matthews, whose grandson was Wesley's host. Llandaff Court is now the episcopal palace. See above, vol. iii. p. 128; *W.M. Mag.* 1906, p. 469.

<sup>2</sup> The Rev. John Hodges had been the very intimate friend of the Wesleys. He attended three of the earliest Conferences, but Mysticism had wrought a change in his disposition towards his old friends. Yet he once more admitted Wesley to his pulpit in Wenvoe Church. For an

account of John Hodges see the Rev. R. Butterworth's articles in *W.H.S.* vol. ii. pp. 69–71, and *W.M. Mag.* 1902, p. 425; also *Arm. Mag.* 1780, pp. 107–8. Hodges' tomb was restored by a few members of the Representative Session of the Cardiff Conference of 1911.

<sup>3</sup> In High Street, but it has long ceased to exist.

<sup>4</sup> The new master of Fonmon, when a boy, was sent to the school at Kingswood, by the advice of the Countess of



scene changed! How dull and unlovely is every place where there is nothing of God!

*Tues. 30.*—I preached in the Castle at Cardiff,<sup>1</sup> and endeavoured to lift up the hands that hung down. A few seemed to awake and shake themselves from the dust: let these go on, and more will follow.

I came to Chepstow *Wednesday* the 31st, just at noon, and began preaching immediately at Mr. Cheek's<sup>2</sup> door. The sun shone full in my face, extremely hot; but in two or three minutes the clouds covered it. The congregation was large, and behaved well; perhaps some may be 'doers of the word.' When we went into the boat at the Old Passage, it was a dead calm; but the wind sprang up in a few minutes, so that we reached Bristol in good time.

*SEPT. 1, Thur.*—I began expounding a second time, after an interval of above twenty years, the First Epistle of St. John. How plain, how full, and how deep a compendium of genuine Christianity!

*Sat. 3.*<sup>3</sup>—I described the one undivided 'fruit of the Spirit,' one part of which men are continually labouring to separate from the other: but it cannot be; none can retain peace or joy without meekness and long-suffering; nay, nor without fidelity and temperance. Unless we have the whole, we cannot long retain any part of it.

*Sun. 4.*—I preached on the quay, where multitudes attended who would not have come to the other end of the city. In the afternoon I preached near the new Square.<sup>4</sup> I find no other way to reach the outcasts of men. And this way God has owned, and does still own, both by the conviction and conversion of sinners.

*Wed. 7.*—I preached at Pensford about eight, and it began raining almost as soon as I began preaching; but I think none

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Huntingdon and the Wesleys. He ran away. He received his father's old friend on this occasion with cold politeness. A fine portrait of young Jones, in masquerade dress, by Sir Joshua Reynolds, adorns the room in which the great evangelists often preached. (*W.H.S.* vol. iii. p. 83.)

<sup>1</sup> Then almost a ruin.

<sup>2</sup> Moseley Cheek, an itinerant admitted in 1765; he afterwards withdrew, and became minister of St. Stephen's, Salford.

<sup>3</sup> On this day he wrote from Bristol to Christopher Hopper (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 306).

<sup>4</sup> King Square.

went away. At noon I preached at Shepton Mallet, to a numerous, nay, and serious, congregation; and about six in a meadow at Wincanton. I suppose this was the first field-preaching which had been there. However, the people were all quiet, and the greater part deeply attentive.

*Thur. 8.*—At nine I preached in the same place, to a far more serious audience. Between eleven and twelve I preached at West Combe, and in the evening at Frome. How zealous to hear are these people, and yet how little do they profit by hearing! I think this will not always be the case. By and by we shall rejoice over them.

*Wed. 14.*—I preached at Bath, on 'Now is the day of salvation.' I was afterwards not a little refreshed by the conversation of one lately come from London,<sup>1</sup> notwithstanding an irregularity of thought, almost peculiar to herself. How much preferable is her irregular warmth to the cold wisdom of them that despise her! How gladly would I be as she is, taking her wildness and fervour together!

In the evening the congregation at Coleford was all alive, and great part of them were present again in the morning. The next evening we had a lovefeast, at which many were not able to contain their joy and desire, but were constrained to cry aloud and praise God for the abundance of His mercies.

*Sat. 17.*—I preached on the Green at Bedminster. I am apt to think many of the hearers scarce ever heard a Methodist before, or perhaps any other preacher. What but field-preaching could reach these poor sinners? And are not their souls also precious in the sight of God?

*Sun. 18.*—I preached in the morning in Prince Street to a numerous congregation. Two or three gentlemen, so called, laughed at first; but in a few minutes they were as serious as the rest.

On *Monday* evening I gave our brethren a solemn caution not to 'love the world, neither the things of the world.' This will be their grand danger; as they are industrious and frugal, they must needs increase in goods. This appears already. In London, Bristol, and most other trading towns, those who are

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<sup>1</sup> See *W.H.S.* vol. vii. pp. 73-8. was a Mrs. Garbrand. See below, p. 94. Edward Perronet believed that this lady

in business have increased in substance sevenfold, some of them twenty, yea, an hundredfold. What need, then, have these of the strongest warnings, lest they be entangled therein, and perish!

*Fri. 23.*—I preached at Bath. Riding home we saw a coffin, carrying into St. George's Church, with many children attending it. When we came near, we found they were our own children,<sup>1</sup> attending the corpse of one of their school-fellows who had died of the small-pox; and God thereby touched many of their hearts in a manner they never knew before.

*Mon. 26.*—I preached to the prisoners in Newgate, and in the afternoon rode over to Kingswood, where I had a solemn watch-night, and an opportunity of speaking closely to the children. One is dead, two recovered, seven are ill still; and the hearts of all are like melting wax.

*Tues. 27.*—I took my leave of the congregation at Bristol,<sup>2</sup> by opening and applying those words (by which no flesh living shall be justified), 'Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.' I believe an eminent Deist<sup>3</sup> who was present will not easily

<sup>1</sup> Of Kingswood School.

<sup>2</sup> In the *W.M. Mag.* for 1837, p. 822, Thomas Marriott published a pastoral letter from Wesley to the societies in Bristol. It is without date, and in the handwriting of John Pawson, who began his itinerancy in 1762. From internal evidence it appears to have been written at the latter end of 1763, or the beginning of 1764, as will be seen by two notes which Marriott added in the margin. The term 'Assistant,' here used, is defined in the *Minutes* of 1763. Before this period the Assistants were called 'Helpers' (see Myles's *Chronological History*, p. 90). The yearly collection referred to at the close of this letter had in 1765 increased to £707; but at the Conference preceding it was only £220. 'The clergyman in Sussex' who lent Marriott the letter was supposed (by the Rev. H. J. Foster) to have been the Rev. Jacob Chapman, a Presbyterian clergyman of Staplehurst, who outlived Wesley, and whom Marriott may

have known in extreme old age (see below, Dec. 7). The writer anticipates a general election (see March 12, 1764). Marriott locates the letter by this date—the date at which Wesley left Bristol. The reflections under Monday the 19th are in a similar strain to the letter, which will be republished in the forthcoming edition of Wesley Letters. He warns them against bribery, stolen or uncus-tomed goods, neglecting the sacrament and the public means of grace; he advises them what to read, including *Primitive Physick*, 'which,' he adds, 'if you had any regard for your bodies or your children, ought to be in every house'; he urges the duty of meeting in band and constantly in class, declaring 'whoever misses his class thrice together thereby excludes himself'; he closes with the practical duty of giving, and of attendance at the morning preaching.

<sup>3</sup> 'Mr. Ford the surgeon' (E. Perro-net's annotated Journal).

forget that hour ; he was (then at least) deeply affected, and felt he stood in need of an ' Advocate with the Father.'

*Wednesday*, and *Thursday* evening, I spent at Salisbury ; and with no small satisfaction.

*Fri.* 30.—I preached about one at Whitchurch, and then rode to Basingstoke. Even here there is at length some prospect of doing good. A large number of people attended, to whom God enabled me to speak strong words ; and they seemed to sink into the hearts of the hearers.

*OCT. 1, Sat.*—I returned to London and found our house<sup>1</sup> in ruins, great part of it being taken down, in order to a thorough repair. But as much remained as I wanted—six foot square suffices me by day or by night.

I now received a very strange account from a man of sense as well as integrity :

I asked M. S. many questions before she would give me any answer. At length, after much persuasion, she said : ' On old Michaelmas Day was three years, I was sitting by myself at my father's, with a Bible before me ; and one, whom I took to be my uncle, came into the room and sat down by me. He talked to me some time, till, not liking his discourse, I looked more carefully at him. He was dressed like my uncle ; but I observed one of his feet was just like that of an ox. Then I was much frightened, and he began torturing me sadly, and told me he would torture me ten times more if I would not swear to kill my father, which at last I did. He said he would come again, on that day four years, between half-hour past two and three o'clock.

' I have several times since strove to write this down ; but when I did, the use of my hand was taken from me. I strove to speak it ; but whenever I did my speech was taken from me, and I am afraid I shall be tormented a deal more for what I have spoken now.'

Presently she fell into such a fit as was dreadful to look upon. One would have thought she would be torn in pieces. Several persons could scarce hold her ; till, after a time, she sunk down as dead.

From that Michaelmas Day she was continually tormented with the thought of killing her father, as likewise of killing herself, which she often attempted, but was as often hindered. Once she attempted to cut her own throat ; once to throw herself into Rosamond's Pond,<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> i.e. the Foundery, or at least the dwelling-house portion, April 23, 1763. This, probably, is the date of the letter inserted above (p. 10).

<sup>2</sup> In St. James's Park, a rectangular pool lying across what is now known as Birdcage Walk, opposite the Wellington Barracks.

several times to strangle herself, which once or twice was with much difficulty prevented.

Her brother, fearing lest she should at last succeed in her attempt, and finding her fits come more frequently, got a strait waistcoat made for her, such as they use at Bedlam. It was made of strong ticking, with two straps on the shoulders, to fasten her down to the bed; one across her breast, another across her middle, and another across her knees. One likewise was buckled on each leg, and fastened to the side of the bed. The arms of the waistcoat drew over her fingers, and fastened like a purse. In a few minutes after she was thus secured, her brother, coming to the bed, found she was gone. After some time, he found she was up the chimney, so high that he could scarce touch her feet. When Mary Loftis called her, she came down, having her hands as fast as ever.

The night after I fastened her arms to her body with new straps, over and above the rest. She looked at me and laughed; then gave her hands a slight turn, and all the fastenings were off.

In the morning Mr. Spark[s]<sup>1</sup> came; on our telling him this, he said, 'But I will take upon me to fasten her so that she shall not get loose.' Accordingly, he sent for some girth-web, with which he fastened her arms to her sides; first above her elbows, round her body; then below her elbows; then he put it round each wrist, and braced them down to each side of the bedstead. After this she was quiet for a night and a day; then all this was off like the rest.

After this we did not tie her down any more, only watched over her night and day. I asked the physician that attended her whether it was a natural disorder. He said, 'Partly natural, partly diabolical.' We then judged there was no remedy but prayer, which was made for her, or with her, continually; though while any were praying with her, she was tormented more than ever.

The Friday before Michaelmas Day last Mr. W. came to see her. He asked, 'Do you know me?' She said, 'No; you all appear to me like blackamoors.' 'But do not you know my voice?' 'No; I know no one's voice, except Molly L[oftis]'s.' 'Do you pray God to help you?' 'No, I can't pray. God will never help me. I belong to the devil, and he will have me; he will take me, body and soul, on Monday.' 'Would you have me pray for you?' 'No, indeed; for

<sup>1</sup> Apparently one of the visiting ministers, but not the 'Ordinary,' of Newgate. The name should be spelt Sparks, as in the 'Finsbury' Edition of Charles Wesley's Journal. In 1738 he was on terms of intimate friendship with Charles Wesley, Broughton, Burnham,

Washington of Queen's, Bray, the Claggetts, and others. It was at his request that Charles visited the ten felons at Newgate. He and Charles Wesley rode with them in the cart to Tyburn. Charles Wesley corrected Sparks's sermon on Justification.

when people pray he torments me worse than ever.' In her fits she was first convulsed all over, seeming in an agony of pain, and screaming terribly. Then she began cursing, swearing, and blaspheming in the most horrid manner. Then she burst into vehement fits of laughter; then sunk down as dead. All this time she was quite senseless; then she fetched a deep sigh, and recovered her sense and understanding, but was so weak that she could not speak to be heard, unless you put your ear almost close to her mouth.

When Mr. W. began praying, she began screaming, so that a mob quickly gathered about the house. However, he prayed on, till the convulsions and screaming ceased, and she came to her senses much sooner than usual. What most surprised us was that she continued in her senses, and soon after began to pray herself.

On Sunday evening Mr. W. came again, asked her many questions, pressed her to call upon God for power to believe, and then prayed with her. She then began to pray again, and continued in her senses longer than she had done for a month before; but still insisted the devil would come the next day, between two and three, and take her away.

She begged me to sit up with her that night, which I willingly did. About four in the morning she burst out into a flood of tears, crying, 'What shall I do? What shall I do? I cannot stand this day. This day I shall be lost.' I went to prayer with her, and exhorted her to pray for faith, and her agony ceased.

About half-hour after ten, ten of us came together, as we had agreed the day before. I said, 'Is there any among you who does not believe that God is able and willing to deliver this soul?' They answered with one voice, 'We believe He both can and will deliver her this day.' I then fastened her down to the bed on both sides, and set two on each side to hold her if need were. We began laying her case before the Lord, and claiming His promise on her behalf. Immediately Satan raged vehemently. He caused her to roar in an uncommon manner; then to shriek, so that it went through our heads; then to bark like a dog. Then her face was distorted to an amazing degree, her mouth being drawn from ear to ear, and her eyes turned opposite ways and starting as if they would start out of her head. Presently her throat was so convulsed that she appeared to be quite strangled; then the convulsions were in her bowels, and her body swelled as if ready to burst. At other times she was stiff from head to foot, as an iron bar, being at the same time wholly deprived of her senses and motion, not even breathing at all. Soon after her body was so writhed, one would have thought all her bones must be dislocated.

We continued in prayer, one after another, till about twelve o'clock. One then said, 'I must go; I can stay no longer.' Another and another

said the same, till we were on the point of breaking up. I said, 'What is this? Will you all give place to the devil? Are you still ignorant of Satan's devices? Shall we leave this poor soul in his hands?' Presently the cloud vanished away. We all saw the snare, and resolved to wrestle with God till we had the petition we asked of Him. We began singing a hymn, and quickly found His Spirit was in the midst of us; but the more earnestly we prayed, the more violently the enemy raged. It was with great difficulty that four of us could hold her down. Frequently we thought she would have been torn out of our arms. By her looks and motions we judged she saw him in a visible shape. She laid fast hold on Molly L[ofti]s and me with inexpressible eagerness; and soon burst into a flood of tears, crying, 'Lord, save, or I perish! I will believe. Lord, give me power to believe; help my unbelief!' Afterwards she lay quiet for about fifteen minutes. I then asked, 'Do you now believe Christ will save you? And have you a desire to pray to Him?' She answered, 'I have a little desire, but I want power to believe.' We bid her keep asking for the power, and looking unto Jesus. I then gave out a hymn, and she earnestly sang with us those words:

O Sun of Righteousness, arise,  
With healing in Thy wing;  
To my diseased, my fainting soul,  
Life and salvation bring.

I now looked at my watch and told her, 'It is half-hour past two: this is the time when the devil said he would come for you.' But, blessed be God, instead of a tormentor He sent a comforter. Jesus appeared to her soul, and rebuked the enemy, though still some fear remained; but at three it was all gone, and she mightily rejoiced in the God of her salvation. It was a glorious sight. Her fierce countenance was changed, and she looked innocent as a child. And we all partook of the blessing; for Jesus filled our souls with a love which no tongue can express. We then offered up our joint praises to God for His unspeakable mercies, and left her full of faith, and love, and joy in God her Saviour.

*Sun. 2.*—All this week I endeavoured to confirm those who had been shaken as to the important doctrine of Christian Perfection, either by its wild defenders, or wise opposers, who much availed themselves of that wildness. It must needs be that such offences will come; but 'woe unto him by whom the offence cometh!'<sup>1</sup>

*Mon. 10.*—I set out for Norwich, taking Hertford in my

<sup>1</sup> On Oct. 5 he wrote to Mr. Merryweather of Yarm (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 270).

way,<sup>1</sup> where I began preaching between ten and eleven. Those who expected disturbance were happily disappointed, for the whole congregation was quiet and attentive. I doubt not but much good may be done even here if our brethren live what we preach. In the evening I preached in the new room<sup>2</sup> at Bedford, where we at last see some fruit of our labour.

*Tues. 11.*—I rode through miserable roads to Cambridge, and thence to Lakenheath. The next day I reached Norwich, and found much of the presence of God in the congregation, both this evening and the next day. On *Friday* evening I read to them all the Rules of the Society, adding, 'Those who are resolved to keep these rules may continue with us, and those only.' I then related what I had done since I came to Norwich first, and what I would do for the time to come, particularly that I would immediately put a stop to preaching in the time of Church service. I added, 'For many years I have had more trouble with this society than with half the societies in England put together. With God's help, I will try you one year longer, and I hope you will bring forth better fruit.'

*Sun. 16.*—Notwithstanding the notice I had given over and over, abundance of people came to the Tabernacle at two in the afternoon, the usual time of preaching, and many of these lambs roared like lions<sup>3</sup>; but it was no more than I expected.

*Mon. 17.*—I found at Yarmouth a little, loving, earnest company. In the evening both the house and the yard were pretty well filled with attentive hearers.

*Tues. 18.*—I read over that surprising book, *The Life of Mr. William Lilly*.<sup>4</sup> If he believed himself, as he really seems

<sup>1</sup> See *W.M. Mag.* 1884, p. 607, for a full and important account of early Methodism in this district.

<sup>2</sup> The land was conveyed in 1762. A full account is given by the Rev. J. Alfred Sharp, *Bedford W.M. Mag.* April, 1894.

<sup>3</sup> James Wheatley's 'Lambs.' See Tyerman's *Life of Wesley*, vol. ii. pp. 123-6. The title was blasphemously caricatured by the mob in Norwich.

<sup>4</sup> The famous astrologer. He died in 1681. Written by himself in his 66th year, and dedicated to his worthy friend Elias (afterwards Sir Elias) Ashmole,

founder of the Museum. Still more famous when he changed from the Royalist to the Cromwellian side. If not employed by Charles I, he was consulted by high authorities as to the king's escape from Carisbrooke. He is said to have been consulted by Charles in 1647 and 1648. The Council of State gave him £50 in 1648, and a pension of £400 per annum, which he received for two years. Wesley had read the book while at Oxford. See above, vol. i. p. 55. One of Lilly's principal works was *Christian Astrology*.



to have done, was ever man so deluded? Persuaded that Hermeli, the Queen of the Fairies, Micol Regina Pygmaeorum, and their fellows, were good angels! How amazing is this! And is it not still more amazing that some of the greatest and most sensible men in the nation should not only not scruple to employ him, but be his fast friends upon all occasions?

*Wed. 19.*—I returned to Norwich, and found the ferment a little abated. I was much pleased with the leaders in the evening, a company of steady, lively, zealous persons; and indeed with most of the society with whom I have conversed, none of whom seem to have lost ground since I was here last.

*Sun. 23.*—I met the society, for the first time, immediately after the morning preaching. Afterwards I went to church with a considerable number of the people, several of whom, I suppose, had not been within those walls for many years. I was glad to hear a plain, useful sermon, and especially for the sake of those who, if they had been offended at first, would hardly have come any more. In the evening God made bare His arm, and His word was sharp as a two-edged sword. Before I had concluded my sermon the mob made a little disturbance; but let us only get the lambs in order, and I will quickly tame the bears.

*Mon. 24.*—I rode to Bury [St. Edmunds]. Here the mob had for some time reigned lords paramount; but a strange gentleman from London, who was present one evening when they were in high spirits, took them in hand, and prosecuted the matter so effectually that they were quelled at once.

*Tues. 25.*—I rode to Colchester, and found a strange ferment in the society, occasioned by the imprudence of —, who had kindled a flame which he could not quench, and set every man's sword against his brother. I heard them all face to face, but to no purpose; they regarded neither Scripture nor reason. But on *Thursday* evening, at the meeting of the society, God was entreated for them. The stony hearts were broken; anger, revenge, evil-surmising, fled away. The hearts of all were again united together, and His banner over us was love.

It may be of use to insert part of a letter which I received about this time:

In reading your notes on Heb. xii. a while since I was struck with your exposition of the ninth verse: 'Perhaps these expressions, *fathers*

of our flesh and Father of spirits, intimate that our earthly fathers are only the parents of our bodies, our souls not being derived from them, but rather created by the immediate power of God and infused into the body from age to age.' But meeting with a curious old book, which asserts a contrary doctrine, I hope you will pardon my freedom in transcribing and begging your thoughts upon it.

'That souls are not immediately infused by God, but mediately propagated by the parent, is proved: 1. From the divine rest: "And He rested on the seventh day from all the work which He had made" (Gen. ii. 2). 2. From the blessing mentioned Gen. i. 28: "And God blessed them, and said unto them, Be fruitful, and multiply"; for this does not relate to a part, but to the whole, of man. 3. From the generation of Seth: "And Adam begat a son in his own likeness, after his image" (Gen. v. 3); for this image principally consisted in the soul. 4. From the procession of the soul from the parent, mentioned Gen. xvi. 26: "All the souls which came out of his loins." 5. From the very consideration of sin; for they are infused (1) either pure, and then (i) they will either be free from original sin, the primary seat of which is the soul; and so God will be cruel in condemning the soul for what it is not guilty of; or (ii) we must suppose the impure body to pollute the soul, which is absurd: or (2) they are infused impure; and, in that case, God will be the cause of impurity, which is impossible. This is further proved from the doctrine of regeneration; for that which is regenerated was also generated or begotten; but the whole man is regenerated, therefore the whole man is generated. Compare John iii. 6: "That which is born of the flesh is flesh, and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit" and Eph. iv. 23: "And be renewed in the spirit of your mind."

'That the human soul is propagated by the parents together with the body is further proved: 1. By the creation of Eve, whose soul is not said to have been breathed into her by God. 2. From the confession of David: "Behold, I was shapen in iniquity, and in sin did my mother conceive me" (Ps. li. 5); which words cannot possibly relate to the body only. 3. From our redemption. What Christ did not assume He did not redeem; if, therefore, He did not assume His soul, together with His body, from the Virgin Mary, our souls are not redeemed by Christ, which is evidently false. 4. From similar expressions, Job x. 8, "Thy hands have made and fashioned me"; and Ps. cxxxix. 13, "For Thou hast possessed my reins; Thou hast covered me in my mother's womb"; where God is said to have formed us with His own hands, which yet is no otherwise done than mediately by generation. 5. From the nature of the begetter and the begotten: They are of one species; but the man who begets consisting of a soul and body, and a body without a soul, are not of one species.

'Again, supposing the soul to be infused by the Deity, either, 1. It will be free from sin, and so God Himself will be accused as guilty of injustice in condemning a pure spirit, and infusing it into an impure body; or, 2. He will be accounted the author of the soul's pollution, by uniting it, a pure spirit, to an impure body, in order that it should be polluted. 3. A double absurdity will follow upon this supposition, viz. (1) the organical parts of man only will be slaves to sin; (2) the immortal spirit would be corrupted by the mortal body; (3) or if the soul, being thus infused, be polluted by sin, it will follow that God is expressly assigned to be the cause of sin; which is the highest blasphemy.'

*Fri.* 28.—At the request of the little society there, I rode round by Braintree. Here I met with one who was well acquainted with the Honourable Mr. —. If he answers the character Mr. S— gives,<sup>1</sup> he is one of the most amiable men in the world. Oh, what keeps us apart? Why cannot we openly give each other the right hand of fellowship?

*Sat.* 29.—I returned to London.

*Sun.* 30.—I now, for the first time, spoke to the society freely concerning Mr. M[axfield], both with regard to his injustice in the affair of Snowsfields, and his almost unparalleled ingratitude to me.<sup>2</sup> But I never expect one that is false to God to be true to a human friend.

Nov. 2,<sup>3</sup> *Wed.*—I spent an agreeable hour with old venerable Mr. —.<sup>4</sup> How striking is a man of sense, learning, and piety, when he has wellnigh finished his course, and yet retains all his faculties unimpaired! His grey hairs are indeed 'a crown of honour.'

In this neighbourhood<sup>5</sup> I learned the particulars of a remarkable occurrence. On Friday, August 19, a gentleman who was at Lisbon during the great earthquake, walking with his friend near Brighthelmstone, in Sussex, and looking south-west

<sup>1</sup> The references probably are to the Hon. Rev. Walter Shirley and Walter Sellon, who was a protégé of the Huntingdon family (*Life of Countess of Huntingdon*, vol. ii. p. 246).

<sup>2</sup> Maxfield, however, took a very different view of the affair. In his *Vindication* (1767) he says, for instance, that Wesley had left the chapel, which

was shut up for some time, and that Mr. Arvin, who held the lease, asked him to preach there, and he did so. He seeks also to clear himself from the charge of enthusiasm.

<sup>3</sup> On Nov. 2 he wrote to Chr. Hopper from Welling (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 307).

<sup>4</sup> Probably the Rev. Jacob Chapman.

<sup>5</sup> Kent.

toward the sea, cried out, 'God grant the wind may rise; otherwise we shall have an earthquake quickly. Just so the clouds whirled to and fro, and so the sky looked that day at Lisbon.' Presently the wind did rise, and brought an impetuous storm of rain and large hail. Some of the hailstones were larger than hen-eggs. It moved in a line about four miles broad, making strange havoc, as it passed quite over the land, till it fell into the river, not far from Sheerness. And wherever it passed it left a hot sulphurous steam, such as almost suffocated those it reached.

*Thur. 3.*—I returned to London.

*Sat. 5.*—I spent some time with my old friend, John Gambold.<sup>1</sup> Who but Count Zinzendorf could have separated such friends as we were? Shall we never unite again?

*Sun. 13.*—I found much of the power of God in preaching, but far more at the Lord's Table. At the same time one who had been wandering from God for many years, and would fain have been with us, but could not, found that the Spirit of God was not hindered, or confined to one place. He found out —, the poor backslider, in his own house, and revealed Christ anew in his heart.

*Tues. 15.*—I visited Joseph Norbury, a good old soldier of Jesus Christ. I found him just on the wing for paradise, having rattled in the throat for some time. But his speech was restored when I came in, and he mightily praised God for all His mercies. This was his last testimony for a good Master. Soon after he fell asleep.

On *Friday* I finished visiting the classes, and observed that since February last a hundred and seventy-five persons have been separated from us. A hundred and six<sup>2</sup> left us on Mr. M[axfield's] account. Few of them will return till they are deeply humbled.

Here I stood and looked back on the late occurrences. Before Thomas Walsh left England God began that great work

<sup>1</sup> See above, vol. i. p. 439, and below, Dec. 16. Gambold had now become a bishop of the Moravian Church.

<sup>2</sup> Among the hundred and six (*Atmore* says about two hundred, *Atmore's Memorial*, p. 263) were some of Wesley's

'choicest friends, which occasioned him great distress.' Some who knew him well declared that this division was his heaviest trial. With tears he preached from the text, 'If I am bereaved of my children, I am bereaved.' See above, p. 10.

which has continued ever since without any considerable intermission. During the whole time many have been convinced of sin, many justified, and many backsliders healed. But the peculiar work of this season has been what St. Paul calls 'the perfecting of the saints.' Many persons in London, in Bristol, in York, and in various parts, both of England and Ireland, have experienced so deep and universal a change as it had not before entered into their hearts to conceive. After a deep conviction of inbred sin, of their total fall from God, they have been so filled with faith and love (and generally in a moment) that sin vanished, and they found from that time no pride, anger, desire, or unbelief. They could rejoice evermore, pray without ceasing, and in everything give thanks. Now, whether we call this the destruction or suspension of sin, it is a glorious work of God—such a work as, considering both the depth and extent of it, we never saw in these kingdoms before.

It is possible some who spoke in this manner were mistaken; and it is certain some have lost what they then received. A few (very few, compared to the whole number) first gave way to enthusiasm, then to pride, next to prejudice and offence, and at last separated from their brethren. But, although this laid a huge stumbling-block in the way, still the work of God went on. Nor has it ceased to this day in any of its branches. God still convinces, justifies, sanctifies. We have lost only the dross, the enthusiasm, the prejudice and offence. The pure gold remains, faith working by love, and, we have ground to believe, increases daily.

*Mon. 21.*—I buried the remains of Joseph Norbury, a faithful witness of Jesus Christ. For about three years he has humbly and boldly testified that God had saved him from all sin; and his whole spirit and behaviour in life and death made his testimony beyond exception.

*DEC. 1, Thur.*—All the leisure hours I had in this and the following months, during the time I was in London, I spent in reading over our works with the preachers, considering what objections had been made, and correcting whatever we judged wrong, either in the matter or expression.

*Mon. 5.*—I rode to Shoreham, and preached in the evening to a more than usually serious company. The next evening

they were considerably increased. The small-pox, just broke out in the town, has made many of them thoughtful. Oh let not the impression pass away as the morning dew!

*Wed. 7.*—I rode to Staplehurst, where Mr. C[hapman],<sup>1</sup> who loves all that love Christ, received us gladly. At six the congregation, gathered from many miles round, seemed just ripe for the gospel; so that (contrary to my custom in a new place) I spoke merely of 'the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ.'

*Thur. 8.*—In returning to London I was thoroughly wet; but it did me no hurt at all.<sup>2</sup>

*Fri. 16.*—I spent an agreeable hour, and not unprofitably, in conversation with my old friend, John Gambold.<sup>3</sup> Oh how gladly could I join heart and hand again! But, alas! thy heart is not as my heart!

*Sat. 17.*—I dined at Dr. G[ifford's],<sup>4</sup> as friendly and courteous as Dr. Doddridge himself. How amiable is courtesy joined with sincerity! Why should they ever be divided?

*Wed. 21.*—I took my leave of the Bull-and-Mouth,<sup>5</sup> a barren, uncomfortable place, where much pains has been taken for several years—I fear to little purpose.

*Thur. 22.*—I spent a little time in a visit to Mr. M—;

<sup>1</sup> He was a Presbyterian minister at Staplehurst in Kent, and had been on intimate terms with Dr. Watts, Dr. Doddridge, and Dr. Hughes; in fact, it is thought he may have been their fellow student. He seems to have made the acquaintance of Wesley in 1760. Two years later he opened his house and chapel to the Methodist preachers. He is described as a holy man, full of kindness and good works. He differed but slightly from the Methodists in opinion, and, while still a minister, joined the society. His stipend was £80 per annum. He lived on £20, adopting vegetarian diet, and gave the rest away in charity. Several of his letters to Wesley were printed in the *Arm. Mag.* (1782, pp. 550, 666; 1783, p. 556; 1784, pp. 113, 387). In his last letter to Wesley he adds the following postscript:

The name 'Methodist' is not a new name, never before given to any religious people. Dr. Calamy, in one of his volumes of the

*Ejected Ministers*, observes, 'They called those who stood up for God Methodists.' It is very remarkable that this was in the time of your own grandfather, John Wesley.

If this is indeed the Mr. Chapman through whom, directly or indirectly, Thomas Marriott obtained possession of Wesley's pastoral letter to the Bristol society (see above, p. 31), we may suggest that he received the copy from the actual copyist, John Pawson, when he was stationed in the eastern counties.

<sup>2</sup> On December 15 he wrote from Lewisham to Miss Furlly (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 208).

<sup>3</sup> See also above, p. 40.

<sup>4</sup> Dr. Andrew Gifford, minister of the Baptist meeting, Eagle Street. An antiquarian; the friend of Lord Chancellor Hardwick, Archb. Herring, the Speaker, Lady Huntingdon, &c.; librarian to the British Museum (*Life of C. of Huntingdon* vol. ii. pp. 151-2).

<sup>5</sup> See above, vol. iv. p. 187.

twenty years ago a zealous and useful magistrate, now a picture of human nature in disgrace—feeble in body and mind, slow of speech and of understanding. Lord, let me not live to be useless!

*Mon. 26.*—I began preaching at a large, commodious place in Bartholomew Close.<sup>1</sup> I preached there again on *Wednesday*, and at both times with peculiar liberty of spirit. At every place this week I endeavoured to prepare our brethren for renewing their covenant with God.

**1764.** JAN. 1, *Sun.*—We met in the evening for that solemn purpose. I believe the number of those that met was considerably larger than it was last year; and so was the blessing. Truly the consolations of God were not small with us. Many were filled with peace and joy, many with holy fear, and several backsliders were healed.

On some of the following days I visited the little societies near London. *Thursday* the 12th I preached at Mitcham, and in the afternoon rode to Dorking; but the gentleman to whose house I was invited<sup>2</sup> seemed to have no desire I should preach. So that evening I had nothing to do. *Friday* the 13th I went at noon into the street, and in a broad place not far from the market-place proclaimed 'the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ.' At first two or three little children were the whole of my congregation; but it quickly increased, though the air was sharp, and the ground exceeding wet; and all behaved well but three or four grumbling men, who stood so far off that they disturbed none but themselves.

I had purposed to preach there again in the morning, but a violent storm made it impracticable. So, after preaching at Mitcham in the way, I rode back to London.

*Mon. 16.*—I rode to High Wycombe, and preached to a

<sup>1</sup> An old Presbyterian meeting in Middlesex Court, part of a large building called Middlesex House. See *Wilson's History and Antiquities of Dissenting Churches in London*, vol. iii. p. 369. Wilson adds (vol. iii. p. 385): 'Mr. Wesley occupied the place only a short time, and was succeeded by Mr. [James] Rely' (cf. above, vol. iv. p. 178).

Middlesex House adjoined the Church of St. Bartholomew (see *W.M. Mag.* 1907, p. 559). But on p. 886 of the same volume the Rev. T. E. Brigden says that Wesley rented the chapel of the old priory.

<sup>2</sup> 'Mr. Rose introduced them' (the Methodists). MS. Life of Mrs. Alexander (Grantham's *Dorking Congregationalism*, p. 12).

more numerous and serious congregation than ever I saw there before. Shall there be yet another day of visitation to this careless people?

A large number was present at five in the morning; but my face and gums were so swelled I could hardly speak. After I took horse they grew worse and worse, till it began to rain. I was then persuaded to put on an oil-case hood, which (the wind being very high) kept rubbing continually on my cheek, till both pain and swelling were gone.

Between twelve and one we crossed Ensham Ferry.<sup>1</sup> The water was like a sea on both sides. I asked the ferryman, 'Can we ride the causeway?' He said, 'Yes, sir; if you keep in the middle.' But this was the difficulty, as the whole causeway was covered with water to a considerable depth; and this in many parts ran over the causeway with the swiftness and violence of a sluice. Once my mare lost both her fore feet, but she gave a spring, and recovered the causeway; otherwise we must have taken a swim, for the water on either side was ten or twelve feet deep. However, after one or two plunges more, we got through, and came safe to Witney.<sup>2</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> William Shepherd wrote a touching note about the tragic death of Mrs. Peck of Ensham in the *Arm. Mag.* December 1787, p. 189. He describes her as 'a pattern of hospitality, with a peculiar regard for all the messengers of God, particularly Mr. Wesley.' One cannot but observe a wonderful development of hospitality and generosity among the Methodist people. Students will note its effect upon the type of Methodist character and religion. It tended towards holiness, friendship, and fellowship.

<sup>2</sup> As an Oxford graduate he preached his first sermon at South Leigh, within the bounds of the present Witney Methodist circuit. Near Witney, at Blandford Park, resided Mr. Bolton and his unmarried sister, whose house for many years was one of Wesley's much-loved haunts. Miss Bolton was a favourite correspondent, and Mr. Bolton one of the best local preachers

(Tyerman's *Life of Wesley*, vol. ii. p. 498). This was the first occasion on which he preached at Witney. Mr. Edward Bolton died April 28, 1818, aged seventy-one years. He was the friend not only of Wesley but also of Charles Wesley, John Fletcher, and other men of note; his sister, Wesley's correspondent, survived him. His name never appeared in the *Minutes of Conference*; but he often travelled with Wesley, preached in the principal places of the south country, and was invited by Wesley to attend the Conference of 1771 (*Meth. Mag.* 1819, p. 142). Probably one of the results of this first visit to Witney was the conversion of another old disciple, Richard Harbud. He suffered persecution, but for many years was one of the stays of Methodism in Witney. Corbett Cooke wrote his obituary. (*Meth. Mag.* 1829, p. 210.)



The congregation in the evening, as well as the next day, was both large and deeply attentive. This is such a people as I have not seen—so remarkably diligent in business, and at the same time of so quiet a spirit, and so calm and civil in their behaviour.

*Thur. 19.*—I rode through Oxford to Henley. The people here bear no resemblance to those of Witney. I found a wild, staring congregation, many of them void both of common sense and common decency. I spoke exceeding plain to them all, and reprov'd some of them sharply.

*Fri. 20.*—I took (probably my final<sup>1</sup>) leave of Henley and returned to London.

*Mon. 23.*—I rode to Sundon, and preached in the evening to a very quiet and very stupid people. How plain is it that even to enlighten the understanding is beyond the power of man! After all our preaching here, even those who have constantly attended no more understand us than if we had preached in Greek.

*Thur. 26.*—Returning from Bedford, I tried another way to reach them. I preached on 'Where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched'; and set before them the terrors of the Lord, in the strongest manner I was able. It seemed to be the very thing they wanted. They not only listened with the deepest attention, but appeared to be more affected than I had ever seen them by any discourse whatever.<sup>2</sup>

*FEB. 1, Wed.*—I buried the remains of William Hurd,<sup>3</sup> a son of affliction for many years, continually struggling with inward and outward trials. But his end was peace.

*Thur. 2.*—I preached again in the Foundry, which had been repairing for several weeks. It is not only firm and safe (whereas before the main timbers were quite decayed) but clean and decent, and capable of receiving several hundreds more.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> But see below, pp. 292 and 345.

<sup>2</sup> On Jan. 31 he wrote to John Valton (*E.M.P.* vol. vi. p. 12).

<sup>3</sup> See above, vol. iv. p. 248.

<sup>4</sup> Charles Wesley, writing to his wife from Jermyn Street on June 7, says: 'I lately blamed Mr. Venn for his long sermon, and at the Foundry I preached one of near an hour and half long, to

above five thousand listening souls. Five or six hundred more it is supposed to hold since the alterations' (*Journal of Charles Wesley*, vol. ii. p. 244). Unless we are to suppose that he preached out of doors, which presumably was not the case, this is an example of the way in which numbers were exaggerated by all the writers of this period.

*Sun. 5.*—I began Mr. Hartley's ingenious *Defence of the Mystic Writers*.<sup>1</sup> But it does not satisfy me. I must still object (1) to their sentiments. The chief of them do not appear to me to have any conception of church communion. Again, they slight not only works of piety, the ordinances of God, but even works of mercy. And yet most of them, yea, all that I have seen, hold justification by works. In general, they are 'wise above what is written,' indulging themselves in many unscriptural speculations. I object (2) to their spirit, that most of them are of a dark, shy, reserved, unsociable temper; and that they are apt to despise all who differ from them as carnal, unenlightened men. I object (3) to their whole phraseology. It is both unscriptural and affectedly mysterious. I say affectedly, for this does not necessarily result from the nature of the things spoken of. St. John speaks as high and as deep things as Jacob Behmen. Why then does not Jacob speak as plain as him?

*Mon. 6.*—I opened the new chapel at Wapping, well filled with deeply attentive hearers.

*Thur. 16.*—I once more took a serious walk through the tombs in Westminster Abbey. What heaps of unmeaning stone and marble! But there was one tomb which showed common sense: that beautiful figure of Mr. Nightingale, endeavouring to screen his lovely wife from Death.<sup>2</sup> Here indeed the marble seems to speak, and the statues appear only not alive.

After taking Brentford, Deptford, Welling, and Sevenoaks in my way, on *Thursday* the 23rd I rode to Sir Thomas I'Anson's (at New Bounds,<sup>3</sup> two miles beyond Tunbridge), just quivering on the verge of life, helpless as a child, but (as it seems) greatly profited by this severe dispensation. The

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<sup>1</sup> Those who desire to study Wesley's relation to Mysticism will find material in Tyerman's *Life of Wesley*, vol. ii. pp. 518-25. The book referred to is thus described: 'Hartley, Thomas, of Winwick, Co. Northants. *Paradise Restored: or a Testimony to the Doctrine of the Blessed Millennium, or Christ's Glorious Reign with His Saints on*

*Earth. To which is added a short defence of the Mystical Writers.*' London, 1764. (*W.H.S.* vol. iv. p. 137.) See also letter to Hartley (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 244).

<sup>2</sup> Washington Irving, in his *Sketch-Book*, gives an account of Roubiliac's masterpiece. See also below, p. 401.

<sup>3</sup> See above, vol. iv. p. 486.

hall, staircase, and adjoining rooms just contained the people in the evening. One poor backslider whom Providence had brought thither was exceedingly wounded. I left her resolved to set out once more, if haply God might heal her.

*Fri. 24.*—I returned to London.

*Wed. 29.*—I heard *Judith*, an oratorio,<sup>1</sup> performed at the Lock. Some parts of it were exceeding fine; but there are two things in all modern pieces of music which I could never reconcile to common sense. One is singing the same words ten times over; the other, singing different words by different persons, at one and the same time. And this in the most solemn addresses to God, whether by way of prayer or of thanksgiving. This can never be defended by all the musicians in Europe, till reason is quite out of date.

MARCH 12, *Mon.*<sup>2</sup>—I set out for Bristol.

*Fri. 16.*—I met several serious clergymen.<sup>3</sup> I have long desired that there might be an open, avowed union between all who preach those fundamental truths, Original Sin and Justification by Faith, producing inward and outward holiness; but all my endeavours have been hitherto ineffectual. God's time is not fully come.

*Mon. 19.*—I set out for the north. We reached Stroud about

<sup>1</sup> By Dr. Arne. It was performed for the first time in 1761. See the *Choir*, May 1912. The Rev. Martin Madan and the Rev. Thomas Haweis arranged an annual performance of oratorio at the Lock. Wesley heard *Ruth* there in 1765.

<sup>2</sup> On March 1 he wrote to Charles Wesley (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 126) and on the 2nd to Miss Freeman. In his letter to Charles, which is only a fragment, he says:

You 'have no thoughts or venturing to London before May'! Then I must indeed 'do the best I can.' So I must comply with the advice of the stewards, as well as my own judgement, and insist upon John Jones assisting me on Sunday. I have delayed all this time purely out of tenderness to you. Adieu!

To understand this enigmatical letter we must remember the desertion of Maxfield, and the ordination of John Jones by Erasmus, a bishop of the Greek Church,

of which Charles Wesley strongly disapproved. Erasmus also ordained a Baptist minister, who then claimed to officiate in the Established Church. See Pike's *Ancient Meeting-houses*, p. 474. Practically, so far as ordained clergy were concerned, Wesley, in London, stood alone. His brother Charles had retired into comparative seclusion. It was an extremely difficult situation. At this juncture the Rev. John Richardson, a young Yorkshireman, episcopally ordained, with a curacy at Ewhurst in Sussex, relinquished his curacy, joined the Methodists, and became Wesley's assistant in London. (Tyerman's *Life of Wesley*, vol. ii. p. 507.)

<sup>3</sup> See his circular letter of April 19, 1764. James Rouquet, curate of St. Werburgh, Bristol, and vicar of West Harptree, was almost certainly present.

two in the afternoon. How many years were we beating the air in this place! one wrong-headed man pulling down all we could build up. But since he is gone, the word of God takes root, and the society increases both in number and strength.

*Tues. 20.*—At seven I preached in Painswick. For many years an honest, disputing man greatly hindered the work of God here also, subverting the souls that were just setting out for heaven. But since God took him to Himself His word has free course, and many sinners are converted to Him. We rode hence over the top of the bleak mountains to Stanley, where an earnest congregation was waiting. From Stanley to Evesham we were to go as we could, the lanes being scarce passable. However, at length we got through. I never before saw so quiet a congregation in the Town Hall, nor yet so numerous. I designed afterwards to meet the society at our room<sup>1</sup>; but the people were so eager to hear that I knew not how to keep them out. So we had a large congregation again. And again God gave us His blessing.

*Wed. 21.*—After riding about two hours and a half from Evesham, we stopped at a little village.<sup>2</sup> We easily perceived, by the marks he had left, that the man of the house had been beating his wife. I took occasion from thence to speak strongly to her concerning the hand of God, and His design in all afflictions. It seemed to be a word in season. She appeared to be not only thankful, but deeply affected.

We had an exceeding large congregation at Birmingham, in what was formerly the playhouse.<sup>3</sup> Happy would it be if all the playhouses in the kingdom were converted to so good a use. After service the mob gathered, and threw some dirt and

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<sup>1</sup> The room was in Bengeworth, just across Evesham bridge (*Meth. Rec.* Oct. 1, 1903). It was the building now generally known as Deacles' School, because founded by Alderman John Deacles, a native of Bengeworth, who went a poor lad to London and prospered. The still existing room had been built in 1738, and the earliest mention of it as a place of religious service is in Charles Wesley's Journal, Aug. 20, 1739.

<sup>2</sup> At Studley, probably at the Barley

Mow, a picturesque thirteenth-century inn, for an interesting account of which see *W.H.S.* vol. vi. pp. 34, 35.

<sup>3</sup> In a court between Moor Street and Park Street (see above, p. 21), used for worship until 1782. See verses written in 1780 (*W.H.S.* vol. iii. p. 150). For the disturbances in Birmingham see Sheldon's *Early Methodism in Birmingham*, pp. 21, 22; *W.H.S.* vol. iii. p. 150, and vol. iv. p. 61; *E.M.P.* vol. ii. pp. 179, 181, and vol. v. pp. 48, 49.

stones at those who were going out. But it is probable they will soon be calmed, as some of them are in jail already. A few endeavoured to make a disturbance the next evening during the preaching; but it was lost labour; the congregation would not be diverted from taking earnest heed to the things that were spoken.

*Fri.* 23.—I rode to Dudley,<sup>1</sup> formerly a den of lions, but now as quiet as Bristol. They had just finished their preaching-house, which was thoroughly filled. I saw no trifler, but many in tears. Here I met with a remarkable account of a child, the substance of which was as follows:

John B——, about ten years old, was some time since taken ill. He often asked how it was to die. His sister told him, 'Some children know God; and then they are not afraid to die.' He said, 'What! children as little as me?' She answered, 'Your sister Patty did; and she was less than you.' At which he seemed to be much affected. Sunday was fortnight he took his bed, but was not able to sleep. Soon after he said, 'We shall soon be with angels and archangels in heaven. What signifies this wicked world? Who would want to live here that might live with Christ?' The maid said, 'I wish I was married to Christ.' He said, 'Being married to Christ is coming to Christ, and keeping with Him. All may come to Him. I am happy, I am happy.' His sister asked, 'Do you love God?' He answered, 'Yes, that I do.' She asked, 'And do you think God loves you?' He replied, 'Yes, I know He does.'

The next evening she said, 'How are you, Jacky, when you are so happy?' He said, stroking his breast down with his hand, 'Why, like as if God was in me. O my sister, what a happy thing it was that I came to Dudley! I am quite happy when I am saying my prayers; and when I think on God, I can almost see into heaven.'

Tuesday night last she asked, 'Are you afraid to die?' He said, 'I have seen the time that I was; but now I am not a bit afraid of death, or hell, or judgement; for Christ is mine. I know Christ is my own. He says, What would you have? I would get to heaven: I will get to heaven as soon as I can. And as well as I love you all, when I am once got to heaven, I would not come to you again for ten thousand worlds.' Soon after he said, 'If God would let me do as the angels do,

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Southall and his family were a part of the first society. In his house meetings for prayer were held, and more than once his windows were smashed

and the congregation cursed with bitter oaths. (*Meth. Mag.* 1823, p. 568; Tyerman's *Life of Wesley*, vol. ii. p. 500.)

I would come and watch over you. I will, if God will let me; and when you are ready, I will come and fetch you to heaven; yea, if God would let me, I would fly all over the world, to fetch souls to heaven.'

He asked his cousin if she had seen the King; and added, 'I have; indeed I have not seen King George, but I have seen a better King; for I have seen the King of heaven and earth.' His health since that time has been in some measure recovered; but he continues in the same spirit.

*Sat. 24.*—We came once more to our old flock at Wednesbury.<sup>1</sup> The congregation differed from most that we have lately seen. It almost entirely consisted of such as had repented, if not also believed the gospel.

*Sun. 25.*—At eight I preached in the room, though it would by no means contain the congregation; but the north-east wind was so extremely sharp that it was not practicable to preach abroad. At one it drove us likewise into the house<sup>2</sup> at Darlaston; that is, as many as it could contain. At five there was such a congregation at Wednesbury as I have not seen since I left London. But I found my voice would have commanded twice the number, while I declared, 'The word is nigh thee, even in thy mouth and in thy heart; that is, the word of faith which we preach.'

*Mon. 26.*—I was desired to preach at Walsall. James Jones was alarmed at the motion,<sup>3</sup> apprehending there would be much disturbance. However, I determined to make the trial. Coming into the house,<sup>4</sup> I met with a token for good. A woman was telling her neighbour why she came: 'I had a desire,' said she, 'to hear this man; yet I durst not, because I heard so much ill

<sup>1</sup> The riots here had now ceased. A Quaker happened to ride through the town, and the mob swore that he was a preacher, pulled him from his horse, and threatened to throw him down a coal-pit. The Quaker prosecuted his assailants at the Assizes, and from that time the tumults of the town ceased. (*Hampson's Life of Wesley*, vol. ii. p. 32.)

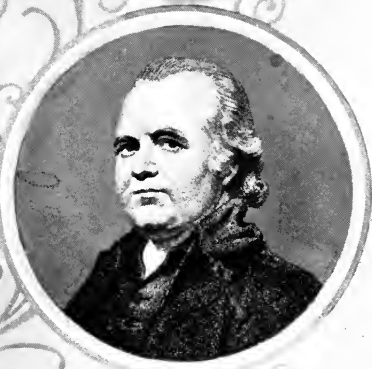
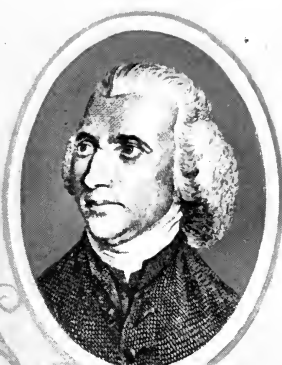
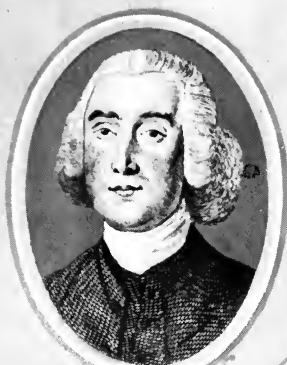
<sup>2</sup> Built in 1760 (see *Wesley's Veterans*, vol. ii. pp. 101-6, or *E.M.P.* vol. ii. pp. 179-82) in Meeting (now Bilston) Street; see *Meth. Rec.* June 13, 1901.

<sup>3</sup> 'Motion' in the sense of 'proposal,'

'instigation,' 'incitement.' Berners, tr. of Froissart's *Chron.* I. cccxxvi., *Century Dict.*, says:

Then he said to hys cardynals, Sirs, make you redy, for I woll to Rome. Of that *mogyon* his cardynalles were sore abashed and displeased, for they loued not the Romaynes.

<sup>4</sup> Probably in Dudley Street. The Society, later, rented an upper room of the Castle Inn (since dismantled), George Street, and afterwards migrated to a larger room over the stables of the Green Dragon Inn (*Meth. Rec.* Nov. 3, 1904).



A GROUP OF TYPICAL EARLY PREACHERS.

1. CHRISTOPHER HOPPER.
3. THOMAS OLIVERS.
5. JOHN VALTON.

2. THOMAS RANKIN.
4. THOMAS TAYLOR.
6. ALEXANDER MATHER.





of him ; but this morning I dreamed I was praying earnestly, and I heard a voice, saying, " See the eighth verse of the first chapter of St. John." I waked, and got my Bible and read, " He was not that light, but was sent to bear witness of that light." I got up, and came away with all my heart.'

The house not being capable of containing the people, about seven I began preaching abroad ; and there was no opposer, no, nor a trifler to be seen. All present were earnestly attentive. How is Walsall changed ! How has God either tamed the wild beasts, or chained them up !

In the afternoon I came to Ashby-de-la-Zouch.<sup>1</sup> The house and yard contained the people tolerably well. I saw but one trifler among all, which, I understood, was an attorney. Poor man ! If men live what I preach, the hope of his gain is lost.

*Tues. 27.*<sup>2</sup>—We rode to [Castle] Donington,<sup>3</sup> where a great multitude earnestly attended while I explained and enforced 'God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ.'

Hence we rode to Derby. Mr. Dobinson believed it would be best for me to preach in the market-place, as there seemed to be a general inclination in the town, even among people of fashion, to hear me. He had mentioned it to the mayor, who said he did not apprehend there would be the least disturbance ; but, if there should be anything of the kind, he would take care to suppress it. A multitude of people were gathered at five, and were pretty quiet till I had named my text. Then 'the beasts of the people' lifted up their voice, hallooing and shouting on every side. Finding it impossible to be heard, I walked softly away. An innumerable retinue followed me ; but only a few pebble-stones were thrown, and no one hurt at

<sup>1</sup> In the *Meth. Mag.* for 1825 (pp. 582-3), in a Memoir of Jane Sansom, will be found a romantic account of the introduction of Methodism to Shepshed, Hathern, and Ashby through the preaching of John Brandon, Thomas Johnson, and the Rev. Walter Sellon, vicar of Breedon ; also a charming portraiture of early Methodist friendship.

<sup>2</sup> On March 27 he wrote to the Rev. Thomas Hartley (see above,

p. 46), approving his doctrine of the Millennium, warning him against the Mystics, and protesting against a mis-interpretation of his teaching on the marks of the new birth (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 244).

<sup>3</sup> Charles Wesley, on Sept. 21, 1756, was received joyfully by 'Brother Adams' of 'Ashley.' This is an error for Ashby. He, like his brother eight years later, was on his way to Castle Donington.

all. Most of the rabble followed quite to Mr. D[obinson]'s house; but, it seems, without any malice prepense; for they stood stock-still about an hour, and then quietly went away.<sup>1</sup>

At seven I met the society, with many others, who earnestly desired to be present. In the morning most of them came again, with as many more as we could well make room for; and indeed they received the word gladly. God grant they may bring forth fruit!

*Wed. 28.*—Between eleven and twelve I preached at Alfreton, twelve miles from Derby, and in the evening at Sheffield,<sup>2</sup> to many more than could hear, on 'Now is the day of salvation.' In the morning I gave a hearing to several of the society who were extremely angry at each other.<sup>3</sup> It surprised me to find what trifles they had stumbled at; but I hope their snare is broken.

In the evening, while I was enlarging upon the righteousness of faith, the word of God was quick and powerful. Many felt it in their inmost soul; one backslider in particular, who was then restored to all she had lost, and the next morning believed she was saved from sin.

*Fri. 30.*—I met those who believe God has redeemed them from all their sins. They are about sixty in number. I could not learn that any among them walk unworthy of their profession. Many watch over them for evil; but they 'overcome evil with

<sup>1</sup> In 1759 a young woman was led to the services at the Foundery, was converted, and was induced by Mrs. Sarah Crosby to join the society. After her marriage, Mr. Dobinson, her husband, removed (in 1761) to Derby, Mrs. Crosby accompanying them. They opened their house to Wesley and his preachers. Wesley visited them the first time, Aug. 15, 1762. In 1764 was erected, in St. Michael's Lane, the preaching-house (still standing), the first Methodist chapel in the town, and, indeed, so it is said, in the county. In this house Wesley preached many times. See below, June 17, 1777: *Meth. Rec.* Oct. 2, 1902; and for Mrs. Dobinson's Memoir, *Meth. Mag.* 1803, pp. 557-66. Her husband was 'an active man and a lively lay preacher.' But he did not long continue with the

Methodists. A letter of Mr. George Clark of London to Mrs. Dobinson (July 7, 1779) appears in *Meth. Mag.* 1801, p. 274. It contains no information. See B. A. M. Alger's *Centenary Memorial*, 1905. For Mrs. Dobinson and her class, and her successor, see *Meth. Mag.* 1830, p. 786; and particularly, *Meth. Rec.* Winter No., 1896, which also contains reliable information respecting the Dinah Morris of *Adam Bede*.

<sup>2</sup> Mr. Thomas Robinson was for some years Wesley's host in Sheffield (*Meth. Mag.* 1826, p. 295, and note).

<sup>3</sup> 'Some uneasiness had ere this been excited relative to Mr. Bryant, of which this [the extreme anger of the society] was probably either the thing itself or the emanation' (Everett's *Meth. in Sheffield*, pp. 175, 179).

good.' I found nothing of self-conceit, stubbornness, impatience of contradiction, or London enthusiasm, among them.<sup>1</sup> They have better learned of Him that was meek and lowly of heart, to 'adorn the doctrine of God their Saviour.'<sup>2</sup>

In the evening I preached in the new house at Rotherham. on the sure foundation, 'Ye are saved through faith.' It was a season of strong consolation to many. One who had been some time groaning for full redemption now found power to believe that God had fulfilled her desire, and set her heart at liberty.

*Sat. 31.*—An odd circumstance occurred during the morning preaching. It was well only serious persons were present. An ass walked gravely in at the gate, came up to the door of the house, lifted up his head and stood stock-still, in a posture of deep attention. Might not 'the dumb beast reprove' many who have far less decency, and not much more understanding?

At noon I preached (the room<sup>3</sup> being too small to contain the people) in a yard, near the bridge, in Doncaster. The wind was high and exceeding sharp, and blew all the time on the side of my head. In the afternoon I was seized with a sore throat, almost as soon as I came to Epworth. However, I preached, though with some difficulty; but afterward I could hardly speak. Being better the next day, *Sunday, APRIL 1,* I preached about one at Westwood-side, and, soon after four, in the market-place at Epworth, to a numerous congregation. At first, indeed, but few could hear; but, the more I spoke, the more my voice was strengthened, till, toward the close, all my pain and weakness were gone, and all could hear distinctly.

*Mon. 2.*—I had a day of rest.

*Tues. 3.*—I preached, about nine, at Scotter,<sup>4</sup> a town six or

<sup>1</sup> An allusion to the George Bell mania in London.

<sup>2</sup> Everett says that it was probably on this visit to Sheffield that Grace Bennet came over the moors from Derbyshire to hear Wesley preach, and he relates a story of the conversion of a hostile churchwarden through her efforts on this occasion (*Meth. in Sheffield*, pp. 180, 181).

<sup>3</sup> A small rented room, in the old Falcon yard. The room was in the house of Betty Riley. Thomas Naylor

was leader. It is said that in 1765, while Jeremiah Cocker, of Sheffield, was preaching, a bull was driven up to him; but the preacher laid his hands upon its horns and quietly continued his discourse. See *Meth. Mag.* 1828, pp. 738-42.

<sup>4</sup> The parents of Jonathan Babbing, of Hull, were members of the little society which Wesley founded in Scotter. Their house for years was the preaching-place; the chapel was built after the death of Mr. Babbing. See obituary by John Rigg, *W.M. Mag.* 1829, p. 213.

seven miles east of Epworth, where a sudden flame is broke out, many being convinced of sin almost at once, and many justified. But there were many adversaries stirred up by a bad man, who told them, 'There is no law for Methodists.' Hence continual riots followed; till, after a while, an upright magistrate<sup>1</sup> took the cause in hand, and so managed both the rioters and him who set them at work, that they have been quiet as lambs ever since.

Hence we rode to Grimsby, once the most dead, now the most lively, place in all the county. Here has been a large and swift increase both of the society and hearers, so that the house, though galleries are added, is still too small. In the morning, *Wednesday* the 4th, I explained at large the nature of Christian Perfection. Many who had doubted of it before were fully satisfied. It remains only to *experience* what we believe.

In the evening the mayor and all the gentry of the town were present; and so was our Lord in an uncommon manner. Some dropped down as dead; but, after a while, rejoiced with joy unspeakable. One was carried away in violent fits. I went to her after the service. She was strongly convulsed from head to foot, and shrieked out in a dreadful manner. The unclean spirit did tear her indeed; but his reign was not long. In the morning both her soul and body were healed, and she acknowledged both the justice and mercy of God.

*Thur. 5.*—About eleven I preached at Elsham. The two persons who are the most zealous and active here are the steward and gardener of a gentleman, whom the minister persuaded to turn them off unless they would leave 'this way.' He gave them a week to consider of it; at the end of which they calmly answered, 'Sir, we choose rather to want bread here, than to want "a drop of water" hereafter.' He replied, 'Then follow your own conscience, so you do my business as well as formerly.'

*Fri. 6.*—I preached at Ferry at nine in the morning, and in the evening; and, about noon, in Sir Nevil Hickman's hall at Gainsborough.<sup>2</sup> Almost as soon as I began to speak, a cock

<sup>1</sup> Probably Sir Nevil Hickman (see below, p. 165). Wesley preached in his hall on the Friday following.

<sup>2</sup> See above, vol. iv. pp. 343 (where he compares the hall with Weavers' Hall, Bristol), 474, also illustration, p. 345.

began to crow over my head ; but he was quickly dislodged, and the whole congregation, rich and poor, were quiet and attentive.

*Sun. 8.*—I set out for Misterton,<sup>1</sup> though the common road was impassable, being all under water ; but we found a way to ride round. I preached at eight, and I saw not one inattentive hearer. In our return my mare, rushing violently through a gate, struck my heel against a gate-post, and left me behind her in an instant, laid on my back at full length. She stood still till I rose and mounted again ; and neither of us was hurt at all.

*Mon. 9.*—I had designed to go by Althorpe Ferry and Winterton to Hull ; but we had not gone far before the wind rose, so that we judged it would be impossible to pass the Trent at Althorpe ; so we turned back, and went by Owston and Brigg. The rain beat vehemently upon us all the way. When we came to Brigg, despairing of being able to cross the Humber, we thought it best to turn aside to Barrow.<sup>2</sup> When I was here last the mob was exceeding rude and noisy ; but all the people were now quiet and attentive. I was much pleased with their spirit and their behaviour, and could not be sorry for the storm.

*Tues. 10.*—The wind abating, we took boat at Barton, with two such brutes as I have seldom seen. Their blasphemy and stupid, gross obscenity were beyond all I ever heard. We first spoke to them mildly, but it had no effect. At length we were constrained to rebuke them sharply, and they kept themselves tolerably within bounds till we landed at Hull. I preached at five, two hours sooner than was expected. By this means we had tolerable room for the greatest part of them that came ; and I believe not many of them came in vain.

*Wed. 11.*—Between eight and nine I began preaching at Beverley, in a room which is newly taken. It was filled from end to end, and that with serious hearers. Perhaps even these may know the day of their visitation.

<sup>1</sup> Mr. John Robinson, of Misterton, then a youth at home, heard Wesley in 1763, 1764, 1766, and 1770 (*Meth. Mag.* 1820, p. 211).

<sup>2</sup> This is the first mention of Barrow in the Journal. Mr. Faulding, of Barrow,

received into his house the first Methodist preachers, who visited the town about the year 1759. See the obituary of his daughter, Mrs. Sarah Young, *W.M. Mag.* 1830, p. 438, and an article on Barton-on-Humber in *W.H.S.* vol. viii. p. 129.

About one I began at Pocklington. Here, likewise, all were quiet, and listened with deep attention. When I came to York, at five in the afternoon, I was fresher than at seven in the morning. During the preaching many were not a little comforted; and one old follower of Christ, more than seventy years of age, was now first enabled to call Him Lord by the Holy Ghost.

I found that a most remarkable deadness had overspread this people, insomuch that not one had received remission of sins for several months last past. Then it is high time for us to prophesy on these dry bones that they may live. At this I more immediately pointed in all my following discourses; and I have reason to believe God spoke in His word. To Him be all the glory!

*Thur.* 12.—I spent an hour with John Manners,<sup>1</sup> weak in body, but not in spirit. He is fairly worn out in a good service, and calmly waits till his change shall come.

*Sun.* 15.—In the evening many even of the rich were present, and seriously attentive. But, oh how hardly shall these enter into the kingdom! how hardly escape from 'the desire of other things'!

*Mon.* 16.—I preached at Tollerton at one. The congregation was large and serious. Some were deeply affected, and wept much; many received comfort.

At six I began preaching in the street<sup>2</sup> at Thirsk. The congregation was exceeding large. Just as I named my text—'What is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?'—a man on horseback, who had stopped to see what was the matter, changed colour and trembled. Probably he might have resolved to save his soul, had not his drunken companion dragged him away.

*Tues.* 17.—In consequence of repeated invitations, I rode to Helmsley. When I came Mr. Conyers<sup>3</sup> was not at home; but, his

<sup>1</sup> Possibly in the house of his brother-in-law, Thomas Dilcock, where, ten days later, he died. See Lyth's *Methodism in York*, p. 102; above, vol. iv. p. 515.

<sup>2</sup> 'The late Mr. Thomas Tweedie used to state that he heard Wesley preach in Thirsk market-place, from some horsing-

steps which formerly stood in the front of the Black Bull Inn' (*W.H.S.* vol. iv. p. 30).

<sup>3</sup> The Rev. Richard Conyers, LL.D., was one of the eminent evangelical clergy. A year earlier (see above, p. 17), he wrote to Wesley, heartily inviting him to his house, explaining that the

housekeeper faintly asking me, I went in. By the books lying in the window and on the table, I easily perceived how he came to be so cold now who was so warm a year ago. Not one of ours, either verse or prose, was to be seen, but several of another kind. Oh that our brethren were as zealous to make *Christians* as they are to make *Calvinists*!

He came home before dinner, and soon convinced me that the Philistines had been upon him. They had taken huge pains to prejudice him against me, and so successfully that he did not even ask me to preach. So I had thoughts of going on; but in the afternoon he altered his purpose, and I preached in the evening to a large congregation. He seemed quite surprised, and was convinced *for the present* that things had been misrepresented. But how long will the conviction last? Perhaps till next month.<sup>1</sup>

Wed. 18.—I called upon another serious clergyman, vicar of a little town<sup>2</sup> near Pickering. He immediately told me how he had been received by warm men 'to doubtful disputations.' He said this had for a time much hurt his soul, but that now the snare was broken.

About one I preached at Snainton, eight or nine miles beyond Pickering, to a small but deeply serious congregation.<sup>3</sup> When I came to Scarborough, though the wind was very high and very sharp, the multitude of people constrained me to preach abroad: and all, but a few noisy children, behaved remarkably well.

Thur. 19.—The room was filled at five, and the congregation this evening was larger than the last. How is the face of things changed here within a year or two! The society increased fourfold: most of them alive to God, and many filled with love;

Archdeacon would be with him upon his visitation for a few days about that time. It is probable that Wesley spent a night at Helmsley in 1763, preaching in the church, and leaving with his host the books which he now saw were supplanted by Calvinistic publications. Lady Huntingdon's biographer relates that the vicar, having preached a faithful evangelical sermon at the visitation of the clergy by the Archbishop of York,

his Grace said to him afterwards: 'Conyers, if you preach such sermons as that you will drive all your parish mad.'

<sup>1</sup> 'Summer' (1st ed.).

<sup>2</sup> Middleton (*Meth. Rec.* June 20, 1912, and Winter No., 1900, p. 73).

<sup>3</sup> For the cottage where he preached, and a reference to the Dowager Lady Cayley, a devout Methodist, see *Meth. Rec.* Feb. 16, 1905; also Smith's *Hist. of Meth.* vol. ii. p. 381.

and all of them enjoy great quietness, instead of noise and tumult, since God put it into the heart of an honest Magistrate to still the madness of the people.

I wrote a letter to-day,<sup>1</sup> which after some time I sent to forty or fifty clergymen, with the little preface annexed :

REV. SIR,

Near two years and a half ago I wrote the following letter. You will please to observe (1) that I propose no more therein than is the bounden duty of every Christian ; (2) that *you* may comply with this proposal, whether any other does or not. I myself have endeavoured so to do for many years, though I have been almost alone therein, and although many, the more earnestly I talk of peace, the more zealously make themselves ready for battle. I am, reverend sir,

Your affectionate brother,

JOHN WESLEY.

DEAR SIR,

It has pleased God to give you both the will and the power to do many things for His glory ; although you are often ashamed you have done so little, and wish you could do a thousand times more. This induces me to mention to you what has been upon my mind for many years, and what I am persuaded would be much for the glory of God if it could once be effected ; and I am in great hopes it will be, if you heartily undertake it, trusting in Him alone.

Some years since God began a great work in England ; but the labourers were few. At first those few were of one heart ; but it was not so long. First one fell off, then another and another, till no two of us were left together in the work besides my brother and me. This prevented much good, and occasioned much evil. It grieved our spirits and weakened our hands ; it gave our common enemies huge occasion to blaspheme. It perplexed and puzzled many sincere Christians ; it caused many to draw back to perdition ; it grieved the Holy Spirit of God.

As labourers increased, disunion increased. Offences were multiplied ; and, instead of coming nearer to, they stood farther and farther off from, each other ; till at length those who were not only brethren in Christ, but fellow labourers in His gospel, had no more connexion or fellowship with each other than Protestants have with Papists.

But ought this to be ? Ought not those who are united to one

<sup>1</sup> The identification of the 'forty or fifty' evangelical clergymen will be assisted if we remember that the division deplored by Wesley was between those who sided

with him and those who followed the Countess. The names of most will be found in her list of friends (see *Life of C. of Huntingdon*, vol. i. pp. 409-10 and 474-6)



common Head, and employed by Him in one common work, to be united to each other? I speak now of those labourers who are ministers of the Church of England. These are chiefly:

Mr. Perronet, Romaine, Newton, Shirley;

Mr. Downing, Jesse, Adam;

Mr. Talbot, Riland, Stillingfleet, Fletcher;

Mr. Johnson, Baddiley, Andrews, Jane;

Mr. Hart, Symes, Brown, Rouquet;

Mr. Sellon [Cooper, Harmer, Gwen];

Mr. Venn, Richardson, Burnet, Furlly;

Mr. Conyers, Bently, King;

Mr. Berridge, Hicks, J. W., C. W., John Richardson, Benjamin Colley<sup>1</sup>: not excluding any other clergyman who agrees in these essentials—

I. Original Sin.

II. Justification by Faith.

III. Holiness of Heart and Life; provided their life be answerable to their doctrine.

‘But what union would you desire among these?’ Not a union in opinions. They might agree or disagree, touching absolute decrees on the one hand, and perfection on the other. Not a union in expressions. These may still speak of the imputed righteousness, and those of the merits, of Christ. Not a union with regard to outward order. Some may still remain quite regular, some quite irregular; and some partly regular and partly irregular. But these things being as they are, as each is persuaded in his own mind, is it not a most desirable thing that we should—

1. Remove hindrances out of the way? Not judge one another, not despise one another, not envy one another? Not be displeased at one another’s gifts or success, even though greater than our own? Not wait for one another’s halting, much less wish for it, or rejoice therein?

Never speak disrespectfully, slightly, coldly, or unkindly, of each other; never repeat each other’s faults, mistakes, or infirmities, much less listen for and gather them up; never say or do anything to hinder each other’s usefulness, either directly or indirectly? Is it not a most desirable thing that we should—

2. Love as brethren? Think well of and honour one another? Wish all good, all grace, all gifts, all success, yea, greater than our own, to each other? Expect God will answer our wish, rejoice in every appearance thereof, and praise Him for it? Readily believe good of each other, as readily as we once believed evil?

<sup>1</sup> The first edition includes Mr. Crook, Perronet adds, ‘Cooper, Harmer, Mr. Eastwood, and ‘G. W.’; Edward Gwen.’

Speak respectfully, honourably, kindly of each other; defend each other's character; speak all the good we can of each other; recommend one another where we have influence; each help the other on in his work, and enlarge his influence by all the honest means he can?

This is the union which I have long sought after; and is it not the duty of every one of us so to do? Would it not be far better for ourselves? A means of promoting both our holiness and happiness? Would it not remove much guilt from those who have been faulty in any of these instances? and much pain from those who have kept themselves pure? Would it not be far better for the people, who suffer severely from the clashing and contentions of their leaders, which seldom fail to occasion many unprofitable, yea, hurtful, disputes among them? Would it not be better even for the poor, blind world, robbing them of their sport, 'Oh they cannot agree among themselves!' Would it not be better for the whole work of God, which would then deepen and widen on every side?

'But it will never be; it is utterly impossible.' Certainly it is with men. Who imagines we can do this? that it can be effected by any human power? All nature is against it, every infirmity, every wrong temper and passion; love of honour and praise, of power, of pre-eminence; anger, resentment, pride; long contracted habit, and prejudice lurking in ten thousand forms. The devil and all his angels are against it. For if this takes place, how shall his kingdom stand? All the world, all that know not God, are against it, though they may seem to favour it for a season. Let us settle this in our hearts, that we may be utterly cut off from all dependence on our own strength or wisdom.

But surely 'with God all things are possible'; therefore 'all things are possible to him that believeth'; and this union is proposed only to them that believe, that show their faith by their works.

When Mr. C[onyers] was objecting the impossibility of ever effecting such a union, I went upstairs, and, after a little prayer, opened Kempis on these words: *Expecta Dominum: Viriliter age: Noli diffidere: Noli discedere; sed corpus et animam expone constanter pro gloria Dei.*<sup>1</sup> I am, dear sir,

Your affectionate servant,

J. W.<sup>2</sup>

SCARBOROUGH, April 19, 1764.

<sup>1</sup> 'Wait for the Lord. Quit thyself like a man. Yield not to distrust. Be unwilling to depart; but constantly expose body and soul for the glory of God.' (See *W.H.S.* vol. v. p. 50.)

<sup>2</sup> The letter was originally addressed

to Lord Dartmouth, as we learn from Thomas Marriott's article (*Meth. Mag.* 1849, p. 1297), but was sent also to Lady Huntingdon. The names may be identified with some degree of certainty.

I received three letters<sup>1</sup> in answer to this, though not at the same time, part of which I gladly subjoin :

DEAR SIR,

I am not insensible of the happy consequences it might produce if 'those who agree in preaching that capital doctrine, "By grace are ye saved through faith," would maintain a free intercourse with each other'; and if it could by any means be accomplished, it is doubtless an event most devoutly to be wished. It is what I always have shown the greatest readiness to, and what I have laboured at for these several years past, within my little sphere. And though my success hitherto, through causes which I will not pretend to assign, has by no means equalled my hopes; yet I shall heartily rejoice if, at length, it may please God to make you the instrument of effecting so important a design. For my own part, I despise no man for his opinion; however, I may be most closely attached (as every one is) to those whose judgement most nearly harmonizes with my own. And if I can bear anything, it is contradiction; so long as I am allowed the common liberty

Vincent Perronet, vicar of Shoreham.

William Romaine, rector of St. Ann's, Blackfriars, and chaplain to Lady Huntingdon.

John Newton, curate of Olney.

Walter Shirley, rector of Loughrea.

George Downing, chaplain to Lord Dartmouth. See below, p. 105.

William Jesse, curate (afterwards vicar) of West Bromwich.

Thomas Adam, rector of Wintringham.

William Talbot, vicar of Kineton; from 1767 to 1774 vicar of St. Giles, Reading.

John Riland, curate of Sutton Coldfield. In 1763 curate to Henry Venn in Huddersfield; 1774 vicar of St. Mary's, Birmingham, and (1790-1822) rector of Sutton Coldfield.

Edward Stillingfleet, chaplain to Lord Dartmouth and vicar of West Bromwich. See Briggs's *Life of Asbury*, p. 15.

John Fletcher, vicar of Madeley.

John Johnson, incumbent-curate of Cirencester.

William (or John) Baddiley, vicar of Hayfield, 'a second Grimshaw.'

John Andrews, vicar of Stinchcombe.

Joseph Jane, vicar of [Iron] Acton.

Richard Hart, vicar of St. George's, Bristol.

Richard Symes, of St. Werburgh's, Bristol.

James Brown, rector of Portishead (see below, Aug. 13, 1776), and vicar of Kingston.

Moses Browne, vicar of Olney.

James Rouquet, curate of St. Werburgh's, Bristol.

Walter Sellon, curate of Breedon.

Henry Venn, vicar of Huddersfield.

John Richardson, Grimshaw's successor at Haworth.

G. Burnett, vicar of Elland.

Samuel Furly, of Slaithwaite.

Henry Crook, curate of Hunslet, Leeds.

Jonas Eastwood, at one time head master of Kingswood School, and later, vicar of Whitechapel, near Leeds.

Richard Conyers, vicar of Helmsley.

Roger Bentley, vicar of Kippax, Yorks.

— King,? rector of Pertonhall, Beds.; Cowper's school-fellow, and husband of his correspondent, Mrs. King.

John Berridge, vicar of Everton.

William Hicks, vicar of Wrestlingworth.

G. W. [George Whitefield].

John Richardson, curate of Ewhurst, in Sussex, afterwards Wesley's helper in London.

Benjamin Colley, of Tollerton, Yorks. See above, vol. iv. p. 482.

— Cooper, vicar of Bengeworth.

John Harmer, of Warrington.

<sup>1</sup> Only three. 'They are a rope of sand, and such they will continue' (*Minutes of Conference*, 1769, octavo edition, p. 87). It may be that a few (e.g. Mr. Rouquet) of the fifty did not reply, having so recently given their opinions on the proposal. See above, p. 47.

of answering for myself, without being treated with reproach or scorn for any heterodox notions I may be supposed to maintain.

I shall very gladly go half-way to London, at any time, to give a meeting to a number of ministers, of any denomination, that may be brought together with this pious intention ; and I think I may answer for Mr. Johnson's<sup>1</sup> concurrence. Will you forgive me if, for once, I presume to suggest what (I apprehend) may be most conducive on such an occasion to our general profit and edification ?

1. Let one of the books of the New Testament be made choice of previous to our interview, for the subject of our conference when we meet, not with a view of displaying our critical talents on every word or verse that occurs, but of pointing out those things which necessarily enter into the plan of apostolical preaching. 2. Let every one settle this in his heart beforehand, to expect contradiction, at the same time resolving to bear it calmly for the Lord's sake ; and, seeing we naturally carry about us an accursed spirit of selfishness, pride, and impatience, that is ready to take fire at the most trivial offence, let us make it a point beforehand daily to lament this our wretchedness of disposition at the throne of grace, earnestly beseeching the Lord to prepare us all for our intended conference, by enduing us with the spirit of meekness, forbearance, humility, and love. 3. Let every one consent to renounce any favourite phrase, term, or mode of speech that is not scriptural, if required so to do by those who dissent from him : because whatever doctrine cannot maintain its ground without the aid of humanly invented words, is not of God.

I have unbosomed myself to you in the frankest manner, with a view to promote that happy intercourse which you wish to establish ; and, if you imagine it will answer any good purpose, you are welcome to show this letter to any of the ministers you have had in your eye, and to disclose to them largely all you know of, dear sir,

Your affectionate friend and brother,

R. H[ART].

REV. AND DEAR SIR,

I received your printed letter, and should rejoice to see the union proposed therein take place ; but I must own I am an infidel concerning it. Daily experience convinces me more and more that the zeal for opinions and charity, *non bene conveniunt, nec in una sede morantur*.<sup>2</sup> It has wellnigh destroyed all Christian love, zeal, and holiness among us. I have met with greater trials from these bigots

<sup>1</sup> He often made preaching excursions, and frequently preached in Lady Huntingdon's house.

<sup>2</sup> 'Do not well agree, and never remain together in the same place.'

within this twelvemonth than I have met with from all other opposers for fifteen years. Many that once would almost have plucked out their own eyes and given them to me, are now ready to pluck out my eyes.

I really am tired of preaching to an ungrateful, gainsaying people. Pray for me, dear sir, for my hands hang down exceedingly. I am

Your unworthy brother,

W. S.<sup>1</sup>

SHOREHAM.

MY REV. AND DEAR BROTHER,

Yours of the 15th instant gave me both pain and pleasure.

I was highly delighted with your ardent wishes and endeavours for promoting the spirit of the gospel among the preachers and other professors of it, but deeply concerned at the disappointment and opposition you have met with.

It has been always a leading principle with me (and I pray God confirm and strengthen it more and more) to love all those labourers of Christ who give proof by their diligence, their holy and heavenly behaviour, that they love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity, even though their sentiments in many things should differ from mine.

And therefore, though it be absurd to expect an entire union of sentiments in all things, yet the endeavouring, by every Christian method, to 'keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace,' is the indispensable duty of all Christians. Where this spiritual peace and union are not, there faith working by love is not; and where this divine faith is wanting, there Christ is wanting; there His Spirit is wanting; and then neither circumcision nor uncircumcision will avail us anything.

In this melancholy situation, whilst we are strangers to the divine

<sup>1</sup> The initials point to one of two men, Walter Shirley or Walter Sellon. 'J. B.,' in the *W.M. Mag.* 1856, p. 40, attributes the letter to Walter Sellon, but gives no authority. His articles, entitled, 'The Church on the Hill,' give full information respecting this remarkable man and his long career (he died in his latest parish, Ledsham, Yorkshire, in 1792). His friend, the Hon. Walter Shirley, also received Wesley's circular letter, and may be the 'W. S.'—one of three—who wrote in reply. He was rector of Loughrea, and the brother of the unhappy Earl Ferrers. Of him James Deaves,

writing to Wesley, Aug. 25, 1758, says: 'He is but lately come from England, and has parted with his racehorses, hounds, &c., and has made much noise in this province.' Some of his letters are in the *Arm. Mag.* 1780, p. 106, and there are many references to him in Charles Wesley's Journal. See also above, vol. iv. p. 269. The reference to 'fifteen years' in W. S.'s letter may incidentally identify the writer. It covers Sellon's ministry. If it does not also cover the ministry of Shirley the latter becomes, *ipso facto*, an impossible alternative.

fruits of the Holy Spirit, let our gifts and talents be what they may, let us speak with the tongues of men and of angels ; we are yet nothing in the sight of God ! Nay, though His Spirit should spread the gospel, by our ministry, in the hearts of thousands, yet our own souls will remain but a barren wilderness, and Christ may say, ' I never knew you.'

How ought we therefore always to pray that the peace of God may ever rule in our hearts ; that we may be rooted and grounded in love ; and that we may constantly follow after the things which make for peace, and things wherewith one may edify another !

This is the gospel of Jesus Christ ; and may God impress it thoroughly upon the minds and hearts of all ! And may the poor, despised flock grow in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ ! I am, dear sir,

Yours most affectionately,

VINCENT PERRONET.

*Fri. 20 (being Good Friday).*—We had a parting blessing at five. I then rode to Robin Hood's Bay, and about two preached in the little square. A poor madman, literally such, came up to me just as I began and sat down quietly till I had done. At six I preached in the new house at Whitby, ill containing the congregation. Here God does still make bare His arm, and sinners are continually converted to Him.

*Sat. 21.*—I visited one who was ill in bed, and, after having buried seven of her family in six months, had just heard that the eighth, her beloved husband, was cast away at sea. I asked, ' Do not you fret at any of those things ?' She said, with a lovely smile upon her pale cheek, ' Oh, no ! How can I fret at anything which is the will of God ? Let Him take all besides ; He has given me Himself. I love, I praise Him every moment.' Let any that doubts of Christian perfection look on such a spectacle as this ! One in such circumstances rejoicing evermore, and continually giving thanks.

*Sun. 22 (being Easter Day).*—I preached in the room at five and at eight. There were such a number of communicants at church as, it was supposed, had not been there these fifty years. In the evening I preached under the cliff, for the sake of those who were not able to get up the hill. The skirts of the congregation could not hear, though my voice was clear and loud. But the bulk of them seemed both to hear and understand. How ripe for the gospel is this place !

*Mon. 23.*—After preaching at five, I met the select society, who seem all to have tasted of the same blessing. I then rode to Guisborough, and about eleven preached in a meadow to a large and serious congregation, but not more serious than that in the street at Stokesley, to whom I declared in the afternoon, ‘Jesus Christ, made of God unto us wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption.’ I was a little tired before I came to Hutton [Rudby]. But it was over when I saw the huge congregation, among whom I found a greater blessing than either at Stokesley or Guisborough. I then met the society, gathered from all parts. Afterwards I met the select society ; and when they were gone I was just as fresh as when I set out in the morning.

*Tues. 24.*—I preached about noon at Potto, and in the evening in the new house at Yarm, by far the most elegant in England. A large congregation attended at five in the morning, and seemed to be just ripe for the exhortation, ‘Let us go on unto perfection.’ I had indeed the satisfaction of finding most of the believers here athirst for full redemption.

In the evening I preached at Stockton. The rain was suspended while I was enforcing those awful words, ‘Now God commandeth all men everywhere to repent.’

*Fri. 27.*—I was obliged to preach abroad at five ; as also in Darlington at noon, and at Barnard Castle in the evening, where many hearts were bowed down before the Lord.

*Sat. 28.*—I rode to Newcastle. Here I received a short letter from John Johnson at York: ‘This evening, about a quarter before seven, it pleased God to take to Himself our dear brother, John Manners,<sup>1</sup> after a time of remarkable affliction, and as remarkable patience. He was clearly sensible to the last, as well as solidly happy, saying, ‘The way is quite clear ; my heart is at liberty.’

*Sun. 29.*—The ground being wet with heavy rain, I preached in the house both morning and evening. I soon found what spirit the people were of. No jar, no contention is here ; but all are peaceably and lovingly striving together for the hope of the gospel. And what can hurt the Methodists, so called,

<sup>1</sup> See above, p. 58.

but the Methodists? Only let them not fight one another; let not brother lift up sword against brother, and 'no weapon formed against them shall prosper.'

*Mon. 30.*—I received a letter from Cornwall, wherein were these words: 'Yesterday I preached to a large congregation at St. John's.<sup>1</sup> The occasion was this: One of our friends came into Mr. Thomas's a few days since. After speaking a little upon business, he said, "What need have we to watch!" Presently sitting down, he added, "There is but one step between me and death," and died.'

*MAY 2, Wed.*—I talked with M. L.,<sup>2</sup> a remarkable monument of divine mercy. She is about two-and-twenty, and has about six hundred pounds a year in her own hands. Some months since God spoke peace to her soul while she was wrestling with Him in private prayer. This was never entirely taken from her, even while she was almost alone. But she was often dull and faint, till she broke through all hindrances, and joined heart and hand with the children of God.<sup>3</sup>

*Tues. 8.*—We rode over the wild moors to Wolsingham. It proved to be the fair-day. So I had hearers from all parts. In the evening I preached to the simple, loving, earnest people at Barnard Castle. If all to whom we preach were of this spirit, what a harvest would ensue!

*Wed. 9.*—I was invited to breakfast by Mr. F——,<sup>4</sup> a neighbouring gentleman. I found we had been schoolfellows at the Charterhouse; and he remembered me, though I had forgot him. I spent a very agreeable hour with a serious as well as sensible man.

About noon I preached to a large congregation in Teesdale,

<sup>1</sup> Part of Helston.

<sup>2</sup> Mary Lewen. She remembered Wesley in her will, and before her death provided him with a chaise and horses. Probably the letter addressed to 'Miss L.' (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 260) was written to Miss Lewen. See *Life of Mrs. Fletcher*, pp. 61 ff. Writing to Wesley from Madeley, June 24, 1781, Fletcher says: 'As to Miss Lewen, I believe her to be a simple, holy follower of the Lord.' Wesley for some

years carried on a charming correspondence with her young niece, Miss Peggy Dale.

<sup>3</sup> On May 7 he wrote from Newcastle to Mr. Merryweather of Yarm, giving him, as usual, a little handful of sententious wisdom: 'There is nothing more sure than that God is able and willing to give always what He gives once' (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 270).

<sup>4</sup> Mr. Fielding, his old schoolfellow. See below, June 9, 1784.



and to a still larger in Weardale<sup>1</sup> in the evening. The next day, after preaching at Prudhoe and Nafferton, I returned to Newcastle.<sup>2</sup>

*Tues. 15.*—I rode to South Shields, and was persuaded to preach in the house. It was well I did, for about the middle of the sermon there was a violent shower. But it was quite fair at six, while I preached at North Shields to a very large and yet very serious congregation. How is the scene changed since my brother preached here,<sup>3</sup> when the people were ready to swallow him up! Oh what has God wrought in this land within four or five and twenty years!<sup>4</sup>

*Fri. 18.*—I received much satisfaction in conversing with the most honourable member of our society—Henry Jackson,<sup>5</sup> now in the ninety-fifth or ninety-sixth year of his age. He put me in mind of that venerable man Mr. Eliot, of New England, who frequently used to say to his friends a few years before he went to God, ‘My memory is gone, my understanding is gone; but I think I have more love than ever.’

*Sat. 19.*—I preached to the poor colliers at Plessey, who are still a pattern to all the country. We rode home by a great house<sup>6</sup> I had frequently heard of. The front is truly noble. In the house I saw nothing remarkable but what was remarkably bad<sup>7</sup>: such pictures as an honest heathen would be ashamed to receive under his roof, unless he designed his wife and daughters should be common prostitutes. And

<sup>1</sup> Where a chapel, at High House, was built in 1760 (Tyerman’s *Life of Wesley*, vol. ii. p. 503); see also *Meth. Rec.* Winter No., 1898, p. 25; also, for full account of early Weardale Methodism, *ibid.* pp. 23–35.

<sup>2</sup> On the 11th (or 13th) he wrote to Mr. C. Glascott, Jesus College, Oxon, advising him to read Bishop Bull’s *Companion for Candidates for Holy Orders*, which ‘was of much use to me,’ and telling him that he needed, for the doctrines of Christianity, Bishop Pearson *On the Creed* (*Works*, vol. xiii. p. 67).

<sup>3</sup> In Charles Wesley’s original MS. Journal (now in the Conference Office) this story is told in greater detail.

(Charles Wesley’s Journal, vol. i. p. 316.)

<sup>4</sup> On May 16 he wrote to Lady Huntingdon a letter which shows he is still clinging to the hope of closer union among gospel preachers (Tyerman’s *Life of Wesley*, vol. ii. p. 508).

<sup>5</sup> A trustee of the Orphan House. He died Feb. 20, 1766. See W. W. Stamp’s *Orphan House*, pp. 113, 114; and below pp. 111, 155.

<sup>6</sup> ‘The lofty Seaton Delaval.’ Sir John Vanbrugh’s finest erection. See Scott’s *Marmion*.

<sup>7</sup> Yet some of the family portraits were by Kneller and other eminent artists—portraits of the lords of Delaval, a family proverbial for wickedness.

this is the high fashion! What an abundant proof of the taste of the present age!

*Sun. 20.*—Between eight and nine I preached in Gateshead to a listening multitude. I believe their number was doubled at the Fell, about two in the afternoon. About five I preached to such another congregation on the outside of Pandon Gate.<sup>1</sup> I know not that I ever before preached to three such congregations in one day—such as obliged me to speak to the utmost extent of my voice, from the first word to the last. But it was all one, as I was no more tired in the evening than if I had sat still all day.

*Mon. 21.*—I took my leave of Newcastle, and about noon preached in the market-place at Morpeth. A few of the hearers were a little ludicrous at first; but their mirth was quickly spoiled. In the evening I preached in the courthouse at Alnwick, where I rested the next day.

*Wed. 23.*—I rode over the sands to Holy Island, once the famous seat of a bishop; now the residence of a few poor families, who live chiefly by fishing.<sup>2</sup> At one side of the town are the ruins of a cathedral,<sup>3</sup> with an adjoining monastery. It appears to have been a lofty and elegant building, the middle aisle being almost entire. I preached in what was once the market-place to almost all the inhabitants of the island, and distributed some little books among them, for which they were exceeding thankful. In the evening I preached at Berwick-upon-Tweed; the next evening at Dunbar,<sup>4</sup> and on *Friday* the 25th, about ten, at Haddington, in Provost D[ickson's] yard, to a very elegant congregation. But I expect little good will be done here, for we begin at the wrong end. Religion must

<sup>1</sup> William Potter, who afterwards became a zealous Methodist, was deeply impressed in this service (*Orphan House*, p. 246; *W.M. Mag.* 1856, p. 675).

<sup>2</sup> And smuggling (*Arm. Mag.* 1782, p. 293).

<sup>3</sup> Lindisfarne, dedicated to St. Peter; destroyed by the Danes. The island and monastery were celebrated because of their connexion with the introduction of Christianity to the kingdom of Northumbria by Celtic missionaries from the

island of Iona, in the west of Scotland. Lindisfarne was founded by St. Aidan. The Celtic Church differed in some particulars from the Church of Rome, and was not under the jurisdiction of the Popes.

<sup>4</sup> The Rev. A. H. Stacey, writing to the Rev. H. J. Foster, says: 'The church in Dunbar was built in 1764, and, with the exception of the parish church, is the oldest place of worship in the town.' See *Meth. Rec.* Winter No., 1907, p. 49.

not go from the greatest to the least, or the power would appear to be of men.

In the evening I preached at Musselburgh, and the next on the Calton Hill at Edinburgh.<sup>1</sup> It being the time of the General Assembly, many of the ministers were there. The wind was high and sharp, and blew away a few delicate ones. But most of the congregation did not stir till I had concluded.<sup>2</sup>

*Sun. 27.*—At seven I preached in the High School yard, on the other side of the city. The morning was extremely cold. In the evening it blew a storm. However, having appointed to be on the Calton Hill, I began there to a huge congregation. At first the wind was a little troublesome; but I soon forgot it. And so did the people for an hour and a half, in which I fully delivered my own soul.

*Mon. 28.*<sup>3</sup>—I spent some hours at the General Assembly, composed of about a hundred and fifty ministers. I was surprised to find: (1) that any one was admitted, even lads twelve or fourteen years old; (2) that the chief speakers were lawyers, six or seven on one side only; (3) that a single question took up the whole time, which, when I went away, seemed to be as far from a conclusion as ever, namely, ‘Shall Mr. Lindsay be removed to Kilmarnock parish or not?’ The argument for it was, ‘He has a large family, and this living is twice as good as his own.’ The argument against it was, ‘The people are resolved not to hear him, and will leave the kirk if he comes.’ If, then, the real point in view had been, as their law directs, *majus bonum Ecclesiae*,<sup>4</sup> instead of taking up five hours, the debate might have been determined in five minutes.

On *Monday* and *Tuesday* I spoke to the members of the society severally.

<sup>1</sup> On this visit to Edinburgh Wesley formed a friendship with Lady D’Arcy Maxwell. His correspondence with her continued until his death. She survived him nineteen years, and died a member of the Methodist society. She was the daughter of Thomas Brisbane, of Brisbane and Bishops Town, and widow of Sir Walter Maxwell, Bart., of Pollock, Renfrewshire.

<sup>2</sup> On May 25 he wrote to his brother: ‘Is there any reason why you and I should have no further intercourse with each other? I know none’ (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 126).

<sup>3</sup> On May 28 he wrote from Edinburgh to Miss Furlly (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 208).

<sup>4</sup> ‘The greater benefit of the Church.’

*Thur. 31.*—I rode to Dundee,<sup>1</sup> and, about half an hour after six, preached on the side of a meadow near the town. Poor and rich attended. Indeed, there is seldom fear of wanting a congregation in Scotland. But the misfortune is, they know everything; so they learn nothing.

JUNE 1, *Fri.*—I rode to Brechin,<sup>2</sup> where Mr. Blair<sup>3</sup> received me in the most friendly manner. In the afternoon I preached on the side of a hill near the town, where we soon forgot the cold. I trust there will be not only a knowing but a loving people in this place.

About seven Mr. B[lair] was occasionally mentioning what had lately occurred in the next parish. I thought it worth a further inquiry, and therefore ordered our horses to be brought immediately. Mr. B. guided us to Mr. Ogilvie's house, the minister of the parish, who informed us that a strange disorder had appeared in his parish between thirty and forty years ago; but that nothing of the kind had been known there since till some time in September last. A boy was then taken ill, and so continues still. In the end of January, or beginning of February, many other children were taken, chiefly girls, and a few grown persons. They begin with an involuntary shaking of their hands and feet. Then their lips are convulsed; next their tongue, which seems to cleave to the roof of the mouth. Then the eyes are set, staring terribly, and the whole face variously distorted. Presently they start up, and jump ten, fifteen, or twenty times together straight upward two, three, or more feet from the ground. Then they start forward, and run with amazing swiftness two, three, or five hundred yards. Frequently they run up, like a cat, to the top of a house, and jump on the ridge of it as on the ground. But wherever they are, they never fall or miss their footing at all. After they have run and jumped for some time, they drop down as dead. When they come to themselves, they usually tell when and

<sup>1</sup> See 'Dundee and its Sacred Memories,' by the Rev. Jabez Marrat (*City Road Mag.* 1873, pp. 121, 345).

<sup>2</sup> Mr. and Mrs. Christopher Hopper were with him on this journey (*Wesley's Veterans*, vol. i. p. 144; or *E.M.P.* vol. i. p. 212).

<sup>3</sup> Alexander Mather was born at Brechin. Returning to his native place in 1758, he was received and treated during sickness with great kindness by Mr. Blair (*Wesley's Veterans*, vol. ii. p. 99; or *E.M.P.* vol. ii. p. 177).

where they shall be taken again; frequently how often and where they shall jump, and to what places they shall run.

I asked, 'Are any of them near?' He said, 'Yes, at those houses.' We walked thither without delay. One of them was four years and half old, the other about eighteen. The child, we found, had had three or four fits that day, running and jumping like the rest, and in particular leaping many times from a high table to the ground without the least hurt. The young woman was the only person of them all who used to keep her senses during the fit. In answer to many questions, she said, 'I first feel a pain in my left foot, then in my head; then my hands and feet shake, and I cannot speak; and quickly I begin to jump or run. While we were talking she cried out, 'Oh! I have a pain in my foot; it is in my hand; it is here, at the bending of my arm! Oh, my head! my head! my head!' Immediately her arms were stretched out, and were as an iron bar. I could not bend one of her fingers, and her body was bent backward, the lower part remaining quite erect, while her back formed exactly a half-circle, her head hanging even with her hips. I was going to catch her, but one said, 'Sir, you may let her alone, for they never fall.' But I defy all mankind to account for her not falling when the trunk of her body hung in that manner.

In many circumstances this case goes far beyond the famous one mentioned by Boerhaave<sup>1</sup>; particularly in that—their telling before when and how they should be taken again. Whoever can account for this upon natural principles has my free leave: I cannot. I therefore believe, if this be in part a natural distemper, there is something preternatural too. Yet, supposing this, I can easily conceive Satan will so disguise his part therein that we cannot precisely determine which part of the disorder is natural and which preternatural.

*Sat. 2.*—I rode to Aberdeen, and preached in the evening in the College Hall, and at seven in the morning on *Sunday* the 3rd. At four in the afternoon I preached to a crowded audience in the College kirk at Old Aberdeen. At seven I preached in the College close at New Aberdeen. But the congregation was so exceeding large that many were not able to hear. However,

<sup>1</sup> The great Dutch physician.

many did hear, and I think feel, the application of 'Thou art not far from the kingdom of God.'

We want nothing here but a larger house; and the foundation of one is laid already. It is true we have little money, and the society is poor; but we know in whom we have believed.<sup>1</sup>

*Thur. 7.*—I rode over to Sir Archibald Grant's,<sup>2</sup> twelve computed miles from Aberdeen. It is surprising to see how the country between is improved even within these three years. On every side the wild, dreary moors are ploughed up, and covered with rising corn. All the ground near Sir Archibald's, in particular, is as well cultivated as most in England. About seven I preached. The kirk was pretty well filled, though upon short notice. Certainly this is a nation 'swift to hear and slow to speak,' though not 'slow to wrath.'

Mr. Grant,<sup>3</sup> a gentleman from the county of Moray, came in soon after us; and, understanding we were going north, desired we would call at the Grange Green in our way. In the morning, *Friday* the 8th, I rode to Old Meldrum, and preached in the market-place at noon to a large and serious congregation, among whom were the minister and his wife. But I was more surprised to see a company of our friends from Aberdeen, several of whom had come on foot, twelve old Scotch miles, and intended to walk back thither the same day. In the afternoon we rode on to Banff. I had designed to preach, but the stormy weather would not permit. We set out early on *Saturday* morning, and reached Nairn in the evening.

*Sun. 10.*—About eight we reached Inverness. I could not preach abroad because of the rain, nor could I hear of any convenient room, so that I was afraid my coming hither would be in vain, all ways seeming to be blocked up. At ten I went to the kirk. After service Mr. Fraser, one of the ministers, invited us to dinner, and then to drink tea. As we were

<sup>1</sup> See below, p. 77.

<sup>2</sup> See above, vol. iv. p. 451. The 'computed'—i.e. estimated—distance was always less than the 'measured.' For two articles on 'Travelling in Wesley's Time,' with invaluable information on 'Roads, Routes, and Distances,' collected

by Mr. Duignan, F.S.A., of Walsall, with additional notes by Mr. W. C. Sheldon, see *W.H.S.* vol. vii. pp. 2-8 and 50-53. Cf. above, vol. iv. p. 227.

<sup>3</sup> Afterwards Sir Lodowick Grant; see also June 7, 1779, and May 8, 1784.

drinking tea he asked at what hour I would please to preach. I said, 'At half-hour past five.' The high kirk was filled in a very short time, and I have seldom found greater liberty of spirit. The other minister came afterwards to our inn, and showed the most cordial affection. Were it only for this day, I should not have regretted the riding a hundred miles.

*Mon. 11.*—A gentleman, who lives three miles from the town, invited me to his house, assuring me the minister of his parish would be glad if I would make use of his kirk; but time would not permit, as I had appointed to be at Aberdeen on Wednesday. All I could do was to preach once more at Inverness. I think the church was fuller now than before, and I could not but observe the remarkable behaviour of the whole congregation after service. Neither man, woman, nor child spoke one word all the way down the main street. Indeed, the seriousness of the people is the less surprising when it is considered that for at least a hundred years this town has had such a succession of pious ministers as very few in Great Britain have known.

After Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Aberdeen, I think Inverness is the largest town I have seen in Scotland. The main streets are broad and straight; the houses mostly old, but not very bad nor very good. It stands in a pleasant and fruitful country, and has all things needful for life and godliness. The people in general speak remarkably good English, and are of a friendly, courteous behaviour.

About eleven we took horse. While we were dining at Nairn the inn-keeper said, 'Sir, the gentlemen of the town have read the little book you gave me on Saturday, and would be glad if you would please to give them a sermon.' Upon my consenting, the bell was immediately rung, and the congregation was quickly in the kirk. Oh what a difference is there between South and North Britain! Every one here at least loves to hear the word of God; and none takes it into his head to speak one uncivil word to any for endeavouring to save their souls.

Doubting whether Mr. Grant was come home, Mr. Kershaw<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> For some years he was on the list of itinerant preachers, acting occasionally as travelling companion to Wesley. He

is described as a man of considerable talents, especially in the pulpit. He aspired also to literary fame. Relinquish-

called at the Grange Green, near Forres,<sup>1</sup> while I rode forward. But Mr. Grant soon called me back. I have seldom seen a more agreeable place. The house is an old castle, which stands on a little hill, with a delightful prospect all four ways; and the hospitable master has left nothing undone to make it still more agreeable. He showed us all his improvements, which are very considerable in every branch of husbandry. In his gardens many things were more forward than at Aberdeen, yea, or Newcastle. And how is it that none but one Highland gentleman has discovered that we have a tree in Britain as easily raised as an ash, the wood of which is of full as fine a red as mahogany?—namely, the laburnum.<sup>2</sup> I defy any mahogany to exceed the chairs which he has lately made of this.

*Tues. 12.*—We rode through the pleasant and fertile county of Moray to Elgin. I never suspected before that there was any such country as this near a hundred and fifty miles beyond Edinburgh; a country which is supposed to have generally six weeks more sunshine in a year than any part of Great Britain.

At Elgin are the ruins of a noble cathedral, the largest that I remember to have seen in the kingdom.<sup>3</sup> We rode thence to the Spey, the most rapid river, next the Rhine, that I ever saw. Though the water was not breast-high to our horses, they could very hardly keep their feet.<sup>4</sup> We dined at Keith, and rode on to Strathbogie, much improved by the linen-manufacture. All the country from Fochabers to Strathbogie has little houses scattered up and down; and not only the valleys, but the mountains themselves, are improved with the utmost care. There want only more trees to make them more pleasant than

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ing the itinerant life in 1767, he retired to Gainsborough, entered business as a vendor of medicines, but preached occasionally. James Everett tells a characteristic story of an attempt he made, when the Marquis of Rockingham, his lady, and Earl Fitzwilliam's father attended the preaching at Barley Hall, to impress these aristocratic hearers with his ability. Unfortunately he overshot the mark, and brought reproach instead of honour upon Methodism. (Everett's *Meth. in Sheffield*,

p. 94; also Tyerman's *Life of Wesley*, vol. ii. pp. 531, 535; vol. iii. p. 362. See Rev. T. E. Bridgen's interesting note, *W.H.S.* vol. iii. p. 24.)

<sup>1</sup> See Boswell's *Tour to the Hebrides*, August 26, Fitzgerald ed., p. 565.

<sup>2</sup> A large part of the 'Grant' furniture is made of laburnum.

<sup>3</sup> Boswell's *Tour*, *ibid.* p. 564.

<sup>4</sup> The Duke of Cumberland's forces crossed this torrent on their march to Culloden.



most of the mountains in England. The whole family at our inn, eleven or twelve in number, gladly joined with us in prayer at night. Indeed, so they did at every inn where we lodged; for, among all the sins they have imported from England, the Scots have not yet learned, at least not the common people, to scoff at sacred things.

*Wed. 13.*—We reached Aberdeen about one. Between six and seven, both this evening and the next, I preached in the shell of the new house,<sup>1</sup> and found it a time of much consolation.

*Fri. 15.*—We set out early, and came to Dundee just as the boat was going off. We designed to lodge at the house on the other side; but could not get either meat, drink, or good words, so we were constrained to ride on to Cupar. After travelling near ninety miles, I found no weariness at all; neither were our horses hurt. Thou, O Lord, dost save both man and beast!

*Sat. 16.*—We had a ready passage at Kinghorn, and in the evening I preached on the Calton Hill to a very large congregation; but a still larger assembled at seven on *Sunday* morning in the High School yard. Being afterwards informed that the Lord's Supper was to be administered in the West Kirk,<sup>2</sup> I knew not what to do; but at length I judged it best to embrace the opportunity, though I did not admire the manner of administration. After the usual morning service, the minister enumerated several sorts of sinners, whom he forbade to approach. Two long tables were set on the sides of one aisle, covered with

<sup>1</sup> In Queen Street. The first meeting-house—it could hardly be called a chapel—was in Barnett's Close, leading from the Guestrow to Flourmill Brae; afterwards a house on the north side of Queen Street was the place of worship, and subsequently one in Lodge Walk, all localities of respectability in these days. The probability is that the society rented these premises, but their exact location, and whether they are still in existence, have not been ascertained. See C. D——'s *Sketch of Methodism in Aberdeen*, 1901, p. 11: 'In 1764, the room in Lodge Walk

being too small, the society acquired a site in Queen Street, upon which they erected a commodious chapel in the octagon style. . . . In 1818 Valentine Ward bought St. Andrew's Episcopal Chapel in Long Acre, the successor of another in which, in 1784, Seabury was consecrated for America.' See Tyerman's *Life of Wesley*, vol. iii. p. 440.

<sup>2</sup> St. Cuthbert's Parish Church. Henry Moore says, 'He laid aside his last portion of bigotry, and partook of that holy ordinance' (*Life of Wesley*, vol. ii. p. 250).

table-cloths. On each side of them a bench was placed for the people. Each table held four or five and thirty. Three ministers sat at the top, behind a cross-table, one of whom made a long exhortation, closed with the words of our Lord ; and then, breaking the bread, gave it to him who sat on each side of him. A piece of bread was then given to him who sat first on each of the four benches. He broke off a little piece, and gave the bread to the next ; so it went on, the deacons giving more when wanted. A cup was then given to the first person on each bench, and so by one to another. The minister continued his exhortation all the time they were receiving ; then four verses of the twenty-second Psalm were sung, while new persons sat down at the tables. A second minister then prayed, consecrated, and exhorted. I was informed the service usually lasted till five in the evening. How much more simple, as well as more solemn, is the service of the Church of England !

The evening congregation on the hill was far the largest I have seen in the kingdom, and the most deeply affected. Many were in tears ; more seemed cut to the heart. Surely this time will not soon be forgotten. Will it not appear in the annals of eternity ?

*Mon.* 18.—I set out early, and reached Wooler about four in the afternoon. Some friends from Newcastle met me here, and took me in a chaise to Whittingham.<sup>1</sup>

*Tues.* 19.—After preaching about noon at Morpeth, we went on to Newcastle. The fire had not gone out since I was here. I felt it as soon as I began to speak ; and so, it seems, did the whole congregation. At five in the morning the same spirit was in the midst of us, as well as at seven in the evening ; but most of all at the Fell, while I was applying those words, ' Believe, and thou shalt be saved.'<sup>2</sup>

*Thur.* 21.—Leaving this house of God, I rode to Carlisle.<sup>3</sup> The day was extremely sultry, so that I was faint and feverish

<sup>1</sup> It is not known why he visited Whittingham, unless the 'friends' were the Dales, Miss Lewen, or Lady Maxwell.

<sup>2</sup> On June 20 he wrote to Lady Maxwell (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 334). The

opening of this correspondence recalls the style of the 'Cyrus to Aspasia' letters.

<sup>3</sup> But Methodism was not introduced into Carlisle until 1767. See *W.M. Mag.* 1826, pp. 96-8.

in the evening. However, the next day I got well to Whitehaven.

What has continually hurt this poor people is offence. I found the society now all in confusion because a woman had scolded with her neighbour, and another stole a twopenny loaf. I talked largely with those who had been most offended; and they stood reprovèd.

*Sun.* 24.—About seven I preached at the Gins, and the people flocked together from all quarters. The want of field-preaching has been one cause of deadness here. I do not find any great increase of the work of God without it. If ever this is laid aside, I expect the whole work will gradually die away.<sup>1</sup>

*Mon.* 25.—I rode by Keswick to Kendal. The clouds shaded us most of the way, and the wind was just in our face; otherwise we should scarce have been able to bear the heat. A few years ago the fields here were white for the harvest; but the poor people have since been so harassed by Seceders, and disputers of every kind, that they are dry and dead as stones; yet I think some of them felt the power of God this evening; and can He not, 'out of these stones, raise up children unto Abraham'?

*Tues.* 26.—I preached abroad at five; and, I believe, not in vain. Between nine and ten we reached Black Burton, where there was a general awakening till the jars between Mr. Ingham and Allen<sup>2</sup> laid the people asleep again. However, some are united again in a quiet, loving society, zealous of good works. I preached about eleven. Thence we rode to Long Preston, being still fanned by the wind, and (unless a few minutes now and then) shaded by the clouds. The congregation was exceedingly serious. Hence I rode to Skipton,<sup>3</sup> where, some time since, no Methodist preacher could appear. I preached in the evening near the bridge, without the least interruption. Nor did I

<sup>1</sup> On June 24 he wrote from Whitehaven to 'Miss J. C. M.' (*Works*, vol. xiii. p. 49).

<sup>2</sup> Allen, who was a Yorkshireman, had left Ingham, and afterwards embraced Sandeman's doctrine. Faraday's family in Clapham were Sandemanians. Thomas Jackson, in his *Life of Charles Wesley*

(vol. ii. p. 106), says that 'most of Mr. Ingham's societies were broken up through the influence of Antinomian tenets, borrowed from Sandeman and Glass, which involved them in fatal disputes.'

<sup>3</sup> Francis Watson introduced Methodism into Skipton (*Meth. Mag.* 1822, p. 752), but not until a much later date.

find any weariness, after preaching four times, and riding fifty miles.

*Wed. 27.*—I rode to Otley. In the evening we had a large congregation at the foot of the great mountain.<sup>1</sup> After preaching in the morning, I examined those who believe they are saved from sin. They are a little increased in number since I met them last; and some of them much increased in love. This evening I preached at Guiseley; the next at Keighley; and on *Saturday* the 30th at Bradford. This was a place of contention for many years; but since the contentious have quitted us, all is peace.

*JULY 1, Sun.*—I preached at seven to a more numerous congregation than I believe ever assembled there before; and all were serious as death. About one I preached at Birstall on 'Now is the day of salvation.' The people stood by thousands, covering both the plain and the sides of the adjacent hill. It was a glorious opportunity. At five the congregation in Leeds was almost as large, but not so deeply affected.<sup>2</sup>

*Mon. 2.*—I gave a fair hearing to two of our brethren who had proved bankrupts. Such we immediately exclude from our society, unless it plainly appears not to be their own fault. Both these were in a prosperous way till they fell into that wretched trade of bill-broking, wherein no man continues long without being wholly ruined. By this means, not being sufficiently accurate in their accounts, they ran back without being sensible of it. Yet it was quite clear that I—R—is an honest man: I would hope the same concerning the other.

*Tues. 3.*—I was reflecting on an odd circumstance, which I cannot account for. I never relish a tune at first hearing, not till I have almost learned to sing it; and, as I learn it more perfectly, I gradually lose my relish for it. I observe something similar in poetry; yea, in all the objects of imagination. I seldom relish verses at first hearing; till I have heard them over and over, they give me no pleasure; and they give me next to

<sup>1</sup> The Chevin.

<sup>2</sup> On June 30 he wrote to John Valton urging the 'inward change,' and advising him to 'pray whether you can or not,

... with many or few words, or none at all' (*Works*, vol. xii. pp. 488-90). Of him Thomas Taylor wrote, 'A gracious man and an exceedingly useful preacher.'

none when I have heard them a few times more, so as to be quite familiar. Just so a face or a picture, which does not strike me at first, becomes more pleasing as I grow more acquainted with it ; but only to a certain point : for when I am too much acquainted, it is no longer pleasing. Oh how imperfectly do we understand even the machine which we carry about us !

*Thur. 5.*<sup>1</sup>—I had the comfort of leaving our brethren at Leeds united in peace and love. About one I preached in a meadow at Wakefield. At first the sun was inconvenient ; but it was not many minutes before that inconvenience was removed by the clouds coming between. We had not only a larger but a far more attentive congregation than ever was seen here before. One, indeed, a kind of gentleman, was walking away with great unconcern, when I spoke aloud, ‘Does Gallio care for none of these things ? But where will you go, with the wrath of God on your head, and the curse of God on your back ?’ He stopped short, stood still, and went no farther till the sermon was ended.

In the evening I preached on the top of the hill near Dewsbury, one of the pleasantest towns in England. The congregation was larger than ever before. They filled the preaching-house at five in the morning.

I had purposed to take horse early, to avoid the heat ; but was detained till between nine and ten. It was then warm enough, there being no wind, and the sun shining full in our face. However, before one we got to Heptonstall, where I preached in the shell of the new house.<sup>2</sup> After service one brought his daughter to me, who had been ill some months, just like those near Brechin.<sup>3</sup> Her sister was so two years since ; and when that recovered, this was taken. How often must even physicians acknowledge spiritual agents, did not the nerves help them out as a dead lift !

In the evening I preached at Halifax, where I had the

<sup>1</sup> On July 5 he wrote from Leeds to S. Moore. See Everett's *Meth. in Sheffield*, p. 184.

<sup>2</sup> See J. W. Walker's *Methodism in Halifax*, p. 109. The chapel, built under

the direction of Wesley, is octagonal in shape, and is still in use. See *Meth. Rec.* Winter No., 1897, p. 27 ; also *Christian Miscellany*, 1860, p. 354.

<sup>3</sup> See above, p. 72.

pleasure of meeting Mr. Venn,<sup>1</sup> with whom, in the morning, *Saturday* the 7th, I rode to Huddersfield, and preached between eleven and twelve. The church was pretty well filled, considering the short warning. At half-hour after one we took horse. The sun shone burning hot, and the wind was in our back; but very soon the sky was overcast, and the wind changed, and blew just in our face all the way to Manchester. It was with difficulty that I preached in the evening, my voice being exceeding weak, as I had preached three times a day for ten days, and many of the times abroad.

*Sun.* 8.—I rode to Stockport<sup>2</sup> and preached at one on a green at the end of the town. A few wild young men strove to make a disturbance; but none regarded them. At five I preached at Manchester on 'One thing is needful,' and scarce knew how to leave off. At the meeting of the society, likewise, it pleased God to comfort us greatly.

*Mon.* 9.—The stewards from various parts gave a good account of the work of God among them, steadily increasing on every side. In the evening curiosity brought to the house many unbelievers, in the proper sense—men who do not receive the Christian Revelation. I preached on 'Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself'; and proved them sinners on their own principles. Some of the stout-hearted trembled—I hope to more purpose than poor Felix did.<sup>3</sup>

*Wed.* 11.—I gave all our brethren a solemn warning not to love the world or the things of the world. This is one way whereby Satan will surely endeavour to overthrow the present work of God. Riches swiftly increase on many Methodists, so

<sup>1</sup> See above, vol. iv. p. 471. The church in which he preached at Huddersfield was Mr. Venn's.

<sup>2</sup> In the biography of Mr. Thomas Marsland, of Stockport (*W.M. Mag.* 1843, p. 793) we read:

Mr. Wesley visited Stockport in 1763. Mr. Marsland distinctly remembered this event. He was then only seven years of age, and sat on the shoulders of his father while Mr. Wesley was preaching on Carr Green. . . . The next time he remembered to have heard him, Mr. Wesley was in Stockport.

It has been assumed that the year '1763' in this account is an error for 1764. But it seems more probable that in June, 1763, when, as we know, Wesley stayed at Portwood Hall, near Stockport, with Matthew Mayer (see above, p. 21), he may have preached at Carr Green, and that the 'next time' was the visit referred to in the text. See above, p. 20; and below, p. 141.

<sup>3</sup> On July 10 he wrote from Manchester to Lady Maxwell (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 335).

called. What but the mighty power of God can hinder their setting their hearts upon them? And if so, the life of God vanishes away.

About seven I preached in the street at Bolton, to twice or thrice as many as the room would have contained. It was a calm, still evening, and the congregation was as quiet as the season; though composed of awakened and unawakened churchmen, dissenters, and what not. As many as the house would well contain were present again at five in the morning. About seven in the evening the multitude of people constrained me to preach in the street, though it rained. But in a very short time the rain stopped, and I strongly enforced our Lord's word, 'If thou canst believe, all things are possible to him that believeth.'

After sermon, one was mentioning a person who, according to his account, was disordered just like those in Scotland.<sup>1</sup> In the morning, *Friday* the 13th, her father brought her over. Soon after she fell into a fit; but it was plainly natural. I judged it to be of the epileptic kind. When she fell into a second, I advised electrifying. The fit ceased by a very gentle shock. A third was removed in the same manner; and she was so well that her father found no difficulty in carrying her home behind him.<sup>2</sup>

At ten I began to preach at Wigan, proverbially famous for all manner of wickedness.<sup>3</sup> As I preached abroad, we expected some disturbance; but there was none at all. A few were wild at first, but in a little space grew quiet and attentive. I did not find so civil a congregation as this the first time I preached at Bolton.

To-day<sup>4</sup> I wrote the following letter, which I desire may be seriously considered by those to whom it belongs<sup>5</sup>:

DEAR SIR,

There was one thing when I was with you that gave me pain: you are not in the society. But why not? Are there not sufficient

<sup>1</sup> See above, p. 72.

<sup>2</sup> That is to say, on a pillion.

<sup>3</sup> See below, April 9, 1790.

<sup>4</sup> On July 14 he wrote to Blackwell protesting against the exchange of a horse for a carriage (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 191).

<sup>5</sup> 'I judge of your case by my own. I

must be on horseback for life if I would be healthy. Now and then indeed, if I could afford it, I should rest myself for fifty miles in a chaise.'

<sup>5</sup> This letter should be published and sent out broadcast. It is one of the finest appeals for membership ever written.

arguments for it to move any reasonable man? Do you not hereby make an open confession of Christ, of what you really believe to be His work, and of those whom you judge to be, in a proper sense, His people and His messengers? By this means do not you encourage His people and strengthen the hands of His messengers? And is not this the way to enter into the spirit, and share the blessing, of a Christian community? Hereby, likewise, you may have the benefit of the advices and exhortations at the meeting of the society, and also of provoking one another, at the private meetings, to love and to good works.

The ordinary objections to such a union are of little weight with you. You are not afraid of the expense. You already give unto the Lord as much as you need do then; and you are not ashamed of the gospel of Christ, even in the midst of a crooked and perverse generation. Perhaps you will say, 'I am joined in affection.' True; but not to so good effect. This joining half-way, this being a friend to, but not a member of, the society is by no means so open a confession of the work and servants of God. Many go thus far who dare not go farther, who are ashamed to bear the reproach of an entire union. Either you are ashamed, or you are not. If you are, break through at once; if you are not, come into the light and do what those well-meaning cowards dare not do. This imperfect union is not so encouraging to the people, not so strengthening to the preachers. Rather it is weakening their hands, hindering their work, and laying a stumbling-block in the way of others; for what can any man think who knows you are so well acquainted with them and yet do not join in their society? What can he think but that you know them too well to come any nearer to them, that you know that kind of union to be useless, if not hurtful? And yet by this very union is the whole (external) work of God upheld throughout the nation, besides all the spiritual good which accrues to each member. Oh, delay no longer, for the sake of the work, for the sake of the world, for the sake of your brethren! Join them inwardly and outwardly, heart and hand, for the sake of your own soul. There is something not easily explained in the fellowship of the Spirit, which we enjoy with a society of living Christians. You have no need to give up your share therein, and in the various blessings that result from it. You have no need to exclude yourself from the benefit of the advice and exhortations given from time to time. These are by no means to be despised, even supposing you have yourself more understanding than him that gives them. You need not lose the benefit of those prayers which experience shows are attended with a peculiar blessing. 'But I do not care to meet a class; I find no good in it.' Suppose you find even a dislike, a loathing of it; may not this be natural, or even diabolical? In spite of this, break through, make a fair trial. It is



but a lion in the way. Meet only six times (with previous prayer), and see if it do not vanish away. But if it be a cross, still bear it for the sake of your brethren. 'But I want to gain my friends and relations.' If so, stand firm. If you give way you hurt them, and they will press upon you the more. If you do not, you will probably gain them; otherwise you confirm both their wrong notions and wrong tempers. Because I love you I have spoken fully and freely; to know that I have not spoken in vain will be a great satisfaction to

Your affectionate brother,

J[OHN] W[ESLEY].

In the evening I preached at Liverpool, and the next day, *Sunday* the 15th,<sup>1</sup> the house was full enough. Many of the rich and fashionable were there, and behaved with decency. Indeed, I have always observed more courtesy and humanity at Liverpool than at most sea-ports in England.<sup>2</sup>

*Mon. 16.*—In the evening the house was fuller, if possible, than the night before. I preached on the 'one thing needful,' and the rich behaved as seriously as the poor. Only one young gentlewoman (I heard) laughed much. Poor thing! Doubtless she thought, 'I laugh prettily.'

*Tues. 17.*—I preached at Warrington. But what a change! No opposer, nor any trifler now. Every one heard as for life, while I explained and applied 'Why will ye die, O house of Israel?'

In the evening I preached in the little square adjoining to the preaching-house at Chester. There were many wild, rude people, but they were quite outnumbered by those who were civil and attentive; and I believe some impression was made on the wildest. What can shake Satan's kingdom like field-preaching?

*Wed. 18.*—I should have been glad of a day of rest, but notice had been given of my preaching at noon near Tattenhall. The rain began almost as soon as we came in, so I could not preach abroad as I designed, but in a large, commodious barn,

<sup>1</sup> On the 15th he wrote from Liverpool to the Rev. Samuel Furlly on a good style: 'I advise you sacredly to abstain from reading any stiff writer. A bystander sees more than those that play

the game' (*Works*, vol. xiii. p. 416).

<sup>2</sup> See John Newton's opinion of Liverpool people in his letter to Wesley. 'I fear for the nation; . . . particularly for this Liverpool' (*Arm. Mag.* 1797, p. 355).

where all that were present seemed to receive the word of God with joy and reverence.

The congregation at Chester in the evening was more numerous and far more serious than the day before. There wants only a little more field-preaching here, and Chester would be as quiet as London.

*Thur.* 19.—After preaching at Little Leigh I rode on to Macclesfield.<sup>1</sup> Here I heard an agreeable account of Mrs. R[oe], who was in the society at London from a child, but after she was married to a rich man, durst not own a poor, despised people. Last year she broke through, and came to see me. A few words which I then spoke never left her, not even in the trying hour during the illness which came a few months after. All her conversation was then in heaven, till, feeling her strength was quite exhausted, she said, with a smile, 'Death, thou art welcome!' and resigned her spirit.

I preached about seven to a huge multitude of attentive hearers.

*Fri.* 20.—At noon we made the same shift at Congleton as when I was here last. I stood in the window, having put as many women as it would contain into the house.<sup>2</sup> The rest, with the men, stood below in the meadow, and many of the townsmen, wild enough. I have scarce found such enlargement of heart since I came from Newcastle. The brutes resisted long, but were at length overcome, not above five or six excepted. Surely man shall not long have the upper hand; God will get unto Himself the victory.

It rained all the day till seven in the evening, when I began

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<sup>1</sup> This year (1764) the Pearsons, the Clulows, Mrs. Ryle, and Mr. Daintree secured a large chapel near Commercial Road (then known as 'Temple Bar'). Mr. C. Roe, brother of the vicar of earlier years, and uncle of Hester Ann Rogers, married Miss Stockdale, a London Methodist. He would not allow her to join the society in Macclesfield (D. Knapp, *Meth. Rec.* Sept. 1, 1904); but he loved evangelical preaching, and when the Rev. T. Henson had succeeded the Rev. James Roe, brought the Rev.

David Simpson to Macclesfield as his curate. When David Simpson became too evangelical, too 'Methodist' for the vicar, Mr. C. Roe built for him a fine new church—Christ Church (see below, April 9, 1777, where Wesley describes the church and his own preaching there), where he spent the rest of his ministry and life. About 1770 Hester Ann Roe became a member of society. (*Meth. in Macclesfield*, p. 82; *W.M. Mag.* 1913, p. 133.)

<sup>2</sup> See *W.H.S.* vol. iv. p. 30.

preaching at Burslem. Even the poor potters here are a more civilized people than the *better sort* (so called) at Congleton. A few stood with their hats on, but none spoke a word or offered to make the least disturbance.

*Sat. 21.*—I rode to Bilbrook, near Wolverhampton, and preached between two and three. Thence we went on to Madeley, an exceeding pleasant village, encompassed with trees and hills. It was a great comfort to me to converse once more with a Methodist of the old stamp, denying himself, taking up his cross, and resolved to be ‘altogether a Christian.’

*Sun. 22.*—At ten Mr. Fletcher read prayers, and I preached on those words in the Gospel, ‘I am the good Shepherd: the good Shepherd layeth down His life for the sheep.’ The church would nothing near contain the congregation; but, a window near the pulpit being taken down, those who could not come in stood in the churchyard, and I believe all could hear. The congregation, they said, used to be much smaller in the afternoon than in the morning; but I could not discern the least difference, either in number or seriousness.

I found employment enough for the intermediate hours in praying with various companies who hung about the house, insatiably hungering and thirsting after the good word. Mr. Grimshaw, at his first coming to Haworth, had not such a prospect as this. There are many adversaries indeed; but yet they cannot shut the open and effectual door.

*Mon. 23.*—The church was pretty well filled even at five, and many stood in the churchyard. In the evening I preached at Shrewsbury to a large congregation, among whom were several men of fortune. I trust, though hitherto we seem to have been ploughing on the sand,<sup>1</sup> there will at last be some fruit. The next day I spent at Shrewsbury.<sup>2</sup>

*Wed. 25.*—I took horse a little after four, and, about two, preached in the market-house at Llanidloes, two or three and forty miles from Shrewsbury. At three we rode forward through the mountains to the Fountain-head. I was for

<sup>1</sup> The phrase has since become politically famous.

<sup>2</sup> The Rev. David Young, in his *History of Methodism in Wales*, p. 281, suggests that, coming from Shrewsbury,

he would probably call at Welshpool and Newtown before he reached Llanidloes. For a detailed account of this journey, see article by Rev. D. Young, *W.H.S.* vol. ix. pp. 45-7; also below, p. 280.

lodging there; but, Mr. B—— being quite unwilling, we mounted again about seven. After having rode an hour, we found we were quite out of the way, having been wrong directed at setting out. We were then told to ride over some grounds; but our path soon ended in the edge of a bog. However, we got through to a little house, where an honest man, instantly mounting his horse, galloped before us, up hill and down, till he brought us into a road, which, he said, led straight to Rhos Fawr. We rode on till another met us, and said, 'No; this is the way to Aberystwyth. If you would go to Rhos Fawr, you must turn back, and ride down to yonder bridge.' The master of a little house near the bridge then directed us to the next village, where we inquired again (it being past nine), and were once more set exactly wrong. Having wandered an hour upon the mountains, through rocks and bogs, and precipices, we, with abundance of difficulty, got back to the little house near the bridge. It was in vain to think of rest there, it being full of drunken, roaring miners; besides that there was but one bed in the house, and neither grass, nor hay, nor corn to be had. So we hired one of them to walk with us to Rhos Fawr, though he was miserably drunk, till, by falling all his length in a purling stream, he came tolerably to his senses. Between eleven and twelve we came to the inn; but neither here could we get any hay. When we were in bed, the good hostler and miner thought good to mount our beasts. I believe it was not long before we rose that they put them into the stable. But the mule was cut in several places, and my mare was bleeding like a pig from a wound behind, two inches deep, made, it seemed, by a stroke with a pitchfork. What to do we could not tell, till I remembered I had a letter for one Mr. Nathaniel Williams, whom, upon inquiry, I found to live but a mile off. We walked thither, and found 'an Israelite indeed,' who gladly received both man and beast.

After I had got a little rest, Mr. Williams desired me to give an exhortation to a few of his neighbours.<sup>1</sup> None was more struck therewith than one of his own family, who before cared

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<sup>1</sup> This seems to locate Mr. Williams at the Abbey, Strata Florida, and explains

Wesley's lodging there, and preaching Aug. 1, 1768, and Aug. 10, 1769.

for none of these things. He sent a servant with us after dinner to Tregaron, from whence we had a plain road to Lampeter.<sup>1</sup>

*Fri. 27.*—We rode through a lovely vale, and over pleasant and fruitful hills, to Carmarthen. Thence, after a short bait, we went on to Pembroke,<sup>2</sup> and came before I was expected; so I rested that night, having not quite recovered my journey from Shrewsbury to Rhos Fawr.

*Sun. 29.*—The minister of St. Mary's<sup>3</sup> sent me word he was very willing I should preach in his church; but, before service began, the mayor sent to forbid it; so he preached a very useful sermon himself. The mayor's behaviour so disgusted many of the gentry that they resolved to hear where they could, and accordingly flocked together in the evening from all parts of the town. And perhaps the taking up this cross may profit them more than my sermon in the church would have done.

*Mon. 30.*—I rode to Haverfordwest; but no notice had been given, nor did any in the town know of my coming. However, after a short time, I walked up toward the Castle, and began singing a hymn. The people presently ran together from all quarters. They have curiosity at least; and some, I cannot doubt, were moved by a nobler principle. Were zealous and active labourers here, what a harvest might there be, even in this corner of the land!

We returned through heavy rain to Pembroke.

*Tues. 31.*—We set out for Glamorganshire, and rode up and down steep stony mountains, for about five hours, to Laugharne. Having procured a pretty ready passage there, we went on to Llanstephan Ferry, where we were in some danger of being swallowed up in the mud before we could reach the water. Between one and two we reached Kidwelly, having been more than seven hours on horseback, in which time we could have

<sup>1</sup> On Thursday July 26, he wrote a letter to Lord [Dartmouth] on a proposal for union among the clergy (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 242). This is an important letter, and should be read in its entirety. See Tyerman's *Life of Wesley*, vol. ii. pp. 511-12.

<sup>2</sup> On April 28, 1781, at Pembroke, he prepared his extract from Locke *On the Understanding*, which appeared in

*Arminian Magazine*. See *Works*, vol. xiii. p. 455. On July 30 he wrote the preface to the Rev. John Barnes's *The Christian's Pocket Companion*. (Green's *Wesley Bibliography*, No. 231.)

<sup>3</sup> The Diocesan Registers prove that the minister of St. Mary's was the Rev. David Lewis, and not Mr. Barnes, as the Rev. Richard Green supposed (see note 2).

rode round by Carmarthen with more ease both to man and beast. I have, therefore, taken my leave of these ferries; considering we save no time by crossing them (not even when we have a ready passage), and so have all the trouble, danger, and expense, clear gains. I wonder that any man of common sense, who has once made the experiment, should ever ride from Pembroke to Swansea any other way than by Carmarthen.

An honest man at Kidwelly told us there was no difficulty in riding the sands<sup>1</sup>; so we rode on. In ten minutes one overtook us who used to guide persons over them; and it was well he did, or in all probability we had been swallowed up. The whole sands are at least ten miles over, with many streams of quicksands intermixed. But our guide was thoroughly acquainted with them, and with the road on the other side. By his help, between five and six, we came well tired to Oxwich in Gower.

Gower<sup>2</sup> is a large tract of land, bounded by Brecknockshire on the north-east, the sea on the south-west, and rivers on the other sides. Here all the people talk English, and are in general the most plain, loving people in Wales. It is, therefore, no wonder that they receive 'the word with all readiness of mind.'

Knowing they were scattered up and down, I had sent two persons on Sunday, that they might be there early on Monday, and so sent notice of my coming all over the country. But they came to Oxwich scarce a quarter of an hour before me; so that the poor people had no notice at all. Nor was there any to take us in, the person with whom the preacher used to lodge being three miles out of town. After I had stayed a while in the street (for there was no public-house), a poor woman gave me house room.<sup>3</sup> Having had nothing since breakfast, I was very willing to eat or drink; but she simply

<sup>1</sup> Of Cefnsidan. See David Young's *Methoalism in Wales*, p. 183.

<sup>2</sup> See *Meth. Rec.* Winter No., 1898, p. 81; also the memoir of Mrs. Martha Rowe. Her husband, R. Rowe, was 'an intimate friend of the late Rev. John Wesley, his companion in travels

through South Wales,' and for forty-four years a local preacher (*Meth. Mag.* 1821, p. 540). See also the autobiography of Thomas Taylor in *E.M.P.* vol. v. pp. 19-21. The people of Gower were a Flemish colony.

<sup>3</sup> See *Meth. Rec.* *ibid.* p. 87.

told me she had nothing in the house but a dram of gin. However, I afterwards procured a dish of tea at another house, and was much refreshed. About seven I preached to a little company, and again in the morning. They were all attention; so that even for the sake of this handful of people I did not regret my labour.

AUG. 1, *Wed.*—It was with difficulty I reached Cowbridge about one, where the congregation was waiting. I found they had had heavy rain great part of the day; but very little fell upon us. Nor do I remember that from the beginning of March till now we have been in more than one heavy shower of rain, either in England, Scotland, or Wales.

I preached in the evening at Llandaff, and on *Thursday* the 2nd in the Town Hall at Cardiff.

*Sat.* 4.—We crossed at the New Passage, and rode on to Bristol.

*Sun.* 5.—I preached in Prince Street at eight; at two under the sycamore-tree at Kingswood<sup>1</sup>; and at five near King Square in Bristol. How many thousands in this city do see in this 'their day, the things that belong to their peace'!

On *Monday* the 6th<sup>2</sup> our Conference began. The great point I now laboured for was a good understanding with all our brethren of the clergy who are heartily engaged in propagating vital religion.

*Sat.* 11.—I took chaise early in the morning, and at night came safe to London.

*Sun.* 12.—In the afternoon I preached in Moorfields on those comfortable words, 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.' Thousands heard with calm and deep attention. This also hath God wrought!

<sup>1</sup> See above, vol. ii. p. 228.

<sup>2</sup> This was the twenty-first annual Conference, and the last of a series of which no minutes were published by Wesley. From an 'affectionate address,' quoted by Tyerman, published by John Pawson four years after the death of Wesley, it appears that twelve of the clergy were present in the Conference, and that they requested Wesley to withdraw his preachers from every parish where there was an awakened minister.

A similar request had been made years before by Walker, vicar of Truro, who had formed societies of his own, and by Venn, when he became vicar of Huddersfield, although Wesley had a society there before Venn obtained the living. We are not aware that any great offence was taken through adhering, in the uncertainties of the future, to his only methods of doing good. (Tyerman's *Life of Wesley*, vol. ii. p. 511; *Wesley's Veterans*, vol. iv. p. 32, or *E.M.P.* vol. iv. p. 28).

*Mon.* 13.—I was again as fully employed as at the Conference, in visiting classes from morning till night.

*Sat.* 18.—I preached, for the first time, in our new chapel at Snowsfields,<sup>1</sup> on 'Oh how amiable are Thy tabernacles, Thou Lord of hosts!'<sup>2</sup>

*Sun.* 19.—Meeting with a pious and sensible man, who was born in the Isle of Skye, I said, 'Tell me freely, did you yourself ever know a *second-sighted* man?'<sup>3</sup> He answered, after a little pause, 'I have known more than one or two.' I said, 'But were they not deceivers?—How do you know they were really such?' He replied, 'I have been in company with them, when they dropped down as dead. Coming to themselves, they looked utterly amazed, and said, "I have been in such a place, and I saw such and such persons (perhaps fifty miles off) die in such a manner"; and, when inquiry was made, I never could find that they were mistaken in one circumstance. But the reason why it is so hard for you to get any information concerning this is, those who have the second sight count it a great misfortune; and it is thought a scandal to their family.'

*Mon.* 20.—I went to Canterbury, and opened our new chapel<sup>4</sup> by preaching on 'One thing is needful.' 'How is it that many Protestants, even in England, do not know that no other consecration of church or chapel is allowed, much less required, in England, than the performance of public worship therein? This is the only consecration of any church in Great Britain which is necessary or even lawful. It is true Archbishop Laud composed a Form of Consecration; but it was never allowed, much less established, in England. Let this be remembered by all who talk so idly of preaching in unconsecrated places!

<sup>1</sup> Samuel Butcher was a leather-seller in Crucifix Lane, Bermondsey. Wesley was on terms of great intimacy with him, and for many years dined at his house on Christmas Day with a number of the poorer members of the Snowsfields society. He was the chief agent in erecting this, the second Methodist chapel in Southwark, an octagon building which still survives as a warehouse not far from Long Lane Chapel.

<sup>2</sup> On Aug. 17 he wrote to 'Lady M[axwell]' (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 362).

<sup>3</sup> See Gray's Letters, No. 119 (Mason's note).

<sup>4</sup> Built of the old materials of St. Andrew's Church, which stood in the middle of St. Andrew's Street, and was pulled down in 1763 because it was an annoyance to travellers (*W.M. Mag.* 1837, p. 423).



*Wed. 22.*—I had designed to return to London; but being importuned to pay a visit first to Sandwich, I went over, and preached, about ten, to a dull but attentive congregation. Immediately after service we set out for Dover. In the way we were on the point of being dashed in pieces, the chariot wheels running within two or three inches, or less, of the edge of a bank ten or twelve feet high. I preached in Dover at two, and returned time enough for the service at Canterbury.

*Thur. 23.*—I preached at Bethnal Green, and in the evening at the Foundry.

*Mon. 27.*—I saw a pattern of patience, John Matthews,<sup>1</sup> daily dying of a consumption; but, in constant pain, weakness, weariness, and want of sleep, calmly giving himself up to God.<sup>2</sup>

*SEPT. 2, Sun.*—After a toilsome yet comfortable day, I set out in the machine, and on *Monday* evening came to Bristol, as fresh as I left London.

*Mon. 10.*—I rode to Shepton Mallet, and preached at noon on 'One thing is needful.' Only one man, a common disturber, behaved amiss. I was constrained to rebuke him sharply. All the people turned their eyes upon him; and for once he was ashamed. In the evening I preached at Bayford, near Wincanton, and at seven in the morning.

*Wed. 12.*—I returned to Bristol; and at six in the evening preached on Redcliff Hill. Many were here who, I suppose, never heard me before; and attention sat on every face.

*Thur. 13.*—I spent an hour in Lord B[otetourt]'s<sup>3</sup> gardens, or more properly, woods. They are small to the late Duke of Kent's, in Bedfordshire, and, therefore, not capable of so much variety; but, for the size, it is not possible for anything of the kind to be more agreeable; and the situation, on the top of a high hill, in one of the fruitfulest counties in England, gives

<sup>1</sup> See below, p. 103.

<sup>2</sup> John Valton says:

*Sept. 1.*—Going to London, I heard Mr. Wesley for the first time. Next morning I heard him at Snowfields on Matt. iii. 2. . . . Oh how much was I blessed by hearing this

discourse! I heard him again at Spitalfields, and twice received the sacrament.

The Spitalfields sermon was on 2 Kings v. 12. See *Wesley's Veterans*, vol. vi. p. 20; or *E.M.P.* vol. vi. p. 24.

<sup>3</sup> An old barony revived in 1764.

them an advantage which even Stow Gardens<sup>1</sup> have not. Yet happiness is not in these shades; and if it were, yet—

How long? How soon will they upbraid  
Their transitory master dead!<sup>2</sup>

*Mon. 17.*—About noon I preached at Bath. The day before Mr. Davis had preached abroad. One fruit of this was, the congregation was larger now than I remember it to have been these seven years. Thence I rode to Combe Grove, a house built in a large grove, on the side of a high, steep hill.<sup>3</sup> I found Mrs. W——<sup>4</sup> the same still, with regard to her liveliness, but not her wildness; in this she was much altered. I preached at five to a small, serious congregation; and, I believe, few were sent empty away.

Two persons from London, who were at Bath for their health, had walked over to the preaching. Afterwards we all spent an hour in singing and serious conversation. The fire kindled more and more, till Mrs. —— asked if I would give her leave to pray. Such a prayer I never heard before: it was perfectly an original; odd and unconnected, made up of disjointed fragments, and yet like a flame of fire. Every sentence went through my heart, and I believe the heart of every one present. For many months I have found nothing like it. It was good for me to be here.

*Tues. 18.*—I preached again in the courtyard at seven; and it was now that one of the servants, who was in tears the night before, was thoroughly convinced that God had blotted out all her sins. About noon I preached to a large congregation at Freshford on 'Now is the day of salvation.' A little before six, being determined to be no longer cooped up in the room at Bradford, I began in the main street, near the bridge. In a very short time a multitude of people ran together, and listened with all attention, till an impetuous shower drove part of them away: the rest would not stir

<sup>1</sup> For Stow see *Walpole's Letters*.

<sup>2</sup> See *W.H.S.* vol. v. p. 118.

<sup>3</sup> Cf. *Meth. Rec.* Winter No., 1906, p. 57; and *W.M. Mag.* 1913, p. 55.

<sup>4</sup> This may be the Mrs. W—— whose letters were published in the *Arm. Mag.*

1781, p. 52. See *W.H.S.* vol. vii. pp. 73–8. E. Perronet suggests 'Mrs. Garbrand' in both paragraphs. In the first he seems in error. He describes Mrs. G. as 'late of Brentford, since dead, a visionary enthusiast and devotee.'



1. COMBE GROVE, BATH.

2. PIERCEFIELD PARK, THE RESIDENCE OF MR. MORRIS (*see* p. 337).



till I concluded. I then gave notice of meeting the society ; but a crowd of people pressed in with them. Seeing their earnestness, I was unwilling to hinder ; so we had quickly another large congregation ; and I know not if we have had such a season at Bradford for twice seven years before.

*Wed. 19.*—At five we had such a congregation as does not use to meet here at that hour. At nine I preached again at Combe Grove, and found again that God was there.

Is not this an instance of ten thousand of God's choosing the foolish things of the world to confound the wise? Here is one that has not only a weak natural understanding, but an impetuosity of temper bordering upon madness ; and hence both her sentiments are confused, and her expressions odd and indigested : and yet, notwithstanding this, more of the real power of God attends these uncouth expressions than the sensible discourses of even good men who have twenty times her understanding.

Thus I have many times known God attach His power to the words of extremely weak men. The humble overlooked the weakness of the men, and rejoiced in the power of God. But all His power is unacknowledged, unfelt, by those who stumble at the weakness of the instrument.

I reached Bristol time enough to preach in the evening upon Redcliff Hill. A malignant fever had lately broke out upon the very spot, which much increased the number and seriousness of the congregation.<sup>1</sup>

*Sat. 22.*—I was much refreshed by hearing the experience of Mary G——, once a determined enemy to the doctrine of Perfection, opposing it with great eagerness and many reasons, but now a happy witness of it. During her hottest opposition she never could rest in any known sin ; and this at length made both pride and anger so exceeding bitter to her that she could have no peace till she was fully delivered from them.

*Sun. 23.*—I do not know whether we have had so large a congregation these twenty years as this evening, at the new Square. Surely the wise world will not impute this to novelty, unless because the grace of God is ever new !

<sup>1</sup> On Sept. 21 he wrote to T. Rankin following to Lady Maxwell (*Works*, vol. *Works*, vol. xii. p. 320), and the day xii. p. 337).

On *Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday* I visited the societies in Somersetshire. On the following days I met the classes in Bristol, and narrowly inquired into the character and behaviour of each person; the rather because it had been strongly affirmed that there were many disorderly walkers in the society. I found one woman and one man, who, I am afraid, deserved that character. Let any one that is more clear-sighted than me find two more, and I will thank him.<sup>1</sup>

*Sun. 30.*—The whole society met in the evening, and jointly renewed their covenant with God, in a form recommended by Mr. Richard Alleine; and many felt that God was there. It was a day of His power not to be forgotten, a day both of godly sorrow and strong consolation.

*OCT. 1, Mon.*—I left Bristol with joy, having seen the fruit of my labour. At noon I preached at Combe Grove to a small congregation of earnest, simple people. I had designed to preach in the evening at Bradford, in the same place I did before; but Mr. R.,<sup>2</sup> at whose door I then stood, had now altered his mind, so I was constrained to preach in our own room to (comparatively) a handful of people.

*Tues. 2.*—I breakfasted at the Devizes with Mr. B——,<sup>3</sup> a black swan, an honest lawyer! Hence we rode through a most intricate road to Pewsey. I found a neighbouring gentleman had been there, moving every stone to prevent my preaching.<sup>4</sup> I was informed his first design was to raise a mob; then he would have had the churchwardens interpose. Whether they intended it or no I cannot tell, but they neither did nor said anything. The congregation filled a great part of the church,<sup>5</sup> and were all deeply attentive. Surely good will be done in this place if it be not prevented by a mixture of various doctrines.

*Wed. 3.*—I rode to Salisbury, and, going slowly forward, on *Saturday* the 6th came to London.

<sup>1</sup> On Sept. 29 he wrote to 'Miss T.' (*Arm. Mag.* 1797, p. 566), and on the same day to Christopher Hopper (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 307).

<sup>2</sup> Possibly Samuel Rayner. See below, March 12, 1784.

<sup>3</sup> This was probably Henry Samuel Biggs, an attorney of Devizes (died

1798), who is buried in Bromham churchyard.

<sup>4</sup> Perhaps Sir Robert Throckmorton, Bart., of Buckland House, or one of the Pewseys of Pewsey House.

<sup>5</sup> For the Rev. Joseph Townsend, rector of Pewsey, see *Life of C. of Huntingdon*, vol. ii. p. 159.

*Sun. 7.*—I preached in the morning at Snowsfields, and afterwards at West Street. We had a glorious opportunity at the Lord's Supper; the rocks were broken in pieces. At five I preached in Moorfields to a huge multitude on 'Ye are saved through faith.' A little before twelve I took the machine for Norwich.

*Mon. 8.*—We dined at Bury [St. Edmunds], where a gentleman came into the coach, with whom I spent most of the afternoon in close conversation and singing praises to God.

*Tues. 9.*—I was desired to meet Mr. B., and we had a good deal of conversation together. He seems to be a person of middling sense, but a most displeasing address. I would hope he has some little experience of religion; but it does not appear to advantage, as he is extremely hot, impetuous, overbearing, and impatient of contradiction. He hooked me, unawares, into a little dispute; but I cut it short as soon as possible, knowing neither was likely to convince the other. So we met and parted in peace.

*Wed. 10.*—I went to Yarmouth, where the earnest congregation was gathered at short warning.

*Thur. 11.*—I was desired to go to Lowestoft,<sup>1</sup> in Suffolk, nine miles south-east of Yarmouth. The use of a large place had been offered, which would contain abundance of people. But when I was come, Mr. Romaine had changed his mind; so I preached in the open air. A wilder congregation I have not seen; but the bridle was in their teeth. All attended, and a considerable part seemed to understand something of what was spoken; nor did any behave uncivilly when I had done; and I believe a few did not lose their labour.

It was easy in the evening to observe the different spirit of the congregation at Yarmouth. Almost all seemed to feel the power of God, and many were filled with consolation.

*Fri. 12.*<sup>2</sup>—I returned to Norwich, and inquired into the state of the society. I have seen no people in all England or Ireland so changeable as this. This society, in 1755, consisted of eighty-three members; two years after, of a hundred and thirty-four;

<sup>1</sup> This was Wesley's first visit (*Meth. Mag.* 1799, p. 224). See *Meth. Rec.* Sept. 5, 1907.

<sup>2</sup> He wrote to Mrs. A. F. (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 333), and on the 13th to 'A Member' (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 279).

in 1758 it was shrunk to a hundred and ten. In March 1759 we took the Tabernacle, and within a month the society was increased to above seven hundred and sixty; but nearly five hundred of these had formerly been with James Wheatley, and, having been scattered abroad, now ran together they hardly knew why. Few of them were thoroughly awakened; most deeply ignorant; all bullocks unaccustomed to the yoke, having never had any rule or order among them, but every man doing what was right in his own eyes. It was not, therefore, strange that the next year only five hundred and seven of these were left. In 1761 they were further reduced, namely, to four hundred and twelve. I cannot tell how it was that in 1762 they were increased again to six hundred and thirty; but the moon soon changed, so that in 1763 they were shrunk to three hundred and ten. This large reduction was owing to the withdrawing the sacrament, to which they had been accustomed from the time the Tabernacle was built. They are now sunk to a hundred and seventy-four; and now probably the tide will turn again.

*Sun.* 14.—At seven I clearly and strongly described the height and depth of Christian holiness; and (what is strange) I could not afterward find that any one person was offended. At ten we had a congregation indeed; I trust, all of one heart. I went, as usual, to the cathedral in the afternoon, and heard a sound, practical sermon. About five our great congregation met, and (what has seldom been known) very quietly. We were equally quiet at the meeting of the society, which met now for the first time on a Sunday evening. So has God stilled the madness of the people. Are not the hearts of all men in His hand?

*Mon.* 15.—At the request of many, I had given notice of a watch-night. We had but an indifferent prelude; between six and seven the mob gathered in great numbers, made a huge noise, and began to throw large stones against the outward doors. But they had put themselves out of breath before eight, so that when the service began they were all gone.

*Tues.* 16.—In the evening the whole congregation seemed not a little moved while I was enforcing those solemn words 'He died for all, that they which live should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto Him which died for them, and rose



again.' The same was observable, and that in a higher and higher degree, the two following evenings. If I could stay here a month, I think there would be a society little inferior to that at Bristol. But it must not be; they who will bear sound doctrine only from me, must still believe a lie.

Sat. 20.—My horses meeting me at Brentwood, I rode on to Leytonstone, and preached to a serious congregation on 'I will; be thou clean.' The following week I made a little tour through part of Kent and Sussex, where some of our brethren swiftly increase in goods. Do they increase in grace too? If not, let them take care that their money do not perish with them.<sup>1</sup>

Nov. 4, Sun.—I proposed to the leaders the assisting the Society for the Reformation of Manners<sup>2</sup> with regard to their heavy debt. One of them asked, 'Ought we not to pay our own debt first?' After some consultations, it was agreed to attempt it. The general debt of the society in London, occasioned chiefly by repairing the Foundery and chapels, and by building at Wapping and Snowsfields, was about nine hundred pounds. This I laid before the society in the evening, and desired them all to set their shoulders to the work, either by a present contribution, or by subscribing what they could pay, on the first of January, February, or March.

Mon. 5.—My scraps of time this week I employed in setting down my present thoughts upon a single life,<sup>3</sup> which indeed, are just the same they have been these thirty years; and the same they must be, unless I give up my Bible.

Thur. 8.—At ten (and so every morning) I met the preachers that were in town, and read over with them the *Survey of the Wisdom of God in the Creation*. Many pupils I had at the University, and I took some pains with them; but to what effect? What is become of them now? How many of them think either of their tutor or their God? But, blessed be God! I have had some pupils since who well reward me for my labour. Now 'I live'; for 'ye stand fast in the Lord.'

<sup>1</sup> On Nov. 2 and 6 he wrote from London to T. Rankin on his abridgement of Goodwin's *Treatise on Justification*, on debts for building, and on 'mending' or 'ending' William Darney (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 321).

<sup>2</sup> See below, p. 154.

<sup>3</sup> Green's *Bibliography*, No. 228. See also No. 42, and Tyerman's comment, *Life of Wesley*, vol. i. p. 432; for the *Survey*, &c., *ibid.* No. 220; also above, vol. iv. p. 295.

*Mon. 12.*—I retired to Hoxton, to answer what was personal in the letters ascribed to Mr. Hervey.<sup>1</sup> How amazing is the power of prejudice! Were it not for this, every one who knew him and me would have cried out with indignation, 'Whatever Mr. W. was, none can commend or excuse Mr. H. Such bitterness he ought not to have shown to his most cruel enemy; how much less to the guide of his youth—to one he owns to have been his "father and his friend!"'

*Monday* the 19th, and the other afternoons of this week, I took up my cross and went in person to the principal persons in our society, in every part of the town. By this means, within six days, near six hundred pounds were subscribed toward the public debt; and what was done, was done with the utmost cheerfulness. I remember but one exception; only one gentleman squeezed out ten shillings, as so many drops of blood.<sup>2</sup>

*DEC. 1, Sat.*—M[ary] B[osanquet] gave me a further account<sup>3</sup> of their affairs at Leytonstone. It is exactly *Pietas Hallensis* in miniature. What it will be does not yet appear.

*Tues. 4.*—I made a little excursion to Colchester.<sup>4</sup>

*Sat. 8.*—I saw one who, many years ago, was a 'minister of God to us for good,' in repressing the madness of the people—Sir John Ganson,<sup>5</sup> who was near fifty years a magistrate, and has lived more than ninety. He is majestic in decay, having few wrinkles, and not stooping at all, though just dropping into the grave, having no strength, and little memory or understanding. Well might that good man, Bishop Stratford, pray, 'Lord, let me not live to be useless!' And he had his desire: he was struck with a palsy in the evening, praised God all night, and died in the morning.

<sup>1</sup> See Tyerman's *Life of Wesley*, vol. ii. pp. 526 ff.; Green's *Bibliography*, No. 227. Henry Moore's review of this controversy will be found in vol. ii. pp. 247-8, with an anecdote of Blackwell and Hervey's brother. See the *Arm. Mag.* 1778, pp. 130-7, for letters from Hervey to Wesley prior to the publication of the *Eleven Letters*, also Wesley's letter to him Nov. 29, 1758 (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 160).

<sup>2</sup> On Nov. 20 John Valton heard Wesley preach on Luke xxii. 31, 32 (*E.M.P.* vol. vi. p. 27).

<sup>3</sup> That is to say, beyond the pamphlet she had then recently published. See Green's *Bibliography*, No. 225, note. Seventeen years later Mary Bosanquet was married to John Fletcher, the vicar of Madeley.

<sup>4</sup> On Dec. 7 he wrote to Charles Wesley (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 127), and on the 8th to Sarah Moore. See Everett's *Meth. in Sheffield*, p. 188.

<sup>5</sup> See C. Wesley's *Journal*, April 29, 1739; May 31, 1740; also above, vol. ii. pp. 425, 519.

*Monday* the 10th, and the three following days, I visited Canterbury, Dover, and Sandwich, and returned to London on *Friday* the 14th. In the machine I read Mr. Baxter's book upon apparitions.<sup>1</sup> It contains several well-attested accounts; but there are some which I cannot subscribe to. How hard is it to keep the middle way; not to believe too little or too much!

*Sun.* 16.<sup>2</sup>—I buried Mrs. Prior, housekeeper to Mr. P., who told me, 'On —— night, just at one, I rung, and said to my man coming in, "Mrs. Prior is dead. She just now came into my room, and walked round my bed." About two the nurse came and told me she was dead. I asked at what time she died, and was answered, "Just at one o'clock."''

*Thur.* 27.<sup>3</sup>—I preached and administered the sacrament at the new chapel in Snowsfields. How well does God order all things! By losing the former chapel we have gained both a better house and a larger congregation.

*Fri.* 28.—Between two and three in the morning I was sent for to John Matthews.<sup>4</sup> For some months he had frequently said, 'I have no more doubt of being in heaven than if I was there already.' A little before we came one asked, 'How do you do now?' He answered,

'The Lord protects, for ever near.'

When I came in he was perfectly sensible, but too weak to speak. Just at three I began to pray. I had scarce prayed two minutes, when, without any struggle, or sigh, or groan, he fell asleep.

A man of so faultless a behaviour I have hardly ever been acquainted with. During twenty years I do not remember his doing or saying anything which I would wish to have been unsaid or undone.

<sup>1</sup> *The Certainty of the World of Spirits*, published in 1691 (*W.H.S.* vol. iv. p. 137).

<sup>2</sup> On Dec. 15 he wrote from London to T. Rankin (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 322).

<sup>3</sup> On Dec. 20 he wrote to Charles Wesley (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 128), and also to the Corporation of Bristol (Tyerman's

*Life of Wesley*, vol. ii. p. 514). Wesley's letter to the Corporation is a model of courtesy and consideration, but its chief interest lies in its clear statement of Wesley's views with reference to the public usefulness or otherwise of the theatre, especially in a trading city.

<sup>4</sup> See above, p. 93.

*Mon. 31.*<sup>1</sup>—I thought it would be worth while to make an odd experiment. Remembering how surprisingly fond of music the lion at Edinburgh was, I determined to try whether this was the case with all animals of the same kind. I accordingly went to the Tower with one who plays on the German flute. He began playing near four or five lions<sup>2</sup>; only one of these (the rest not seeming to regard it at all) rose up, came to the front of his den, and seemed to be all attention. Meantime, a tiger in the same den started up, leaped over the lion's back, turned and ran under his belly, leaped over him again, and so to and fro incessantly. Can we account for this by any principle of mechanism? Can we account for it at all?

1765. JAN. 1, *Tues.*—This week I wrote an answer to a warm letter, published in *The London Magazine*, the author whereof is much displeased that I presume to doubt of the modern astronomy. I cannot help it. Nay, the more I consider, the more my doubts increase; so that, at present, I doubt whether any man on earth knows either the distance or magnitude, I will not say of a fixed star, but of Saturn or Jupiter; yea, of the sun or moon.<sup>3</sup>

*Sun. 6.*—The whole society met in the evening. The service lasted from five till near nine; and I do not remember so solemn a season since the first time we joined in renewing our covenant with God.

*Mon. 7.*—In the evening I preached at High Wycombe<sup>4</sup>;

<sup>1</sup> On Dec. 31 he wrote from London to Charles Wesley (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 129).

<sup>2</sup> The lions are referred to in *The Tatler* and Forster's *Goldsmith*, p. 369. They were removed with other animals to the Tower, after a tiger had nearly killed a boy and his mother.

<sup>3</sup> This letter is in *Works*, vol. xiii. p. 394.

<sup>4</sup> On his visit, probably, Hannah Ball, now in the twenty-second year of her age, first saw Wesley. She was earnestly seeking salvation (*Memoir*, p. 6). For many years Wycombe had been occasionally visited by Methodist preachers. The

first to entertain them was Thomas Humphreys, who, on one occasion, manfully stood by the side of Thomas Walsh, amid a shower of stones. At present Miss Ball was one of the chief members. In 1769 she commenced a Methodist Sunday school, fourteen years before Raikes began his at Gloucester. Miss Ball became one of Wesley's favourite correspondents. In 1770 she wrote:

The children meet twice a week, every Sunday and Monday. They are a wild little company, but seem willing to be instructed. I labour among them, earnestly desiring to promote the interest of the Church of Christ.

and *Tuesday* the 8th at Witney.<sup>1</sup> The congregation here, though of so late standing, may be a pattern to all England. When the service was ended, no one spoke, either in the evenings or mornings. All went silently out of the house and yard. Nay, when I followed a large part of them, I did not hear any open their lips till they came to their own houses.

*Thur.* 10.—I preached again at Wycombe, and on *Friday* returned to London.

*Sat.* 12.—I rode to Mr. D[owning]'s,<sup>2</sup> at Ovington, in Essex, about six-and-fifty miles from the Foundry.

*Sun.* 13.—Notwithstanding the rain, the church was pretty well filled. And all gave earnest heed, while I opened and applied those words in the Second Lesson, 'Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.'

Titbury church is considerably larger than this; accordingly the congregation was much larger than that in the morning. But I did not see one careless or inattentive person; all seemed resolved to 'seek the Lord while He may be found.' At seven in the evening I preached again to a small company in Mr. D[owning]'s house, on fellowship with the Father and the Son.

*Tues.* 15.—I returned to London.

*Sun.* 20.—I looked over Mr. R[omaine]'s strange book on the *Life of Faith*.<sup>3</sup> I thought nothing could ever exceed Mr. Ingham's; but really this does. Although they differ not

<sup>1</sup> In subsequent years Wesley often preached on Wood Green at Witney to huge congregations (*Meth. Rec.* Winter No., 1904, p. 46).

<sup>2</sup> In one of his letters to his wife Charles Wesley says: 'I got half an hour with humble, loving, zealous Mr. Downing, at M. Broughton's, and returned to my company' (C. W.'s Journal, vol. ii. p. 260). A letter from J. W. to C. W. (Tooth MSS.), London, Jan. 11, 1768, says: 'Mr. Tooth is not a Calvinist yet, nor Mr. Downing half a one. I have a letter from him to-day, and hope to be with him at Ovington to-morrow.' For information respecting the Rev. George Downing, chaplain to Lord Dartmouth,

a popular preacher, and afterwards, from 1764 to 1803, rector of Ovington, see *Life of the C. of Huntingdon*, vol. i. p. 429. He is frequently named; as, for instance, on pp. 327, 396. Mrs. Downing, the rector's wife, gave the Titbury chalice. The letter in *Works*, vol. xii. p. 264, is probably to Mr. Downing.

<sup>3</sup> *A Treatise upon the Life of Faith*, 1763. It forms vol. i. of *Collected Works* of William Romaine (London, 1796, 8 vols). William Romaine, who was rector of St. Ann's, Blackfriar's, published *The Life of Faith* in 1763, *The Walk of Faith* in 1771, and *The Triumph of Faith* in 1795, the year of his death. See *Life of Romaine*, pp. 178, 179.

a hair's-breadth from each other, any more than from Mr. Sandeman.<sup>1</sup>

I employed all my leisure hours this week in revising my letters and papers. Abundance of them I committed to the flames. Perhaps some of the rest may see the light when I am gone.<sup>2</sup>

*Thur.* 31.—I was considering how it was that so many who were once filled with love are now weak and faint. And the case is plain: the invariable rule of God's proceeding is, 'From him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath.' Hence it is impossible that any should retain what they receive, without improving it. Add to this, that the more we have received, the more of care and labour is required, the more watchfulness and prayer, the more circumspection and earnestness in all manner of conversation. Is it any wonder, then, that they who forget this should soon lose what they had received? Nay, who were *taught* to forget it? Not to watch! Not to pray—under pretence of praying always!

*FEB.* 13, *Wed.*—I heard *Ruth*, an oratorio, performed at Mr. Madan's chapel.<sup>3</sup> The sense was admirable throughout; and much of the poetry not contemptible. This, joined with exquisite music, might possibly make an impression even upon rich and honourable sinners.

*Mon.* 18.—I set out for Norwich, and spent a few days there with more comfort than I had ever done before. The congregations were not only more numerous than ever, but abundantly more serious; and the society appeared to be more settled, and more loving to each other.

*Mon.* 25.—In my way to Yarmouth I read Dr. Watts<sup>4</sup> on

<sup>1</sup> Robert Sandeman, from whom the Glassites received the name Sandemanians. The Ingham reference, probably, is to *The Faith and Hope of the Gospel*, published in 1763.

<sup>2</sup> John Valton records a conversation on the 21st between himself and Wesley (*Wesley's Veterans*, vol. vi. p. 26, or *E.M.P.* vol. vi. p. 31).

<sup>3</sup> The Lock Chapel. This was the first production of the oratorio. The announcement says, 'Part the First set to music by Mr. Avison, Parts 2 and 3 by Mr. Giardini.' See Lightwood's *Hymn-*

*Tunes and their Story*, pp. 184-6. Lady Huntingdon and her chaplains also attended the performance. See *Life*, vol. i. p. 364.

<sup>4</sup> In his *Life of Watts*, Dr. Johnson says:

Few books have been perused by me with greater pleasure than his *Improvement of the Mind*, of which the radical principle may indeed be found in Locke's *Conduct of the Understanding*; but they are so expanded and ramified by Watts as to confer upon him the merit of a work in the highest degree useful and pleasing.

(*Lives of the Poets*, vol. iv., edition 1791).

*The Improvement of the Mind.* He has many just and useful observations, mixed with some that are not just, and with more that are of little use, besides that they are trite and obvious. I preached at seven in a preaching-house built for the General Anabaptists—one of the most elegant buildings I have seen; which was well filled both this and the following evening with serious and attentive hearers. There now seems to be a general call to this town; surely some will hear the voice that raises the dead. We returned to Norwich on *Wednesday*, and left it on *Thursday* morning, in a wonderful day of frost and snow, and sleet and wind. However, we reached Lakenheath in the afternoon. Considering the weather, there was a large congregation. Mr. I. read prayers, and I preached, with great liberty of spirit, on 'What is a man profited, if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?'

MARCH 1, *Fri.*—I read prayers and preached at seven in the morning. It was noon before we could procure a post-chaise. We then pushed on, though the snow lay deep on the ground, to the great inn<sup>1</sup> at Hockerill, the dearest house I ever was at. So fare it well. In the morning we went on to London.<sup>2</sup>

*Sun.* 10.—I made a collection in our congregation<sup>3</sup> for the poor weavers who are out of employment. It amounted to about forty pounds. In the evening our own society met, and contributed fourteen pounds more, to relieve a few of their own distressed members.<sup>4</sup>

*Mon.* 11.—I took horse with Mr. Penington<sup>5</sup> for Bristol. In two or three hours my mare fell lame, without any discernible cause; and in an hour or two after, the beast he rode was taken ill, and grew worse and worse, till she dropped down and died.

<sup>1</sup> The Red Lion.

<sup>2</sup> On March 9 he wrote to T. Rankin with reference to a service Rankin had done for 'poor brother Jane.' He adds:

I suppose the Bill intended to be brought into Parliament will never see the light. The great ones find other work for one another. They are all at daggers' drawing among themselves. Our business is, to go straight forward.

(*Works*, vol. xii. p. 322.)

<sup>3</sup> In the old French church, Grey Eagle

Street, Spitalfields. See *Lloyd's Evening Post* of this date.

<sup>4</sup> Valton says: 'At night he (Wesley) kept a lovefeast and was in great spirits' (*E.M.P.* vol. vi. p. 33).

<sup>5</sup> The Irish itinerant. See below, May 31, 1767; May 1, 1775; May 4, 1783 (where the daughter of good William Penington receives a blessing at the Covenant Service, after an ordination at St. Patrick's); and May 20, 1789.

So I was glad to go into a machine which was driving by ; and the next evening I reached Bristol.

*Mon.* 18.—I rode to Stroud, and in the evening preached in the new house.<sup>1</sup> But a considerable part of the congregation were obliged to stand without. Toward the close of the sermon, a young man dropped down and vehemently cried to God. This occasioned a little hurry at first ; but it was soon over, and all was quiet as before.

After supper I was speaking a little, when a young gentleman cried out, 'I am damned,' and fell to the ground. A second did so quickly after, and was much convulsed, and yet quite sensible. We joined in prayer, but had not time (it growing late) to wrestle with God for their full deliverance.

*Tues.* 19.—We rode to Worcester, and had the pleasure of spending an hour with Mr. R——, a sensible, candid man. But who is proof against prejudice ? especially when those who labour to infuse it, converse with him daily, and those who strive to remove it, not two hours in a year ?

We came to Birmingham in the evening, and had a comfortable season with the great congregation.

*Wed.* 20.—M. Lewen took me in a post-chaise to Derby,<sup>2</sup> where the new house was thoroughly filled ; and the people behaved in a quite different manner from what they did when I was here last.

*Thur.* 21.—We went on, though with much difficulty, being often ready to stick fast, to Sheffield. The house here is full twice as large as it was<sup>3</sup> ; and so is the congregation. The little differences which had been for some time among the people were now easily adjusted ; and I left them all united in love, and resolved to strengthen each other's hands.

*Sat.* 23.—We took horse in a furious wind, which was ready to bear us away. About ten I preached in Bradwell, in the High Peak, where, notwithstanding the storm, abundance of people

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<sup>1</sup> It had been built in 1763, in Acre Street. Here Wesley reprov'd some of the women of the congregation for their excessive snuff-taking in the chapel. It is now the Salvation Army barracks. (See *Meth. Rec.* Aug. 20, 1903.)

<sup>2</sup> See above, vol. iv. p. 525 ; March 27, 1764 ; and *Meth. Rec.* Winter No., 1896, p. 35.

<sup>3</sup> By the addition of a gallery the accommodation had been doubled (Everett's *Meth. in Sheffield*, p. 195).



were got together. I had now an opportunity of inquiring concerning Mr. B[addile]y.<sup>1</sup> He did run well, till one offence after another swallowed him up; but he scarce enjoyed himself after. First his oldest daughter was snatched away; then his only son; then himself. And only two or three of that large family now remain.

*Sun. 24.*—At seven I preached at Manchester on ‘I beseech you, suffer the word of exhortation’; and observed that the exhortation which it is particularly difficult to suffer is that—to accept of salvation now, and now to improve the whole grace of God. The evening congregation was far larger than the house could contain, and all seemed to have the hearing ear.

*Tues. 26.*—It rained all the way to Little Leigh; but from thence we had a pleasant ride to Chester.

As several ships were ready to sail from Parkgate, I waited here two days; but the wind continuing foul, on *Friday* the 29th I crossed over to Liverpool. I was surprised at the evening congregations, particularly on *Sunday*. The house,<sup>2</sup> even with the addition of three new galleries, would not near contain the congregation: and I never before observed the word to take such effect upon them. So that I was not sorry the wind continued in the same point on *Monday*, *Tuesday*, and *Wednesday*. Only it shifted a little on *Wednesday* morning; on which some impatient captains sailed immediately. But in a few hours it came full west again, so that they were glad to get well back.

*APRIL 4, Thur.*—I rode to Bolton, and, not being expected, was the more welcome. The house was filled in the evening, and the hearts of many filled with joy and peace in believing.

*Fri. 5 (being Good Friday).*—Mr. Johnson preached at five; I preached at twelve and at six. What a blessed calm has God at length given to this poor, shattered society! For many years the men of bitter and contentious spirits were harassing them continually. But they are now sunk into quiet, formal Presbyterians; and those they have left enjoy God and one another.

<sup>1</sup> Of Hayfield. See above, vol. iv. p. 110.

<sup>2</sup> Pitt Street Chapel, opened in 1754.

*Sat.* 6.—I returned to Liverpool; and on *Wednesday* the 10th, the wind continuing west, I set out northward, and in the evening found a friend's house, James Edmondson's, near Garstang.

*Thur.* 11.—We rode on to Francis Gilbert's,<sup>1</sup> at Kendal, where there is now a real work of God. The genuine gospel now takes root, and sinners are converted to God.

*Sat.* 13.—We rode through much wind and rain to Barnard Castle. In the evening I preached in the new preaching-house (not opened before), and at eight in the morning.<sup>2</sup> I would have preached abroad on *Sunday* evening, but the weather drove us into the house. And God was there, both to invite sinners and to comfort believers.

Afterwards I spent an hour with those who once believed they were saved from sin. I found here, as at London, about a third part who held fast their confidence. The rest had suffered loss, more or less, and two or three were shorn of all their strength.

*Mon.* 15.—I rode on to Newcastle, where I was quite unexpected. I found both the hearers, the society, and the believers are increased since I was here last, and several more believe they are saved from sin. Meantime Satan has not been idle: two were following George Bell, step by step, as to the 'not needing self-examination,' the 'not being taught by man,' and most of his other unscriptural extravagancies; but as they appeared to be still of an advisable spirit, for the present, at least, the snare was broken.

*Thur.* 18.—I went to Durham with Miss Lewen, and spent an hour with her father. He behaved with the utmost civility; said I had done his daughter more good than all the physicians

<sup>1</sup> See above, vol. iv. p. 247. In 1765 Francis Gilbert and Miss Mary Gilbert, his niece, were residing in Kendal, and Francis was in charge of the society there. On April 11, 1765, Mary writes in her journal concerning this visit of Wesley's: 'At noon we had the pleasure of the Rev. John Wesley's company to dinner, and in the evening he preached on Jer. viii. 22. His conversation was very edifying, and God blessed it to my

poor soul.' On April 12 she writes: 'At five in the morning Mr. Wesley preached on Ps. lxxxiv. 1.' See *W.H.S.* vol. iii. p. 19.

<sup>2</sup> For an account of the erection of this building (largely through the efforts of Matthew Justice) 'in which the women of the society assisted by bearing water to slake the lime,' see *Methodism in Barnard Castle*, by Anthony Steele, p. 72.

could do, and he should be exceeding glad if she should go to London again at the approach of winter. At three I preached to the poor colliers in Gateshead Fell. How do these shame the colliers of Kingswood ! flocking from all parts on the week-days as well as Sundays : such a thirst have they after the good word !

*Fri. 19.*—I had a little time with that venerable monument of the grace of God, Henry Jackson.<sup>1</sup> He is just dropping into the grave, being now quite bed-ridden, but praising God with every breath.

*Mon. 22.*—Two of our friends took me in a post-chaise to Alnwick ; but the road was so intolerably bad that we did not reach it till past twelve. I began preaching immediately, and then hastened away. On Berwick Moor we were ready to stick fast again, and it was past seven before I reached the town, where I found notice had been given of my preaching. Hearing the congregation waited for me, I went to the Town Hall and began without delay. About one in the morning we had a violent storm of thunder and lightning. The house being full of dragoons, M[argaret] L[ewen] and M[olly] D[ale] were constrained to lodge in the same room with our landlady, who, being waked by the storm, and thoroughly terrified, began praying aloud. M[olly] D[ale]<sup>2</sup> laid hold on the opportunity to speak very closely to her. The words seemed to sink into her heart. Who knows but they may bring forth fruit ?

*Tues. 23.*—I preached at Dunbar about noon, and in the evening at Edinburgh. My coming was quite seasonable (though unexpected), as those bad letters, published in the name of Mr. Hervey, and reprinted here by Mr. John Erskine,<sup>3</sup> had made a great deal of noise.

<sup>1</sup> See below, pp. 155-6.

<sup>2</sup> In the *Life and Letters of Thomas Pelham Dale*, vol. i., there is published a series of letters, part of a large correspondence, addressed by John Wesley to Miss Peggy Dale. She was one of three sisters (Peggy, Molly, and Anne) who lived near Newcastle, under the guardianship of Miss Lewen, probably their aunt. At Newcastle they heard John Wesley preach. Miss Lewen was evidently

anxious to bring the girls under his influence. In 1765 Peggy sought an interview, and told him all her temptations and trials, all her faults and failings, and the correspondence between Wesley and herself began. He wrote every month—when they did not meet—to her and Miss Lewen, and later on to Molly.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>3</sup> The eleven letters of Hervey, interpolated, as Wesley believed, by William Cudworth. Dr. John Erskine, of Edin-

*Wed. 24.*<sup>1</sup>—I preached at four in the afternoon on the ground where we had laid the foundation of our house.<sup>2</sup>

*Fri. 26.*—About noon I preached at Musselburgh, where are a few living souls still. In the evening we had another blessed opportunity at Edinburgh, and I took a solemn leave of the people. Yet how I should be able to ride I knew not. At Newcastle I had observed a small swelling, less than a pea, but in six days it was as large as a pullet's egg, and exceeding hard. On Thursday it broke. I feared riding would not agree with this, especially a hard-trotting horse. However, trusting God, I set out early on *Saturday* morning. Before I reached Glasgow it was much decreased, and in two or three days more it was quite gone. If it was a boil, it was such a one as I never heard of, for it was never sore, first or last, nor ever gave me any pain.

This evening I preached in the hall of the Hospital; the next day, morning and afternoon, in the yard. So much of the form of religion is here still as is scarce to be found in any town in England. There was once the power too. And shall it not be again? Surely the time is at hand.

*Mon. 29.*—I rode with James Kershaw<sup>3</sup> through a fruitful country to Kilmarnock, and thence to Ayr. After a short bait at Maybole in the afternoon we went on to Girvan, a little town on the sea-shore.

*Tues. 30.*—We rode over high and steep mountains between Ballantrae and Stranraer, where we met with as good entertainment of every kind as if we had been in the heart of England.

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burgh, was born in 1721, was a student at Edinburgh University, in 1744 was ordained minister of Kirkintilloch; thence he removed in 1754 to Culross. In 1758 he was appointed to the New Greyfriars Church in Edinburgh; but the next year he and Dr. Robertson were admitted joint ministers of the Old Greyfriars Church. Dr. Erskine published *Theological Dissertations, Sketches of Church History*, and a volume of *Sermons*. He died in 1803 (*Dict. Nat. Biog.*). Sir Walter Scott names him more than once in his novels (*Waverley*, chap. xxx.;

*Guy Mannering*, chap. xxxvii.). See Butler's *Wesley and Whitefield in Scotland*, pp. 146-54.

<sup>1</sup> The Preface to *Notes on the Old Testament* (*Works*, vol. xiv. p. 246) is dated April 25, 1765.

<sup>2</sup> The Octagon, in the Low Calton, was the first Methodist property built in Edinburgh. It was sold to the city for street improvement when the chapel in Nicolson Square was built. See *Wesley's Veterans*, vol. vii. p. 43; or *E.M.P.* vol. v. p. 33.

<sup>3</sup> See above, p. 75.

We reached Port Patrick about three o'clock, and were immediately surrounded with men, offering to carry us over the water. But the wind was full in our teeth. I determined to wait till morning, and then go forward or backward, as God should please.

MAY 1, *Wed.*—The wind was quite fair; so, as soon as the tide served, I went on board. It seemed strange to cross the sea in an open boat, especially when the waves ran high. I was a little sick, till I fell asleep. In five hours and a half we reached Donaghadee; but my mare could not land till five hours after, so that I did not reach Newtownards till past eight.

I spent the next day here, endeavouring to lift up the hands of a poor, scattered, dejected people. In the evening I preached on the Green.<sup>1</sup> Though it was exceeding cold, none of the congregation seemed to regard it. And a few of them do 'remember from whence' they 'are fallen, and' resolve to 'do the first works.'

*Fri. 3.*—I rode on to Lisburn, and in the evening preached in the market-house. The wind was as keen as in December; yet a large congregation attended. I then met what was left of the society; and the spirit of many that were faint revived.

*Sat. 4.*—I preached in the room at five, which had been discontinued for three years. And this alone would account for the scattering of the people, and the deadness of them that remained. In the evening I preached in the Linen Hall, so called, a large square, with piazzas on three sides of it. And so deep an attention I never saw in the people of Lisburn before.

*Sun. 5.*—For the sake of the country people I delayed the morning preaching till half an hour past nine. At eleven the church service began, and we had a useful sermon on 'Follow peace with all men, and holiness.' At five I preached

<sup>1</sup> Amongst those present was the blind preacher, Margaret Davidson. She says: 'Mr. Wesley preached from "Truly our fellowship is with the Father" . . . I could just observe the waving of his

hand between me and the light. After preaching he took me gently by the hand and said, "Faint not, go on, and you shall see in glory." (Crookshank's *Methodism in Ireland*, vol. i. p. 182.)

in the Linen Hall again, to a numerous congregation, on 'Yea, doubtless, and I count all things but loss, for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord.'

*Mon. 6.*—I rode to Newry, and in the evening preached in the market-house on 'Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.' The whole congregation seemed affected, this as well as the next evening; indeed more than I had seen them for some years. Hence, *Wednesday* the 8th, I rode to Terryhoogan, and found much of the power of God among that plain, simple-hearted people. Here Mr. Ryan overtook me, and led me to Clonmain,<sup>1</sup> where we had, as usual, a lively, earnest congregation; most of whom (except those that came from far) were present again at five in the morning. About eleven I preached in The Grange, a small village about five miles from Clonmain.

*Fri. 10.*—I took Mr. Ryan with me, and set out for Londonderry. When we had rode about twelve miles, a road turned short to the left; but having no direction to turn, we went straight forward, till a woman, running after us (taking one of us, I know not why, for a doctor), told us the case of her poor husband, who, she said, had kept his bed for seven weeks. After riding half an hour, we found we were out of our way, and rode back again. By this means we went by the house where the man lay. When I alighted and went in, I quickly saw that he needed something more than I had prescribed before. Who knows but our losing the way may be the means of saving the poor man's life?

In the afternoon, after riding through a fruitful country (one mountain only excepted), we came to Omagh, the shire-town of the county of Tyrone. We found a good inn; but were not glad when we heard there was to be dancing that night in the room under us. But in a while the dancers removed to the Shire Hall; so we slept in peace.

*Sat. 11.*—Having no direction to any one in Derry, I was musing what to do, and wishing some one would meet me, and challenge me, though I knew not how it could be, as I never had been there before, nor knew any one in the town. When

<sup>1</sup> His home estate. The chapel in Clonmain is still in use. See Crookshank's *Methodism in Ireland*, vol. i. pp. 100 and 157.

we drew near it, a gentleman on horseback stopped, asked me my name, and showed me where the preacher lodged. In the afternoon he accommodated me with a convenient lodging at his own house. So one Mr. Knox<sup>1</sup> is taken away, and another given me in his stead.

At seven I preached in the Linen Hall (a square so called) to the largest congregation I have seen in the North of Ireland. The waters spread as *wide* here as they did at Athlone. God grant they may be as *deep*!

*Sun. 12.*—At eight I preached there again, to an equal number of people. About eleven Mr. Knox<sup>2</sup> went with me to church, and led me to a pew where I was placed next the mayor. What is this? What have I to do with honour? Lord, let me always *fear*, not *desire* it.

The afternoon service was not over till about half an hour past six. At seven I preached to near all the inhabitants of the city. I think there was scarce one who did not feel that God was there. So general an impression upon a congregation I have hardly seen in any place.

*Monday* the 13th, and the following days, I had leisure to go on with the *Notes on the Old Testament*. But I wondered at the situation I was in, in the midst of rich and honourable men! Whilst this lasts it is well. And it will be well, too, when any or all of them change their countenance—

And wonder at the strange man's face,  
As one they ne'er had known.<sup>3</sup>

*Tues. 14.*—I wrote the following letter to a friend :

DEAR SIR,

LONDONDERRY, *May 14, 1765.*

Your manner of writing needs no excuse. I hope you will always write in the same manner. Love is the plainest thing in the

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Knox of Sligo left Methodism, and Alexander Knox of Londonderry became a Methodist. See *W.M. Mag.* 1835, pp. 123-4.

<sup>2</sup> He took Wesley to the Corporation pew, and the gentlemen already there made him sit above them. The mayor, Mr. William Kennedy, invited him to dinner, and Wesley met at his table Miss

Kennedy, the mayor's daughter, who soon afterwards was married to Alexander Crookshank, the grandfather of the Rev. C. H. Crookshank. Alexander Knox was a member of the Corporation, hence the invitation to dine with the mayor.

<sup>3</sup> From Congreve's *Doris*, slightly altered, quoted before of the Sligo Knox family. See above, vol. iv. p. 502.

world: I know that this dictates what you write; and then what need of ceremony?

You have admirably well expressed what I mean by an opinion, contra-distinguished from an essential doctrine. Whatever is 'compatible with love to Christ, and a work of grace,' I term an *opinion*. And certainly the holding Particular Election and Final Perseverance is compatible with these. 'Yet what fundamental errors,' you ask, 'have you opposed with half that fervency as you have these opinions?'—I have printed near fifty sermons, and only one of these opposes them at all. I preach about eight hundred sermons in a year; and, taking one year with another, for twenty years past, I have not preached eight sermons in a year upon the subject. But, 'how many of your best preachers have been thrust out because they dissented from you in these particulars?' Not one, best or worst, good or bad, was ever 'thrust out' on this account. There has not been a single instance of this kind. Two or three (but far from *the best* of our preachers) voluntarily left us, after they had embraced those opinions. But it was of their own mere motion: and two I should have expelled for immoral behaviour; but they withdrew, and *pretended* 'they did not hold our doctrine.' Set a mark, therefore, on him that told you that tale, and let his word for the future go for nothing.

'Is a man a believer in Jesus Christ, and is his life suitable to his profession?' are not only the *main*, but the *sole* inquiries I make in order to his admission into our society. If he is a Dissenter he may be a Dissenter still, but if he is a Churchman I advise him to continue so, and that for many reasons, some of which are mentioned in the tract upon that subject.

I think on Justification just as I have done any time these seven-and-twenty years, and just as Mr. Calvin does. In this respect I do not differ from him an hair's-breadth.

But the main point between you and me is Perfection. 'This,' you say, 'has no prevalence in these parts, otherwise I should think it my duty to oppose it with my whole strength, not as an opinion, but as a dangerous mistake, which appears to be subversive of the very foundation of Christian experience, and which has, in fact, given occasion to the most grievous offences.'

Just so my brother and I reasoned thirty years ago, 'as thinking it our duty to oppose Predestination with our whole strength; not as an opinion, but as a dangerous mistake, which appears to be subversive of the very foundation of Christian experience, and which has, in fact, given occasion to the most grievous offences.'

That it has given occasion to such offences I know; I can name time, place, and persons. But still another fact stares me in the face. Mr. H—— and Mr. N—— hold this, and yet I believe these have real



Christian experience.<sup>1</sup> But if so, this is only an *opinion*: it is not 'subversive' (here is clear proof to the contrary) 'of the very foundation of Christian experience.' It is 'compatible with love to Christ, and a genuine work of grace.' Yea, many hold it, at whose feet I desire to be found in the day of the Lord Jesus. If, then, I 'oppose this with my whole strength,' I am a mere bigot still. I leave *you* in your calm and retired moments to make the application.

But how came this opinion into my mind? I will tell you with all simplicity. In 1725 I met with Bishop Taylor's *Rules of Holy Living and Dying*. I was struck particularly with the chapter upon *intention*, and felt a fixed intention 'to give myself up to God.' In this I was much confirmed soon after by the *Christian Pattern*, and longed to give God all my heart. This is just what I mean by Perfection now; I sought after it from that hour.

In 1727 I read Mr. Law's *Christian Perfection and Serious Call*, and more explicitly resolved to be all devoted to God, in body, soul, and spirit. In 1730 I began to be *homo unius libri*,<sup>2</sup> to study (comparatively) no book but the Bible. I then saw, in a stronger light than ever before, that only one thing is needful, even faith that worketh by the love of God and man, all inward and outward holiness; and I groaned to love God with all my heart, and to serve Him with all my strength.

January 1, 1733, I preached the sermon on the Circumcision of the Heart, which contains all that I now teach concerning salvation from all sin, and loving God with an undivided heart. In the same year I printed (the first time I ventured to print anything), for the use of my pupils, *A Collection of Forms of Prayer*,<sup>3</sup> and in this I spoke explicitly of giving 'the whole heart and the whole life to God.' This was then, as it is now, my idea of Perfection, though I should have started at the word.

In 1735 I preached my farewell sermon at Epworth, in Lincolnshire. In this, likewise, I spoke with the utmost clearness of having one design, one desire, one love, and of pursuing the one end of our life in all our words and actions.

In January 1738 I expressed my desire in these words:

O grant that nothing in my soul  
May dwell but Thy pure love alone!  
O may Thy love possess me whole,  
My joy, my treasure, and my crown!  
Strange flames far from my heart remove,  
My every act, word, thought, be love!<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> See below, William Edmundson's Journal, July 17, 1765.

<sup>2</sup> 'A man of one book.' See *W.H.S.* vol. v. p. 50.

<sup>3</sup> It contained also questions for self-

examination. The ninth edition was issued in Dublin, 1748.

<sup>4</sup> Hymn 414 (ed. 1904). From *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1739, transl. by J. Wesley from the German of Paul Gerhardt.

And I am still persuaded this is what the Lord Jesus hath bought for me with His own blood.

Now, whether you desire and expect this blessing or not, is it not an astonishing thing that you, or any man living, should be disgusted at me for expecting it, and that they should persuade one another that this hope is 'subversive of the very foundations of Christian experience'? Why, then, whoever retains it cannot possibly have any Christian experience at all. Then my brother, Mr. Fletcher, and I, and twenty thousand more, who seem both to fear and to love God, are in reality children of the devil, and in the road to eternal damnation!

In God's name I entreat you make me sensible of this! Show me by plain, strong reasons what dishonour this hope does to Christ, wherein it opposes Justification by Faith, or any fundamental truth of religion. But do not wrest, and wiredraw, and colour my words, as Mr. Hervey (or Cudworth) has done, in such a manner that when I look in that glass I do not know my own face! 'Shall I call you,' says Mr. Hervey, 'my father, or my friend? For you have been both to me.' So I was, and you have as well requited me! It is well my reward is with the Most High. Wishing all happiness to you and yours, I am, dear sir,

Your affectionate brother and servant,

JOHN WESLEY.

On *Wednesday* and *Thursday* I spoke severally to the members of the society. I found (just as I expected) that the work of God here is exceeding shallow; yet while so many flock to hear, one cannot doubt but God will cut some of them to the heart.

*Sun.* 19.—Mr. S[ampson],<sup>1</sup> one of the curates, preached an excellent sermon on receiving the Holy Ghost. I afterwards accepted his invitation to dinner, and found a well-natured, sensible man, and one well acquainted with every branch of learning which we had occasion to touch upon. At seven I preached on 'God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ.' And truly the people of this place will hear sound doctrine.

*Wed.* 22.—I exhorted the little society to avoid sloth, prodigality, and sluttishness, and, on the contrary, to be patterns of diligence, frugality, and cleanliness.

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<sup>1</sup> Wesley met him again greatly changed in physique, June 21, 1773.

*Thur.* 23.—Lighting on a volume of Mr. Seed's<sup>1</sup> sermons, I was utterly surprised. Where did this man lie hid that I never heard of him all the time I was at Oxford? His language is pure in the highest degree, his apprehension clear, his judgement strong. And for true, manly wit and exquisite turns of thought I know not if this century has produced his equal.

*Sat.* 25.<sup>2</sup>—Both in the morning and evening I spoke as closely and sharply as I could, but yet I cannot find the way to wound the people. They are neither offended nor convinced.

Ever since I came hither I have been amazed at the honesty which runs through this city. None scruples to leave his house open all day, and the door only on the latch at night. Such a thing as theft is scarce heard of at Derry; no one has the least suspicion of it. No wonder, therefore, that the inhabitants never suspect themselves to be sinners. Oh what pity that honesty should be a bar to salvation! Yet so it is if a man puts it in the place of Christ.

Having a remarkable anecdote put into my hands,<sup>3</sup> which some will probably be pleased to see, I may insert it here, as well as elsewhere. It is a conversation between my father's father (taken down in shorthand by himself) and the then Bishop of Bristol. I may be excused if it appears more remarkable to me than it will do to an unconcerned person<sup>4</sup>:

<sup>1</sup> Jeremiah Seed, 1700-47. Queen's Coll., Oxford. B.A. 1722; M.A. 1725; Fellow, 1732; at one time curate to Waterland at Manchester. Dr. Johnson said of his *Sermons* (posth. 1743), 'a very fine style, but not very theological' (*Boswell*, cap. xxxvii.); others said, 'eloquent, but languid.' (*Dict. of Nat. Biog.*)

<sup>2</sup> On May 25 he wrote to Lady Maxwell (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 338).

<sup>3</sup> He uses the word 'anecdote' in the old literary sense. Gr. ἀνέκδοτα = 'things unpublished . . . consisting chiefly of gossip about private life.' Other family papers were in John Wesley's possession, some of which are now in the Colman Collection and the W.M. Conference Office.

<sup>4</sup> This dialogue between Wesley's

grandfather and Dr. Gilbert Ironside, Bishop of Bristol, was first published in Calamy's *Nonconformists' Memorial*, many years before Wesley first saw it. Perhaps under the circumstances of the time and in view of Samuel Wesley's difficult position, politically and ecclesiastically, it is not extraordinary that it should have remained for many years in the seclusion of the Wesley family archives. John Wesley was not aware of its existence until this comparatively late period, nor does he seem to have been aware of another striking fact in his family history. This Edmund Calamy and six others were ordained by Dr. Annesley, Wesley's maternal grandfather, assisted by other ministers, in Annesley's own meeting-house in Little St. Helens (see above, vol. ii. p. 268). It was the first public

BISHOP. What is your name ?

WESLEY. John Wesley.

B. There are many great matters charged upon you.

W. May it please your lordship, Mr. Horlock was at my house on Tuesday last, and acquainted me that it was your lordship's desire I should come to you ; and on that account I am here to wait on you.

B. By whom were you ordained ? Or are you ordained ?

W. I am sent to preach the gospel.

B. By whom were you sent ?

W. By a church of Jesus Christ.

B. What church is that ?

W. The church of Christ at Melcomb.

B. That factious and heretical church !

W. May it please you, sir, I know no faction or heresy that church is guilty of.

B. No ! Did not you preach such things as tend to faction and heresy ?

W. I am not conscious to myself of any such preaching.

B. I am informed by sufficient men, gentlemen of honour, of this county, viz. Sir Gerald Napper, Mr. Freak, and Mr. Tregonnel, of your doings. What say you ?

W. Those honoured gentlemen I have been with, who, being by others misinformed, proceeded with some heat against me.

B. There are oaths of several honest men ; and shall we take your word for it that all is but misinformation ?

W. There was no oath given or taken. Besides, if it be enough to accuse, who shall be innocent ? I can appeal to the determination of the great day of judgement, that the large catalogue of matters laid to me are either things invented or mistaken.

B. Did not you ride with your sword in the time of ' the Committee of Safety,' and engage with them ?

W. Whatever imprudences in civil matters you may be informed I

ordination held by the Presbyterians after the ejection of the Nonconformist ministers in 1662. And, although six years had elapsed since the Revolution, even so illustrious a man as John Howe was afraid to take part in it for fear of offending the Government. It was not the ordination of an individual in the presence of the congregation over which he presided. Like the ordinations in the Church of England and in the Methodist Conference, several were ordained

together in a kind of Nonconformist cathedral meeting-house.

This famous dialogue was also published by Dr. Adam Clarke in his *Wesley Family*, vol. i. pp. 37-46. Adam Clarke draws a parallel between the first John Wesley's distinction and position, and his grandson's in regard to the limits within which he chose to confine the lay preachers. His distinction between the work and the office of a minister is remarkable.

am guilty of, I shall crave leave to acquaint your lordship that, his Majesty having pardoned them fully, I shall waive any other answer.

B. In what manner did the church you spake of send you to preach? At this rate everybody might preach.

W. Not every one. Everybody has not preaching gifts and preaching graces. Besides, that is not all I have to offer to your lordship to justify my preaching.

B. If you preach, it must be according to order: the order of the Church of England upon ordination.

W. What does your lordship mean by ordination?

B. Do not you know what I mean?

W. If you mean that sending spoken of in Rom. x. I had it.

B. I mean that. What mission had you?

W. I had a mission from God and man.

B. You must have it according to law, and the order of the Church of England.

W. I am not satisfied in my spirit therein.

B. Not satisfied in your spirit! You have more new-coined phrases than ever were heard of! You mean your conscience, do you not?

W. Spirit is no new phrase. We read of being sanctified in soul, body, and spirit.

B. By *spirit* there we are to understand the upper region of the soul.

W. Some think we are to take it for the conscience; but if your lordship like it not so, then I say I am not satisfied in conscience as touching the ordination you speak of.

B. Conscience argues science, science supposes judgement, and judgement reason. What reason have you that you will not be thus ordained?

W. I came not this day to dispute with your lordship; my own inability would forbid me to so do.

B. No, no; but give me your reason.

W. I am not called to office, and therefore cannot be ordained.

B. Why have you then preached all this while?

W. I was called to the work of the ministry, though not the office. There is, as we believe, *vocatio ad opus, et ad munus*.<sup>1</sup>

B. Why may you not have the office of the ministry?

W. May it please your lordship, because they are not a people who are fit subjects for me to exercise office-work among them.

B. You mean a gathered church: but we must have no gathered churches in England, and you will see it so; for there must be a unity without divisions among us, and there can be no unity without uni-

<sup>1</sup> A call to the *work*, and a call to the *office*.

formity. Well, then, we must send you to your church, that they may dispose of you, if you were ordained by them.

W. I have been informed, by my cousin Pitfield and others, concerning your lordship, that you have a disposition inclined against morosity. However you may be prepossessed by some bitter enemies to my person, yet there are others who can and will give you another character of me. Mr. Glisson hath done it; and Sir Francis Tulford desired me to present his service to you, and, being my hearer, is ready to acquaint you concerning me.

B. I asked Sir Francis Tulford whether the presentation to Whitchurch was his. Whose is it? He told me it was not his.

W. There was none presented to it these sixty years. Mr. Walton lived there. At his departure, the people desired me to preach to them; and when there was a way of settlement appointed, I was by the Trustees appointed, and by the Triers approved.

B. They would approve any who would come to them, and close with them. I know they approved those who could not read twelve lines of English.

W. All that they did I know not; but I was examined touching gifts and graces.<sup>1</sup>

B. I question not your gifts, Mr. Wesley. I will do you any good I can; but you will not long be suffered to preach, unless you will do it according to order.

W. I shall submit to any trial you shall please to make. I shall present your lordship with a Confession of my Faith, or take what other way you please to insist on.

B. No, we are not come to that yet.

W. I shall desire those severals laid together which I look on as justifying my preaching:

1. I was devoted to the service from mine infancy.
2. I was educated in order thereto at school, and in the University of Oxford.

B. What age are you?

W. Twenty-five.

B. No, sure you are not.

W. 3. As a son of the prophets, after I had taken my degrees, I preached in the country; being approved of by judicious, able Christians, ministers and others.

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<sup>1</sup> It is singular that he appeals to gifts and graces only, and not to fruit; his grandson and the people called Methodists extended the test. A man is not

counted worthy to hold the office and discharge the duties of the sacred ministry unless the question can be answered: 'Has he gifts, grace, and fruit?'

4. It pleased God to seal my labour with success, in the apparent conversion of many souls.

B. Yea, that is, it may be, to your way.

W. Yea, to the power of godliness, from ignorance and profaneness. If it please your lordship to lay down any evidences of godliness agreeing with Scripture, and that are not found in those persons intended, I am content to be discharged the ministry. I will stand or fall on the issue thereof.

B. You talk of the power of godliness, such as you fancy.

W. Yea, to the reality of religion. Let us appeal to any commonplace book for evidences of graces, and they are found in and upon them.

B. How many are there of them ?

W. I number not the people.

B. Where are they ?

W. Wherever I have been called to preach : At Radpole, Melcomb, Turnwood, Whitchurch, and at sea. I shall add another ingredient of my mission :

5. When the church saw the presence of God going along with me, they did, by fasting and prayer, in a day set apart for that end, seek an abundant blessing on my endeavours.

B. A particular church ?

W. Yes, my lord : I am not ashamed to own myself a member of one.

B. Why, you may mistake the apostles' intent. They went about to convert heathens ; you have no warrant for your particular churches.

W. We have a plain, full, and sufficient rule for gospel worship, in the New Testament, recorded in the Acts of the Apostles, and in the Epistles.

B. We have not.

W. The practice of the apostles is a standing rule in those cases which were not extraordinary.

B. Not their practice, but their precepts.

W. Both precepts and practice. Our duty is not delivered to us, in Scripture, only by precepts, but precedents, by promises, by threatenings, mixed. We are to follow them as they followed Christ.

B. But the apostle said, 'This speak I, not the Lord'; that is, by revelation.

W. Some interpret that place, 'This speak I now by revelation from the Lord'; not the Lord in that text before instanced concerning divorces. May it please your lordship, we believe that *cultus non institutus est indebitus*.<sup>1</sup>

B. It is false.

<sup>1</sup> Worship not instituted, is not due (*W.H.S.* vol. v. p. 50 ; source unknown),

W. The second commandment speaks the same : 'Thou shalt not make to thyself any graven image.'

B. That is, forms of your own invention.

W. Bishop Andrewes, taking notice of *Non facies tibi*,<sup>1</sup> satisfied me that we may not worship God but as commanded.<sup>2</sup>

B. Well, then, you will justify your preaching, will you, without ordination according to law ?

W. All these things, laid together, are satisfactory to me, for my procedure therein.

B. They are not enough.

W. There has been more written in proof of preaching of gifted persons, with such approbation, than has been answered yet by any one.

B. Have you anything more to say to me, Mr. Wesley ?

W. Nothing ; your lordship sent for me.

B. I am glad to hear this from your mouth ; you will stand to your principles, you say ?

W. I intend it, through the grace of God ; and to be faithful to the King's Majesty, however you deal with me.

B. I will not meddle with you.

W. Farewell to you, sir.

B. Farewell, good Mr. Wesley.

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<sup>1</sup> 'Thou shalt not make to thyself,' &c.

<sup>2</sup> Bishop Andrewes, in a prayer for

grace to keep the commandments, prays that God would save him from image-worship and idolatry.



PART THE FOURTEENTH  
THE JOURNAL  
FROM MAY 27, 1765, TO MAY 5, 1768

*The reception Methodism met with in Ireland and Scotland is an interesting study.*

*Across the Tweed it might seem to have comparatively failed. Scotland did not approve Arminian doctrine or Methodist itinerancy. A wider outlook leads, however, to an opposite conclusion. In no part of the empire was its success more remarkable; but it differed in character. It did for the Church in Scotland that which Wesley hoped for in the Church of England: it leavened the three measures of meal, on the testimony of impartial witnesses, 'until the whole was leavened.' It never attacked Presbyterianism, but, treating it with high courtesy, eventually kindled its coldness into fire. One of the earliest and most striking results was seen in America, where Scotch and Irish Presbyterians hailed Irish and English Methodists as spiritual kinsmen and created the 'Camp-meeting' (Briggs, 'Life of Asbury,' pp. 315-17). In Scotland itself 'the movement . . . became to a considerable extent a religious movement "within" the Scottish Church' (Butler's 'Wesley and Whitefield in Scotland,' Preface, and pp. 216-20).*

*In Ireland Methodism might in like manner have leavened the Catholic population, whether Roman or Anglican, and would have done so but for the 'non possumus' of Rome and the short-sightedness and ferocious bigotry of certain English Protestants. Wesley and his preachers frequently won favour with the Papists, as almost invariably with soldiers, sailors, children, and all persons, scholarly or unsophisticated, of a childlike spirit. If we except a few abnormal outbreaks, accounted for by special incitements, Wesley was almost as immune from persecution in Ireland as in Scotland. Dublin and Aberdeen treated him first with wondering and then with profound respect. To both countries he was indebted for helpers, men and women of a singularly high order. The difference—and there was, and is, a very real difference—between Scotch and Irish Methodism may be illustrated by our Lord's twin parables. If in Scotland the new presentation of the kingdom of heaven was as leaven hidden, in Ireland it was as the grain of mustard-seed planted.*

## THE JOURNAL

*From May 27, 1765, to May 5, 1768*

1765. MAY 27, *Mon.*—I took my leave of Londonderry. Mr. Knox sent his servant to conduct me to Sligo, being now as affectionate as Mr. K[nox] of Sligo was the first time I was there. Keeping a steady pace, we rode fifteen miles, so called, in four hours and a half, and came, at noon, to Ballybofey. Here we were shown into a room where lay a young man, brought near death by a vomiting of blood. Perhaps we were brought into this room at this time to save a poor man's life. As we were riding through the mountains in the afternoon, we overtook one who was just come from Derry, and had heard me preach all the time I was there, both in the evening and the morning. I talked plainly both to her and her husband, and they expressed all possible thankfulness.

At five we reached Donegal, the county town. What a wonderful set of county towns are in this kingdom! Donegal and five more would not make up such a town as Islington. Some have twenty houses in them, Mayo three, and Leitrim, I think, not one. Is not this owing in part to the fickleness of the nation, who seldom like anything long, and so are continually seeking new habitations, as well as new fashions, and new trifles of every kind?

*Tues.* 28.—We breakfasted at Ballyshannon, I believe the largest and pleasantest town in the county. Beyond it a good-natured man overtook me, with whom I talked largely and closely. He seemed much affected. If it continues, well; if not, I am clear of his blood.

About twelve we stopped at a little house; but a cloud of smoke soon drove us out of the first room into another, where the landlord lay with a grievously bruised and swelled leg. I directed him how to cure it, and thence took occasion to give

him some further advice. Several eagerly listened as well as himself. Perhaps some will remember it.

In the evening I took my usual stand in the market-house at Sligo; but here how was the scene changed! I have seen nothing like this since my first entrance into the kingdom. Such a total want of good sense, of good manners, yea, of common decency, was shown by not a few of the hearers! It is good to visit Sligo after Londonderry; honour and dishonour balance each other. Have we done nothing here yet? Then it is high time to begin, and try if something can be done now. In the two following days I spoke as strongly as I could; and my labour was not in vain. The congregation increased very considerably, and appeared to be of another spirit. They behaved better the second night than the first, and far better the third night than the second. Many of them, I believe, had a fresh call from God; and at the meeting of the society He was eminently present. So that, notwithstanding their decay, I could not but hope there would be a 'blessing in the remnant.'<sup>1</sup>

I expected one to meet me at Sligo; but, none appearing, I set out alone at five in the morning, JUNE 1, purposing to ride the new road to Castlebar; but, on second thoughts, I rode straight on to Foxford. At the entrance of the town I met three gentlewomen. One of them turned and cried out, 'Is not that Mr. Wesley?' I thought it odd, but rode on. At the other end of the town a gentleman met me, and, taking hold of my bridle, said, 'Sir, I must beg you to turn back, and dine with me at the barracks. There is a lady whom you know, and who will be very glad to see you.' I went back, and found one whom I had wished to see, more than most persons in the nation, but scarce ever expected to see her more. It was Miss B——n, of Sligo; and I found Mrs. S——n (now a widow) just the same amiable woman that Miss B——n was. I spent an hour or two in close, serious conversation, admiring the good providence of God. So I could not go the new road, which misses Foxford, because God had work for me to do there.

About seven I preached at Castlebar on 'the excellency of the knowledge of Jesus Christ.' I found another kind of people here than at Sligo, and was much refreshed among them.

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<sup>1</sup> On May 30 he wrote to Mr. Knox, of Sligo (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 255).

*Sun. 2.*—Most of the gentry in the town being at the courtyard in the evening, my text was, ‘We preach Christ crucified, to the Jews a stumbling-block, and to the Greeks foolishness.’ I know not that ever I spake more plain, though I supposed many would be offended. But I was mistaken; high and low seemed to approve; some, I hope, profited.

*Mon. 3.*—I rode to Newport, and preached at one to the largest congregation I remember to have seen there; and on *Tuesday* evening I took a solemn leave of the congregation at Castlebar.

*Wed. 5.*—At five I took horse with a friend who undertook to bear me company to Galway. We faced the sun all the day; but light clouds and a small breeze made the heat tolerable. After resting an hour at Hollymount (where the gardens, water-works, and once lovely walks, swiftly running to ruin, give a striking proof that ‘the fashion of this world passeth away’), we rode on to Mr. Lambert’s, near Headford (a plain, open, hospitable man), and thence to Galway, one of the largest towns I have seen since I left Glasgow. Our room being small, some of our well-meaning friends were earnest for my preaching in the Exchange. Because I would not disoblige them, I began at seven; and was suffered to go on for a full quarter of an hour! The beasts of the people<sup>1</sup> (just as I expected) then roaring louder and louder, I walked through them without any hindrance or affront, and returned quietly to my lodgings. A large retinue attended me to the door; but it was only to gape and stare; none taking the pains either to lift up a hand, or to say anything bad or good.

*Thur. 6.*—I was brought on my way by Lieutenant Cook,<sup>2</sup> who was in all the actions at Fort William-Henry, at Louisbourg, Quebec, Martinico, and the Havannah<sup>3</sup>; and gave a more distinct account of those eminent scenes of providence than ever I heard before. Although he was so often in the front of the

<sup>1</sup> A frequent phrase suggested, doubtless, by St. Paul’s ‘beasts at Ephesus,’ and in both cases literally accurate.

<sup>2</sup> See below, Aug. 17, 1774.

<sup>3</sup> The military and naval expeditions were occasioned by the ‘Seven Years’ War,’ in which England, as the ally of

Prussia under Frederick the Great, had France as her principal enemy. Wesley must have heard from Lieut. Cook about Wolfe’s death at Quebec and the consequent transference of Canada from French to English possession. These events were ratified by the Treaty of Paris in 1763.

battle, both against Indians, French, and Spaniards, and in the hottest fire, both advancing and retreating, he never received one wound. So true is the odd saying of King William, that 'every bullet has its billet.' Between five and six we reached Ennis, after a warm day, which much exhausted my strength; but it was soon repaired; and the serious, well-behaved congregation (though many of them were people of fortune) made amends for the turbulent one at Galway. Such is the chequer-work of life!

*Fri. 7.*—I rested at Ennis. And it was well I did; for even in the house the heat was scarce supportable.

*Sat. 8.*—I rode to Limerick, and found the preaching-house just finished. I liked it the best of any in the kingdom; being neat, yea elegant, yet not gaudy.<sup>1</sup>

*Sun. 9.*—In the evening I preached at Mardyke.<sup>2</sup> The heat was violent, even at six; nevertheless there was a numerous congregation, both of Protestants and Papists. Some of the latter behaved with remarkable indecency—talking and laughing as at a play. I turned and reprov'd them. They took it well, and neither laughed nor talked any more.

In the following week I spoke to each member of the society, and had much satisfaction among them. Concerning several of them, there is all reasonable proof that they have given God all their heart; many others are groaning after full salvation; and all the rest are free from outward blame. Why may not every Christian community come as far as this?

*Wed. 12.*—In the evening I preached near Mardyke, on a smooth, grassy place, to, I think, the largest congregation which I ever saw in Limerick.<sup>3</sup> A solemn awe seemed to sit on every face while I declared, in strong words, 'He died for all, that they which live should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto Him.' The next day the rain began;

<sup>1</sup> The new meeting-house near Quay Lane was opened May 1, 1763. A description was published in the *History of the City of Limerick*, 1767; the cost, it is stated, was six hundred pounds. See *W.H.S. MS. Journal* 1907, by D. B. Bradshaw.

<sup>2</sup> A street in Limerick.

<sup>3</sup> Whilst in Limerick, Wesley met Duncan Wright, whom he had asked some time before to travel with him; but Wesley's extraordinary activity proved to be more than Duncan Wright's health could endure (*Wesley's Veterans*, vol. ii. p. 39, or *E.M.P.* vol. ii. pp. 125-6).

so that all the following days I was constrained to preach in the house.

*Fri.* 14.—About noon I preached at Ballingarrane to the small remains of the poor Palatines. As they could not get food and raiment here, with all their diligence and frugality, part are scattered up and down the kingdom, and part gone to America. I stand amazed! Have landlords no common sense (whether they have common humanity or no), that they will suffer such tenants as these to be starved away from them? In the evening I preached at Newmarket, to a larger congregation of Papists as well as Protestants, both in the evening and morning, than I remember to have seen there before. For the present, many were full of good resolutions; and 'why should ye revolt any more?'

*Sunday* the 16th was a Sabbath indeed. Both in the morning and afternoon many were filled with consolation. Few were absent at five, *Monday* the 17th, when I cheerfully commended them to the grace of God.

Two or three of them were desirous to bear me company for a day's journey. Before noon we were met by a violent shower, which drove us into a little cabin, where were a company of children, with their mother, grandmother, and great-grandmother. They seemed much frightened; but one of our company, who spoke Irish, soon took away their fears. We then sang a hymn, and went to prayer. They gaped and stared abundantly; and when we went away, after giving them a small piece of money, followed us with a thousand blessings.

At seven I preached in the market-house at Kilfinane. Wellnigh all the town, Irish, English, and Germans, Protestants and Papists, presently gathered together. At first, most of the Papists stood aloof, and so did several of the genteeler people; but by degrees they drew in and mixed with the congregation; and I believe all of them felt that God was there.

When I went to my lodging, they crowded after me, so that the house was quickly filled. I exhorted and prayed again, till I found it was full time both for them and me to go to rest.

To-day I received from Prudence Nixon herself the strange account of her late husband: In November last, on a Sunday

evening, he was uncommonly fervent in prayer, and found such a desire as he never had before 'to depart, and to be with Christ.' In the night she awaked, and found him quite stiff, and without either sense or motion. Supposing him to be either dying or dead, she broke out into a vehement agony of prayer, and cried for half an hour together, 'Lord Jesus! give me George! Take him not away.' Soon after he opened his eyes, and said earnestly, 'You had better have let me go.' Presently he was raving mad, and began to curse and blaspheme in the most horrid manner. This he continued to do for several days, appearing to be under the full power of an unclean spirit. At the latter end of the week she cried out, 'Lord, I am willing! I am willing he should go to Thee.' Quickly his understanding returned, and he again rejoiced with joy unspeakable. He tenderly thanked her for giving him up to God, kissed her, lay down, and died.

*Tues. 18.*—The town seemed to be all alive a little after four o'clock; so, finding the congregation ready, I began a little before five. A cry soon arose of young and old, on the right hand and on the left; but in many it was not so much the voice of sorrow as of joy and triumph. A fair beginning, this! But who can tell what the end will be?

About nine we rode through Doneraile, one of the pleasantest towns in the kingdom; but a man came galloping after us, and said, '*All the town* begs you will stop and give them a sermon.' I turned back, and took my stand in the main street. Men, women, and children flocked from all sides. There was no disturbance of any kind, while I declared 'the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ.' Fair blossoms again! And who knows but some of these may bring forth fruit unto perfection?

In the evening I came to Cork; and at seven was surprised at the unusual largeness of the congregation. I had often been grieved at the smallness of the congregation here; and it could be no other, while we cooped ourselves up in the house. But now the alarm is sounded abroad, people flock from all quarters. So plain it is that field-preaching is the most effectual way of overturning Satan's kingdom.

*Thur. 20.*—At seven in the evening I stood in a vacant place near Blackpool, famous from time immemorial for all



manner of wickedness, for riot in particular, and cried aloud, 'Why will ye die, O house of Israel?' Abundance of Papists gathered at a distance; but they drew nearer and nearer, till nine parts in ten mingled with the congregation, and were all attention. Surely this is the way to spread religion: to publish it in the face of the sun.

*Fri. 21.*—I rode over to Bandon, and preached at seven in the main street. The congregation was exceeding large: so it was, in proportion, at five in the morning.

*Sun. 23.*—I preached at eight near the upper market-house. Till now I did not observe that all I could say made any impression upon the hearers. But the power of God was now eminently present, and all seemed to be sensible of it. About five I began in Georges Street, at Cork, the opposite corner of the town from the new room. Many of the chief of the city were of the audience, clergy as well as laity; and all but two or three were not only quiet, but serious and deeply attentive. What a change! Formerly we could not walk through this street but at the peril of our lives.

*Monday and Tuesday* I spoke, one by one, to the members of the society. They are now two hundred and ninety-five—fifty or sixty more than they have been for some years. This is owing partly to the preaching abroad, partly to the meetings for prayer in several parts of the city. These have been the means of awakening many gross sinners, of recovering many backsliders, of confirming many that were weak and wavering, and bringing many of all sorts to the public preaching. At seven I went once more to Blackpool, where the congregation was far larger than before. Abundance of Papists stole in among them, a very few standing aloof. Oh what a day of God's power is this! May He fulfil in us all His good pleasure!

*Fri. 28.*—After giving our brethren a solemn caution not to 'love the world, nor the things of the world,' I left them with more satisfaction than ever; as there is reason to hope that they will be tossed to and fro no more, but steadily adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour.

About seven in the evening I began in the Exchange at Youghal. Four or five noisy men disturbed those that were

near them, till I reproved them sharply. The whole congregation then behaved with the utmost decency.

*Sat. 29.*—I preached at five in a room that would contain four or five hundred people. But the word does not yet sink into their hearts; many are pleased, but few convinced. In the evening I went to the Exchange again. The congregation was almost doubled, whom I exhorted to 'ask for the old path, the good way, and to walk therein.' Afterwards I met the infant society, consisting of nineteen members, all of whom are full of good desires, and some know in whom they have believed.

*Sun. 30.*—At eight the congregation was both larger and more affected than ever. I was glad to see a large and tolerably serious congregation in the church.<sup>1</sup> It was once a spacious building; but more than half of it now (a common thing in Ireland!) lies in ruins. In the evening I preached to a multitude of people in the main street. A few gentry soon walked away; but the bulk of the congregation were deeply attentive. What a harvest is ready for zealous labourers! When wilt Thou thrust them out into Thy harvest?

*JULY 1, Mon.*—I rode to Waterford, and preached in a little court, on our 'great High-Priest that is passed into the heavens' for us. But I soon found I was got above most of my hearers: I should have spoke of death or judgement. On *Tuesday* evening I suited my discourse to my audience, which was considerably increased: but much more the next evening; and deep attention sat on almost every face. The room was well filled on *Thursday* morning; and the poor people were so affectionate that it was with difficulty we were able to break from them, amidst abundance of prayers and blessings.

At seven in the evening I preached in the assembly room at Kilkenny to many well-dressed, reputable people, some of whom attended again at five in the morning. In the evening the congregation was increased in seriousness as much as in number, while I enforced those awful words, 'God now com-

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<sup>1</sup> This church, St. Mary's, in the old engraving of 1750 stands higher up than the houses near the eastern wall. It was an old collegiate church (since repaired)

with a remarkable history. Sir W Raleigh's house, formerly an Abbey, stands next to the church, and now appears much as when he occupied it.

mandeth all men everywhere to repent.' I never spoke plainer ; yet I did not hear of any that were offended. What an alteration is there in this city within six or eight years !<sup>1</sup>

*Sat. 6.*—We rode to Portarlington. At seven I preached in the market-house to a numerous congregation. Near as many were present at eight in the morning. I had great liberty of speech ; and the manner wherein they 'suffered the word of exhortation' persuaded me it would not be in vain.

We came to Mountmellick<sup>2</sup> before the church began, and were glad to find it was sacrament Sunday. In the evening I preached on one side of the market-place, on our Lord's lamentation over Jerusalem, to almost all the Protestants in the town, and not a few of the Papists. To these I made a particular application in the conclusion of my discourse. Indeed, I never found so great a concern for them as since I came last into the kingdom.

*Mon. 8.*—I preached in the market-place once more ; and it was a solemn hour. I left many of the people much alive to God, and athirst for His whole image. I preached at Tullamore in the evening. At five in the morning the house was near full. While I was preaching on *Tuesday* evening in the market-place we had several showers ; but few went away. Here, likewise, I was constrained to address myself to the Papists in particular, and to exhort them never to rest till they were partakers of the common salvation.

About eleven we were waked with a cry of 'Fire,' which was at the next door but one. The flames shone so that one might see to pick up a pin, and the sparks flew on every side ; so that it was much feared the neighbouring houses would take fire, as several of them were thatched. But the violent rain, which fell an hour before, had made the thatch so wet that it could not catch quickly ; and in less than two hours all the fire was quenched ; so we slept the rest of the night in peace.

<sup>1</sup> On July 5 he wrote from Kilkenny to Lady Maxwell (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 339). He advises her to give herself all the air and exercise she can, 'and I should advise you (even though long custom made it difficult, if that were the

case) to sleep as early as possible ; never later than ten, in order to rise as early as health will permit.'

<sup>2</sup> For the new house see Crookshank's *Meth. in Ireland*, vol. i. p. 186. It remained in use till about 1882.

*Wed.* 10.—I preached at Clara about noon, and in the evening at Athlone. The two next evenings I preached in the market-house, for the sake of the Papists, who durst not come to the room.

*Sat.* 13.—I read Sir Richard Cox's *History of Ireland*.<sup>1</sup> I suppose it is accounted as authentic as any that is extant. But surely never was there the like in the habitable world! Such a series of robberies, murders, and burning of houses, towns, and countries did I never hear or read of before. I do not now wonder Ireland is thinly inhabited, but that it has any inhabitants at all! Probably it had been wholly desolate before now had not the English come, and prevented the implacable wretches from going on till they had swept each other from the earth.

In the afternoon I rode to Aughrim, and preached about seven to a deeply serious congregation, most of whom were present again at eight in the morning. On *Sunday* the 14th, about five, I began in my usual place at Athlone, on the Connaught side of the river. I believe the congregation (both of Protestants and Papists) was never so large before. Some were displeased at this, and several pieces of turf were thrown over the houses, with some stones; but neither one nor the other could in the least interrupt the attention of the people. Then a Popish miller (prompted by his betters, so called) got up to preach over against me; but some of his comrades throwing a little dirt in his face, he leaped down in haste to fight them. This bred a fray, in which he was so roughly handled that he was glad to get off with only a bloody nose.

*Mon.* 15.—I had the pleasure of meeting many of my friends from various parts at Coolalough. I preached at twelve under the shade of some spreading trees, and again at six in the evening.

*Tues.* 16.—I preached at Tyrrell's Pass, with a peculiar blessing from God, though many persons of fortune were in the congregation. But the poor and the rich are His.

*Wed.* 17.—I preached in the Grove at Edenderry. Many of the Quakers were there (it being the time of their General Meeting), and many of all sorts. I met here with the Journal

<sup>1</sup> See *Dict. of Nat. Biog.* He wrote *Ireland from the Conquest by the English to the Present Time*. Folio, 1689.

of William Edmundson,<sup>1</sup> one of their preachers in the last century. If the original equalled the picture (which I see no reason to doubt), what an amiable man was this! His opinions I leave; but what a spirit was here! What faith, love, gentleness, long-suffering! Could mistake send such a man as this to hell? Not so. I am so far from believing this that I scruple not to say, 'Let my soul be with the soul of William Edmundson!'

*Thur. 18.*—The wind in our face tempering the heat of the sun, we had a pleasant ride to Dublin. In the evening I began expounding the deepest part of the Holy Scripture, namely, the first Epistle of St. John, by which, above all other, even inspired writings, I advise every young preacher to form his style. Here are sublimity and simplicity together, the strongest sense and the plainest language! How can any one that would 'speak as the oracles of God' use harder words than are found here?

*Sun. 21.*—Between eight and nine I began preaching in the Barrack Square, to such a congregation as I never saw in Dublin before; and every one was as quiet as if we had been in the new square at Bristol. What a change since Mr. Whitefield, a few years ago, attempted to preach near this place!<sup>2</sup>

*Mon. 22.*—I rode to Donard, a little town in the county of Wicklow. Here I met with more noise, and stupid, senseless impudence than I have found since I left England; but the chief man of the town having handled one of the disturbers roughly, and another of them being knocked down (not by a Methodist), I concluded my discourse without any farther hindrance.

*Tues. 23.*—I began, as usual, at five. About the middle of the sermon the rain (which was exceedingly wanted) began, and drove us into our friend's house; where I found his daughters, five sisters, all rejoicing in God their Saviour. Hence I rode to Baltinglass. But I had scarce spoken five minutes when the rain drove us into the house<sup>3</sup> here also. I had designed to

<sup>1</sup> He and George Fox knew each other. For an affecting account of his sufferings see Fox's *Journal*, 1655, vol. i. pp. 256, 257 note.

<sup>2</sup> When he had to walk through hun-

dreds of Papists and volleys of stones. See Tyerman's *Whitefield*, vol. ii. p. 396.

<sup>3</sup> Of this old Huguenot church, which had been acquired by the Methodists, only a portion now remains.

preach at Carlow<sup>1</sup> in the evening, but the difficulty was where to find a place; our house was too small, and there was little prospect of preaching quietly in the street. While we were considering, one of the chief persons in the town sent to desire I would preach in her courtyard. This I did to a multitude of people, rich and poor; and there was no disturbance at all; nor did I observe that any went away, though we had a sharp shower almost as soon as I began.

*Wed. 24.*—I rode, in the hottest day I have felt this year, to Dublin. *Thursday* and *Friday* morning I spent in a conference with our preachers.<sup>2</sup> In the afternoons I spoke to the members of the society. I left four hundred and forty, and find above five hundred; more than ever they were since my first landing in the kingdom. And they are not increased in number only, but many of them are rejoicing in the pure love of God, and many more refuse to be comforted till they can witness the same confession.

*Sun. 28.*—I preached in the Barrack Square, both morning and afternoon. The morning congregation was far larger than last week, but this was doubled in the afternoon. At both times my heart was much enlarged towards them, and my voice so strengthened that I suppose several thousands more might have distinctly heard every sentence.

*Mon. 29.*—I was desired by some friends to take a ride to the Dargle, ten or twelve miles from Dublin; one of the greatest natural curiosities, they said, which the kingdom afforded. It far exceeded my expectations. You have a high and steep mountain, covered with stately wood, up the side of which a path is cut and seats placed at small distances. A deep vale,

<sup>1</sup> Here he was the guest of Mr. Charles Lahee, a respectable local trader.

<sup>2</sup> Among the regulations adopted by this sixth Irish Conference were the following: Societies and congregations were to be taught singing. The preachers were to meet the societies and bands everywhere; to encourage all in the bands to speak freely; . . . in all the larger societies to meet the children.

. . . The people were to be urged to have family prayer morning and even-

ing; . . . to be economists; and to guard against little oaths, as 'pon my life, my faith, my honour'; and little compliments or unmeaning words. The members might be tenderly and prudently recommended to call each other 'brother' and 'sister.' As a rule, they talked too much and read too little; . . . many were enslaved to snuff, some drank drams, and the religion of most was too superficial (Crookshank's *Meth. in Ireland*, vol. i. pp. 186-7).

through which a clear river runs, lies between this and another high mountain, whose sides are clothed with tall trees, row above row, from the river to the very top. Near the summit of the first mountain you have an opening on the one hand which commands the fruitful counties of Kildare, Dublin, and Louth, as far, in a clear, sunshiny day, as the huge mountains of Newry ; on the other hand is a fine landscape of meadows and fields, that terminates in a sea prospect. Adding this to the rest, it exceeds anything which I have seen in Great Britain.<sup>1</sup> And yet the eye is not satisfied with seeing ! It never can till we see God.

*Wed. 31.*—At the earnest desire of a friend, I suffered Mr. Hunter<sup>2</sup> to take my picture. I sat only once, from about ten o'clock to half an hour after one ; and in that time he began and ended the face, and with a most striking likeness.

*AUG. 2, Fri.*—One informed me that the captain with whom I had agreed for my passage was gone without me, but had taken my horse. I was content, believing all was for the best. But we soon heard he was only fallen down a few miles ; so we took a boat and followed him, and about ten we went on board the *Felicity* bound for Whitehaven. In about an hour we set sail. Soon after the wind turned, and was against us most part of Saturday and Sunday. On *Sunday* I preached to our little congregation, thirteen in all, on 'The kingdom of heaven is at hand ; repent ye, and believe the gospel.' In a short time the wind sprung up fair, but with intervals of calm ; so that we did not reach Whitehaven quay till *Tuesday* the 6th, between twelve and one in the morning. After sleeping two or three hours I hastened away, and in the afternoon came to Carlisle. Some friends waited for me here. We purposed setting out early in the morning ; but, one of our company being taken ill, we waited

<sup>1</sup> See Young's description in his *Tour*.

<sup>2</sup> Robert Hunter was an Irish portrait-painter, with a large practice in Dublin. His portrait of the Earl of Buckingham hangs in the Mansion House there. If Hunter's reputation rested upon this portrait of Wesley it would not have much claim to excellence. Wesley's judgement of it only shows how bad a judge of his own likeness a man some-

times is. It is interesting to note the difference between the portraits by Hunter and by Hone, both painted about the same year. Hunter's portrait was well engraved in mezzotint by J. Watson ; size of plate, 14 in. by 11 in. A few years ago the original painting was in the possession of Mr. J. J. Buttress, of Crouch Hill, London. (*W.H.S.* vol. iii p. 187.)

some hours, so that we did not reach Newcastle till about one on *Thursday* morning.

I scarce ever saw the people here so much alive to God, particularly those who believe they are saved from sin. I was ready to say, 'It is good for me to be here'; but I must not build tabernacles. I am to be a wanderer on earth,<sup>1</sup> and desire no rest till my spirit returns to God.<sup>2</sup>

*Sun. 11.*—I preached about seven at the Fell, to our honest, lively colliers; and about two in the afternoon in the Square at Hartley, eleven miles from Newcastle. Thence I hastened back to the Garth Heads, where was the largest congregation which has been there for many years. Afterwards, several hundreds of us met at the room, and solemnly renewed our covenant with God. About eight I was so tired I could hardly stand; but after speaking another hour all my weariness was gone, and I was as lively and strong as at eight in the morning.

*Mon. 12.*—I went to Sunderland. Here likewise is a people ready prepared for the Lord.

*Tues. 13.*—I purposed to preach abroad at Durham, but the rain hindered. As many as could hear behaved well, and many felt that God was there. At Yarm in the evening one would have thought the whole congregation loved or feared God; so much thought appeared in all their faces, so much decency in their behaviour.

*Wed. 14.*—I preached in the evening at Leeds, and the next morning rode to Huddersfield. Mr. Venn having given notice on Sunday of my preaching, we had a numerous congregation. We had a warm ride from hence to Manchester; but as my day, so was my strength.

*Fri. 16.*—I rode over to Chester and preached to as many as the new house would well contain.<sup>3</sup> We had likewise a

<sup>1</sup> 'Here' in 1st ed.

<sup>2</sup> On Aug. 9 he wrote to 'A Member of Society' on Christian experience (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 280).

<sup>3</sup> It is remarkable that in Wesley's account of this visit to Chester no mention is made of Francis Gilbert, although he was Wesley's host, and at the Manchester Conference (which began two days afterwards) was appointed secre-

tary of the Preachers' Fund. The new house at which Wesley preached was the Octagon Chapel, which had been opened on June 23 by John Hampson. See Bretherton's *Early Methodism in Chester*, pp. 66-70. Wesley's text on the this occasion was 2 Cor. vi. 2; and, on 18th, Mark ix. 23. Mary Gilbert, in her Journal, says: 'My soul was exceeding blest.'



numerous congregation on *Saturday*, morning as well as evening. How the grace of God concurs with His providence! A new house not only brings a new congregation, but likewise (what we have observed again and again) a new blessing from God. And no wonder, if every labour of love finds even a present reward.

*Sun.* 18.—The house contained the morning congregation, but in the evening multitudes were constrained to go away. So does truth win its way against all opposition, if it be steadily declared with meekness of wisdom.

*Mon.* 19.—I preached in Northwich at ten, and at Manchester in the evening. Our Conference began on *Tuesday* the 20th,<sup>1</sup> and ended on *Friday* the 23rd.

*Sun.* 25.—Having been all the week greatly straitened for room, I preached at seven in the new square. The congregation was exceeding large; yet generally and deeply attentive. About one I preached at Stockport on a green at the south end of the town. It was sultry hot, but few regarded it; for God 'sent a gracious rain upon His inheritance.'

At six in the evening I preached at Macclesfield; and, setting out early in the morning, by long stages came to Birmingham, where a large congregation waited for me. I began immediately to apply those comfortable words, 'Open thy mouth wide, and I will fill it.' I soon forgot my weariness, and the heat of the place: God was there, and it was enough. On *Tuesday* the 27th I rode on to Stroud, and the next morning to Bristol. After resting three or four days, on *Monday*, SEPTEMBER 2, I set out for Cornwall, and preached that evening at Middlezoy.

*Tues.* 3.—I rode to Tiverton, and in the evening preached near the east end of the town to a large and quiet audience.

<sup>1</sup> The twenty-second Conference, and the first held at Manchester. It was also the first of which Wesley published regular minutes since, in 1749, he published two tracts in Dublin, the *Doctrinal Minutes* and the *Disciplinary Minutes*, containing minutes of the first six Conferences. After 1765 the publication of *Minutes* continued year by year. The *Minutes* of 1765 consist only of six pages, octavo. Francis Gilbert held at

this Conference an official position, and was an active circuit preacher, yet his name does not appear either in the list of stations or on the Lancashire round, to which Chester belonged. He seems to have been treated very much as Charles and Edward Perronet and other friendly, but not regular, helpers were treated. See article in *W.M. Mag.* 1865, p. 705, on 'The Conference a Hundred Years Ago.'

*Wed. 4.*—I rode on to North Tawton, a village where several of our preachers had preached occasionally. About six I went to the door of our inn; but I had hardly ended the psalm, when a clergyman came, with two or three (by the courtesy of England called) gentlemen. After I had named my text I said, 'There may be some truths which concern some men only; but this concerns all mankind.' The minister cried out, 'That is false doctrine, that is predestination.' Then the roar began, to second which they had brought an huntsman with his hounds. But the dogs were wiser than the men; for they could not bring them to make any noise at all. One of the gentlemen supplied their place. He assured us he was such, or none would have suspected it; for his language was as base, foul, and porterly, as ever was heard at Billingsgate. Dog, rascal, puppy, and the like terms adorned almost every sentence. Finding there was no probability of a quiet hearing, I left him the field, and withdrew to my lodging.

*Thur. 5.*—We had a pleasant ride to Mill House, where I preached at five to a deeply serious congregation. The next day at noon I preached in a field near Camelford, it being the fair-day, on 'Come, buy wine and milk without money and without price.' I preached within at Port Isaac, because of the rain; but many were constrained to stand without. It was a glorious opportunity, God showering down His blessing on many souls.

*Sat. 7.*—I rode to Cuthbert (that is the true spelling)<sup>1</sup> and found Mr. Hosken<sup>2</sup> weak in body, but happy in God. He was just able to ride to the church-town in the evening, where a serious congregation soon assembled.

*Sun. 8.*—About eight I preached at St. Agnes; at one, in the main street at Redruth; but a still larger congregation was at Gwennap in the evening, equal to any I have seen in Moor-

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<sup>1</sup> Wesley's own spelling varies, but the spelling 'Cubert' has been adopted in this edition. Undoubtedly derived from St. Cuthbert, the patron saint of the parish, to whom the church is dedicated, the place-name has undergone transition in one of its most familiar directions, by elision of the

double consonant. 'Medrose' for Methrose is another illustration of this.

<sup>2</sup> Mr. Joseph Hosken, of Carines, Cubert. Wesley makes several references to his 'good old friend, quivering over the grave.' He died March 6, 1780, aged eighty-two years. The Hoskens were the wealthiest farmers in those parts.

fields. Yet I think they all heard, while I enforced 'Why will ye die, O house of Israel?'

After preaching I returned to Redruth; where, hearing an exceeding strange story, I sent for the person herself, Grace Paddy, a well-bred, sensible young woman. I can speak of her now without restraint, as she is safe in Abraham's bosom. She said: 'I was harmless, as I thought, but quite careless about religion, till about Christmas, when my brother was saying, "God has given to me all I want; I am as happy as I can live." This was about ten in the morning. The words went like an arrow to my heart. I went into my chamber and thought, "Why am not I so? Oh, I cannot be, because I am not convinced of sin." I cried out vehemently, "Lord, lay as much conviction upon me as my body can bear." Immediately I saw myself in such a light that I roared for the disquietness of my heart. The maid running up, I said, "Call my brother." He came; rejoiced over me; said, "Christ is just ready to receive you; only believe!" and went to prayer. In a short time all my trouble was gone, and I did believe all my sins were blotted out; but in the evening I was thoroughly convinced of the want of a deeper change. I felt the remains of sin in my heart; which I longed to have taken away. I longed to be saved from all sin, to be "cleansed from all unrighteousness." And at the time Mr. Rankin was preaching, this desire increased exceedingly. Afterwards he met the society. During his last prayer I was quite overwhelmed with the power of God. I felt an inexpressible change in the very depth of my heart; and from that hour I have felt no anger, no pride, no wrong temper of any kind; nothing contrary to the pure love of God, which I feel continually. I desire nothing but Christ; and I have Christ always reigning in my heart. I want nothing; He is my sufficient portion in time and in eternity.'

Such an instance I never knew before; such an instance I never read; a person convinced of sin, converted to God, and renewed in love, within twelve hours! Yet it is by no means incredible, seeing one day is with God as a thousand years.

*Mon. 9.*—The room would by no means contain the congregation at five in the morning. How is this town changed!

Some years since a Methodist preacher could not safely ride through it. Now, high and low, few excepted, say, 'Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord.'

About one I preached at Porkellis; at six in Crowan. I admire the depth of grace in the generality of this people; so simple, so humble, so teachable, so serious, so utterly dead to the world!

*Tues.* 10.—They filled the house at five. I preached in Breage at twelve, under a lovely shade of trees. About six I began at St. John's, near Helston,<sup>1</sup> once as furious a town as Redruth. Now almost all the gentry of the town were present, and heard with the deepest attention.

*Wed.* 11.<sup>2</sup>—Perceiving my voice began to fail, I resolved to preach, for a while, but twice a day. In the evening I preached in a little ground at Newlyn to a numerous congregation. None behaved amiss but a young gentleman who seemed to understand nothing of the matter.

*Thur.* 12.—Coming to St. Just, I learned that John Bennets had died some hours before. He was a wise and a good man, who had been above twenty years as a father to that society. A little before his death he examined each of his children concerning their abiding in the faith. Being satisfied of this, he told them, 'Now I have no doubt but we shall meet again at the right hand of our Lord.' He then cheerfully committed his soul to Him, and fell asleep.

On the numerous congregation in the evening I enforced those solemn words, 'There is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom in the grave, whither thou goest.'

*Fri.* 13.—I rode to St. Ives, and in the evening preached on the sea-shore; but though there was little wind, yet the noise of the waves prevented many from hearing.

*Sat.* 14.—About noon I preached at the Hayle, a small arm of the sea, which runs up into the land, two or three miles from

<sup>1</sup> A chapel was erected at St. John's not long after Wesley's first visit. After the chapel in Helston was built this passed into the possession of Mr. R. Andrew, Wesley's host at Helston, and was sold or a warehouse, its present use.

<sup>2</sup> On Sept. 11 he wrote from St.

John's to Thomas Rankin a letter which, in its suggestive and amusing details, conveys a true picture of Methodism as it then was, and shows the difficulties of personal temperament with which he had to deal in stationing the preachers. See *Works*, vol. xii. p. 322



FARMHOUSE AT METHROSE (OR MEDROSE), LUXULYAN.  
 1. EXTERIOR, SHOWING ENTRANCE TO FORECOURT.  
 2. MANTELPiece IN OAK, WITH ORNAMENTAL CARVING.



St. Ives,<sup>1</sup> and makes a tolerable harbour. In the evening we procured a more convenient place at St. Ives, a meadow on the side of the hill, where the people stood before me, row above row, to a considerable distance. On *Sunday* the 15th we had nearly the same congregation at seven in the morning, to whom I explained, 'Truly our fellowship is with the Father, and with His Son Jesus Christ.' At one I preached in Lelant, three miles from St. Ives; and at five in the same meadow, to a larger congregation than before. Indeed the whole town seems moved; the truths we preach being so confirmed by the lives of the people.

*Mon.* 16.—We had our Quarterly Meeting at Redruth; and it appeared, by the accounts from all parts, that the flame which was kindled the last year, though abated, is not extinguished. At six I began on the market-house steps,<sup>2</sup> as usual, to a very numerous congregation; but I had not finished the hymn when Mr. C.<sup>3</sup> came and read the Act against riots. I said, 'Mr. C., I did not expect this from you; I really thought you had more understanding.' He answered not, but stood like one astonished, neither moving hand or foot. However, I removed two or three hundred yards, and quietly finished my discourse.

*Tues.* 17.—I rode to Medrose,<sup>4</sup> near St. Austell, where we

<sup>1</sup> Peter Martin of Helston, who died at the age of 102, remembered that, when post-boy at an inn, he once drove Wesley to St. Ives. As they were crossing the creek at Hayle, the carriage was caught by the tide, and the occupants narrowly escaped drowning. This did not disturb Wesley's equanimity, for he went on to St. Ives and preached in his wet clothes. (Mr. G. J. Cunnack's letter to Rev. Richard Butterworth.)

<sup>2</sup> This building, which extended across Fore Street, was pulled down about 1800. See *W.H.S.* vol. iv. p. 191.

<sup>3</sup> Probably Rev. John Collins. See above, vol. iii. p. 191.

<sup>4</sup> The Rev. G. Armstrong Bennetts has investigated more fully the history of the ancient mansion, now a farmhouse,

at Methrose where this Quarterly Meeting was held. It originally belonged to the family of de Metheroose. Early in the fourteenth century Richard Arvas married Joan de Metheroose and probably took his wife's name. Later the property came into the possession of the Kendalls. Nicholas Kendall built the present mansion, a portion of which only now remains, including the hall. On the frieze of the mantel were arms of Kendall, Holland (Duke of Exeter), Trewolla, Boscawen, Treharne, and others. The Methodist preachers used to write their names on the window-panes in the bedroom, which at that time was reached by a ladder from the hall. Among the names was that of Adam Clarke, but not John Wesley, as has been stated. From the Kendalls the property passed to the

had the Quarterly Meeting for the Eastern Circuit. Here likewise we had an agreeable account of a still increasing work of God. This society has eighty-six members, and all rejoicing in the love of God. Fifty-five or fifty-six of these believe He has saved them from all sin ; and their life no way contradicts their profession. But how many will endure to the end ?<sup>1</sup>

*Wed. 18.*—I set out for Plymouth Dock. In the way we called on one of our friends near Liskeard, and found his wife, once strong in faith, in the very depth of despair. I could not but admire the providence of God which sent us so seasonably thither. We cried strongly to God in her behalf, and left her not a little comforted.

The society at the Dock had been for some time in a miserable condition. Disputes had run so high, concerning a worthless man, that every man's sword was set, as it were, against his brother. I showed them how Satan had desired to have them, that he might sift them as wheat ; and afterwards told them there was but one way to take—to pass an absolute act of oblivion ; not to mention, on any pretence whatever, anything that had been said or done on either side. They fully determined so to do. If they keep that resolution, God will return to them.

*Thur. 19.*—I rode to Tiverton, and preached to a deeply serious congregation.

*Fri. 20.*—I preached at noon in Hillfarrance, near Taunton, where I had not been for fifteen years.

*Sat. 21.*—I preached about noon at Shepton Mallet, and then went on to Bristol.

*Wed. 25.*—About one I preached at Paulton, under a large, shady tree. My own soul, and I trust many others, were refreshed while I was describing our fellowship with the Father and the Son.

After visiting the other neighbouring places, on *Saturday* the 28th, at noon, I preached at Bath, but I had only the poor

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Rashleighs. The present owner and occupier are Mr. and Mrs. Higman. The latter is a direct descendant of the Meager, or Magor, who lived there in Wesley's time. In the eighteenth century

Methrose seems to have been the head of the East Cornwall circuit. See *Meth Rec.* Jan. 16, 1913 ; *W.H.S.* vol. iv p. 191 ; and above, vol. iv, p. 240.

<sup>1</sup> See below, p. 182.



to hear, there being service at the same time in Lady H[untingdon]'s chapel. So I was just in my element. I have scarce ever found such liberty at Bath before.

*Monday* the 30th and the two following days I examined the society at Bristol, and was surprised to find fifty members fewer than I left in it last October. One reason is, Christian Perfection has been little insisted on; and wherever this is not done, be the preachers ever so eloquent, there is little increase, either in the number or the grace of the hearers.

OCT. 5, *Sat.*<sup>1</sup>—I spent some time with the children at Kingswood. They are all in health; they behave well; they learn well; but, alas! (two or three excepted) there is no life in them!

About this time the oldest preacher in our connexion, Alexander Coates, rested from his labours. A little account of his death one who was in the house sent me, in these words:

NEWCASTLE, *October 7, 1765.*

I had an opportunity, the last evening, of seeing our dear, aged brother Coates.<sup>2</sup> A few days before he was sore tempted by the enemy, but near the close he had perfect peace. His faith was clear, and he found Christ precious, his portion, and his eternal all. I asked him, a little before he died, if he had 'followed cunningly devised fables.' He answered, 'No, no, no.' I then asked him whether he saw land. He said, 'Yes, I do'; and, after waiting a few moments at anchor, he put into the quiet harbour.

*Wed. 9.*—I read Mr. Jones's<sup>3</sup> ingenious *Essay on the Principles of Natural Philosophy*. He seems to have totally overthrown the Newtonian principles; but whether he can establish the Hutchinsonian is another question.

<sup>1</sup> On Oct. 5 he wrote to Mrs. Crosby (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 354).

<sup>2</sup> Alexander Coates was a native of North Britain, and at a very early period entered the Methodist itinerancy. He was one of the best of men, and a most useful preacher. Under his ministry in London Mr. Crosse, afterwards for many years the venerated vicar of Bradford, Yorkshire, was brought to a knowledge of the truth (*Orphan House*, pp. 112, 113, also see Atmore's *Memorial*, p. 75).

Wesley held him in high esteem, calling him 'Honest Sandy.' As a youth he could read with fluency the Scriptures in Danish and Dutch, and made some progress in Latin, Greek, and Hebrew. See *W.M. Mag.* 1844, pp. 3, 4.

<sup>3</sup> The *Essay* was published in London, 1762. William Jones was curate of Nayland, a high churchman, a strenuous advocate of the principles of John Hutchinson, and a violent opponent of the philosophy of Sir Isaac Newton.

*Friday* the 11th we observed as a day of fasting and prayer. *Sunday* the 13th<sup>1</sup> we met in the evening jointly to renew our covenant with God. It was, as usual, a time of remarkable blessing.

*Mon.* 14.—In the evening I preached at Shaftesbury, and on *Tuesday* at Wincanton. Riding homeward, we saw the pond in which a great man<sup>2</sup> a few weeks since put an end to a wretched life. And is death more welcome than life, even to a man that wallows in gold and silver?

*Sun.* 20.—I preached a funeral sermon at Kingswood over the remains of Susanna Flook, who, a few days before, rose up and said, 'I am dying,' and dropped down dead. So little security is there in youth or health! Be ye therefore likewise ready.

*Mon.* 21.—I went in the coach to Salisbury, and on *Thursday* the 24th<sup>3</sup> came to London.

*Mon.* 28.—I breakfasted with Mr. Whitefield, who seemed to be an old, old man, being fairly worn out in his Master's service, though he has hardly seen fifty years.<sup>4</sup> And yet it pleases God that I, who am now in my sixty-third year, find no disorder, no weakness, no decay, no difference from what I was at five and twenty, only that I have fewer teeth and more grey hairs.

*Nov.* 7, *Thur.*—A fire broke out near the corner of Leadenhall Street, which (the wind being exceeding high) soon seized on both the corners of the street and both the corners of Cornhill, and in a few hours destroyed above threescore houses. Yet no lives were lost. Even Mr. Rutland (at whose house it began) and his whole family were preserved, part escaping through the chamber window, part over the top of the house.<sup>5</sup>

*Sun.* 24.—I preached on those words in the Lesson for the day, 'The Lord our Righteousness.'<sup>6</sup> I said not one thing

<sup>1</sup> On the 13th he wrote a letter to 'A Member,' and on the 16th to Christopher Hopper (*Works*, vol. xii. pp. 281, 308).

<sup>2</sup> The official record reports the Hon. Charles Berkeley accidentally drowned by the capsizing of his boat while fishing in his own pond. Wesley adopts local report. See *W.H.S.* vol. iv. p. 184.

<sup>3</sup> In his *Journal* for Oct. 24, 1765, John Valton writes: 'Mr. Wesley arrived in perfect health, just in time to step into

the pulpit, and preach on Ps. lxxxi. 10.' The sermon was a reply to an objectionable phrase—'The imputed righteousness of Christ'—in Hervey's alleged *Eleven Letters*.

<sup>4</sup> On Aug. 3 Whitefield wrote, 'I am very weak in body.' See Whitefield's *Letters*.

<sup>5</sup> On Nov. 18 he wrote to T. Rankin (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 323).

<sup>6</sup> *Works*, vol. v. (Sermon 20),

which I have not said at least fifty times within this twelve-month; yet it appeared to many entirely new, who much importuned me to print my sermon, supposing it would stop the mouths of all gainsayers. Alas, for their simplicity! In spite of all I can print, say, or do, will not those who seek occasion of offence find occasion? <sup>1</sup>

DEC. 2, *Mon.*—I went to Canterbury. I had received most tragical accounts, as if the society were all fallen from grace, if ever they had any. I determined to search this to the bottom. To this end I examined them, one by one, and was agreeably surprised to find them all (none excepted) upright and blameless in their behaviour.

*Tues.* 3.—I rode to Dover, and found a little company more united together than they have been for many years. Whilst several of them continued to rob the King, we seemed to be ploughing upon the sand; but since they have cut off the right hand, the word of God sinks deep into their hearts.<sup>2</sup>

*Wed.* 4.—I preached about noon at Sandwich, and in the evening at Margate. A few people here also join in helping each other to work out their salvation. But the minister of the parish earnestly opposes them, and thinks he is doing God service!

*Thur.* 5.—I rode back to Faversham. Here I was quickly informed that the mob and the magistrates had agreed together to drive Methodism, so called, out of the town. After preaching, I told them what we had been constrained to do by the magistrate at Rolvenden; who perhaps would have been richer by some hundred pounds had he never meddled with the Methodists; concluding, ‘Since we have both God and the law on our side, if we can have peace by fair means, we had much rather; we should be exceeding glad; but if not, we *will* have peace.’

*Sat.* 7.—I returned to London.

*Wed.* 11.—I had much conversation with Mr. D——e, lately a Romish priest. What wonder is it, that we have so many converts to Popery and so few to Protestantism, when the former are sure to want nothing, and the latter almost sure to starve?

<sup>1</sup> On Dec. 1 he wrote to Lady Maxwell (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 341).

<sup>2</sup> His *Word to a Smuggler* had taken effect (*W.M. MAG.* 1880, p. 45).

*Thur.* 12.—I rode over to Leytonstone, and found one truly Christian family: that is, what that at Kingswood should be, and would, if it had such governors.

*Fri.* 13.—I examined the children, one by one. Several of them did find the love of God. One enjoys it still, and continues to walk humbly and closely with God.

*Sun.* 15.—I buried the remains of Henry Perronet, who had been a child of sorrow from his infancy. But from the time he was taken ill, his mind was more and more composed. The day and night before his death, he was praying continually; till, all fear being taken away, he cheerfully gave up his spirit to God.

*Wed.* 18.—Riding through the Borough, all my mare's feet flew up, and she fell with my leg under her. A gentleman, stepping out, lifted me up, and helped me into his shop. I was exceeding sick, but was presently relieved by a little hartshorn and water. After resting a few minutes, I took a coach; but when I was cold, found myself much worse; being bruised on my right arm, my breast, my knee, leg, and ankle, which swelled exceedingly.<sup>1</sup> However, I went on to Shoreham; where, by applying treacle twice a day, all the soreness was removed, and I recovered some strength, so as to be able to walk a little on plain ground. The word of God does at length bear fruit here also, and Mr. P[erronet] is comforted over all his trouble.

*Sat.* 21.—Being not yet able to ride, I returned in a chariot to London.

*Sun.* 22.—I was ill able to go through the service at West Street; but God provided for this also. Mr. Greaves, being just ordained, came straight to the chapel, and gave me the assistance I wanted.

*Thur.* 26.—I should have been glad of a few days' rest, but it could not be at this busy season. However, being electrified morning and evening, my lameness mended, though but slowly.

1766. JAN. 1, *Wed.*—A large congregation met in the Foundery at four o'clock, and ushered in the New Year with the voice of praise and thanksgiving. In the evening we met, as

<sup>1</sup> The effects of this accident continued for some time. He feared he never should be free from them. He still, however,

can 'take a horse,' but 'now and then a chaise.' (Letter to Blackwell, May 6, 1766, *Works*, vol. xii. p. 191.)

usual, at the church in Spitalfields, to renew our covenant with God. This is always a refreshing season, at which some prisoners are set at liberty.

*Fri. 3.*—Mr. B — called upon me, now calm and in his right mind. God has repressed his furious, bitter zeal by means of Mr. Whitefield. He (Mr. Whitefield) made the first breach among the Methodists; oh that God may empower him to heal it!

*Sun. 5.*—In the evening I went to Lewisham. *Thursday* the 9th I read Bishop Lowth's *Answer* to Bishop W[arburton].<sup>1</sup> If anything human could be a cure for pride, surely such a medicine as this would!

*Mon. 13.*—I went in the machine to Bury [St. Edmunds], and preached to a small, serious congregation.

*Tues. 14.*—The frozen road being exceeding rough, our machine broke down before day. However, it was patched up, so as to carry us to Botesdale; and in the evening I preached at Yarmouth. The work of God was increasing here, when poor B[enjamin] W[orship]<sup>2</sup> was converted to Calvinism. Immediately he declared open war, tore the society in pieces, took all he could to himself, wholly quitted the Church, and raised such a scandal as will not soon be removed. Yet doubtless he who turned the young man's head thinks he has done God service.

*Thur. 16.*—I rode to Norwich, and preached at seven in a large place, called the Priory.<sup>3</sup> The room, I suppose, was formerly the chapel: I like it the better on that account. After spending three days here more agreeably than I had done for

<sup>1</sup> *The Annual Register* says: 'Dr. Lowth, having been grossly treated by Warburton in an Appendix to the last volume of his *Divine Legation*, published a letter to the bishop in 1765, which in force of argument and wit is unrivalled.' The year following Lowth was advanced to the bishopric of St. David's, from which, in four months, he was translated to Oxford, and in 1777 to London. See also Gray's *Letters*, No. 116.

<sup>2</sup> See below, Oct. 22, 1783; also a probable allusion on Oct. 21, 1781. Six years earlier, when Howell Harris in

martial costume preached in Yarmouth, one of his converts was Benjamin Worship, a young solicitor, who became class-leader and local preacher. He afterwards wrecked the society, organized a society of his own, and preached in a small chapel at one of the Rows. After about two years his work collapsed.

<sup>3</sup> The walled-off chancel of St. Andrew's Hall, which is the nave and aisles of a Black Friars church, dated 1478. The Hall occupies the site of an earlier Chapel of the Virgin. The Dutch once used the chancel as a church.

many years, on *Monday* the 20th I left a society of a hundred and seventy members, regular, and well united together. In the evening the machine put up at the White Elm.<sup>1</sup> On *Tuesday* morning I reached Colchester.

I found the society here slowly recovering from the mischief done by offence and disputing together. I had great liberty of speech, both morning and evening; and God seemed strongly to apply His word. Surely they will at length learn to bear one another's burdens; then will 'the desert rejoice, and blossom as the rose.'

*Fri.* 24.—I returned to London.

*Tues.* 28.—Our brethren met together to consider our temporal affairs. One proposed that we should, in the first place, pay off the debt of the society, which was five hundred pounds. Towards this a hundred and seventy were subscribed immediately. At a second meeting this was enlarged to three hundred and twenty. Surely God will supply the rest.

*Fri.* 31.—Mr. Whitefield called upon me. He breathes nothing but peace and love.<sup>2</sup> Bigotry cannot stand before him, but hides its head wherever he comes.

*FEB.* 2, *Sun.*—I dined with W. Welsh, the father of the late Society for Reformation of Manners.<sup>3</sup> But that excellent design is at a full stop. They have indeed convicted the wretch who, by wilful perjury, carried the cause against them in Westminster Hall; but they could never recover the expense of that suit.<sup>4</sup> Lord, how long shall the ungodly triumph?

*Wed.* 5.—One called upon me who had been cheated out of

<sup>1</sup> An inn at Copdock, about four miles from Ipswich.

<sup>2</sup> From this period there was a closer union between Whitefield and Wesley than there had been for the last quarter of a century (Tyerman's *Life of Wesley*, vol. ii. p. 556).

<sup>3</sup> This was the second of two Societies. The first was formed about 1677. Samuel Wesley was a member, and on one occasion preached the annual sermon, taking the text afterwards selected by his son John for a similar occasion. See Tyerman's *Life of Samuel Wesley*, pp. 213–24. This Society ceased to exist

about 1730. In 1756 a second Society, having the same name and purpose, was organized. John Wesley and about fifty of his people were members. See *Works*, vol. vi. p. 149 (Sermon LII.), and Tyerman's *Life of Wesley*, vol. ii. pp. 468, 469.

<sup>4</sup> See note appended to Wesley's sermon before the Society preached in West Street Chapel, Jan. 30, 1763. For other references see above, pp. 4, 5. For the Woodward Religious Societies of which this Society in its earlier if not also its later, form was an outgrowth, see above, vol. ii. p. 71, and Simon's *Revival of Religion in the Eighteenth Century*.

a large fortune, and was now perishing for want of bread. I had a desire to clothe him, and send him back to his own country ; but was short of money. However, I appointed him to call again in an hour. He did so ; but, before he came, one from whom I expected nothing less put twenty guineas into my hand ; so I ordered him to be clothed from head to foot, and sent him straight away to Dublin.

*Monday* the 10th, and the four following days, I wrote a catalogue of the society, now reduced from eight-and-twenty hundred to about two-and-twenty. Such is the fruit of George Bell's enthusiasm and Thomas Maxfield's gratitude !

*Mon.* 17.—I preached at Sundon ; and many looked as if they understood something of what was said.

*Tues.* 18.—I went on to Bedford, and found James Glassbrook had just buried his wife : a woman of fine understanding and an excellent spirit, snatched away in the dawn of her usefulness. What Thou doest, we know not now ! We wonder and adore ! The next day I rode over to Cople,<sup>1</sup> where she died, and preached her funeral sermon. In the evening I preached at Bedford, and found God was there also : and

Where Thy presence is displayed is heaven.<sup>2</sup>

*Thur.* 20.—I preached at Hertford, and in the evening at Leytonstone.

*Fri.* 21.—I preached at Old Ford, near Bow. Part of the congregation were deeply serious ; the other part wild and stupid enough. But the bridle was in their mouth, so that they made no noise ; nay, and were, in a manner, attentive.

*Sun.* 23.—In the evening I went to Lewisham, and finished the notes on the book of Job. About this time one of Henry Jackson's daughters<sup>3</sup> gave me the following letter from her sister :

<sup>1</sup> Howard, the prison philanthropist, may have heard Wesley preach at Cople, either on this occasion or on Nov. 12 in the same year. He was more than twenty years younger than Wesley.

<sup>2</sup> Possibly from some English classic, but the sentiment is frequently found in

the Wesley hymns. See *W.H.S.* vol. v p. 215.

<sup>3</sup> See above, p. 69. Henry Jackson was then 'in his ninety-fifth or ninety-sixth year.' Wesley, not knowing the exact age, puts it vaguely, really understating (see next page).

NEWCASTLE, February 23, 1766.

On Thursday, the 13th of this month, my honoured father looked so beautiful and comely that we all wondered. At night, in his first sleep, he was taken very ill. On Friday morning I asked him what he could take. He answered, 'I am to eat no more.' His illness increased; but he was still calm and composed, and resigned to the will of God. Indeed I always beheld in him such faith, love, and divine resignation as I never saw in any other. On Sunday he said, 'Now my soul is prepared, and made ready to meet the Lord.' From this time he was filled with longing desires to depart and be with Christ; crying out, 'I cannot stay: I must go to my Beloved, to be with Him for ever.' Monday, 17, he said, 'I have fought a good fight; I have finished my course; I have kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of glory, which the righteous Judge shall give me at that day.' Tuesday, 18, after receiving the blessed sacrament, he declared to the minister, 'My anchor is cast within the veil, both sure and immovable.' And as long as he had his speech, he preached Christ to every one that came to see him. Indeed his whole life, for many years, was but one dedication of his body and soul to God; praying continually, and being lost in praise and thanksgiving to his adorable Saviour. In all the various dispensations of God's providence towards him and his family, he was still magnifying and praising His holy name; always thankful, humble, loving, and obedient. Nothing was able to move him one moment, or put him out of temper; but he received everything from the hand of God, with faith, patience, and resignation. Before his speech failed he blessed all his children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren; and on Thursday morning, February 20, yielded up his soul to God, being ninety-nine years and five months old.<sup>1</sup>

MARCH 1, Sat.—I read Bishop Lowth's<sup>2</sup> ingenious Lectures *De Poesi Hebraea*, far more satisfactory than anything on that subject which I ever saw before. He shows clearly that the noblest poetry may subsist without being beholden either to rhyme or fixed measures.

Thur. 6.—Our brethren met once more on account of the

<sup>1</sup> On Feb. 28 he wrote to his brother Charles. Apparently only a fragment of the letter has been preserved in print. There are pathetic sentences in it: 'If . . . I am (in some sense) the head, and you the heart, of the work; may it not be aid, "the whole head is sick, and the

whole heart is faint"?' See *Works*, vol. xii. p. 129.

<sup>2</sup> *Praelectiones de Sacra Poesi Hebraeorum Academiae Oxoniis habitae. Subjicitur Metricae Harianae brevis Consultatio, et Oratio Crewiana.* Oxon, 1753. (*W.H.S.* vol. iv. p. 138.)





1. THE TOWN HALL, COWBRIDGE (*see* p. 429).
2. MR. BLACKWELL'S HOUSE AT LEWISHAM.



public debt. And they did not part till more than the whole (which was six hundred and ten pounds) was subscribed.

*Sun. 9.*—In the evening I went to Knightsbridge,<sup>1</sup> and in the morning took the machine for Bristol,<sup>2</sup> where I preached (as I had appointed) on *Tuesday* evening, and met the society.

*Wed. 12.*—I rode over to Kingswood, and, having told my whole mind to the masters and servants, spoke to the children in a far stronger manner than ever I did before. I will kill or cure: I will have one or the other—a Christian school, or none at all.

*Sun. 16.*—I preached in Prince Street at eight, on 'Awake, thou that sleepest'; and at the Square<sup>3</sup> in the evening, to a listening multitude, on 'Come, Lord Jesus!' At Kingswood we had such a congregation at ten as has not been there for several years; and I had the satisfaction to find four of our children again rejoicing in the love of God.

*Mon. 17.*—I rode to Stroud, the sun shining as in May. Seventeen such days in the beginning of March, I suppose few men have known. But on *Tuesday* the weather entirely changed; and the piercing north-east wind, this and the two following days, was scarce supportable. At seven I preached in the room at Painswick, and about ten came to Cheltenham. Here I was in a strait; the house would not hold half the people, and the wind was keen enough. However, I thought this the less evil of the two, and so preached abroad, where we were tolerably sheltered. And I did not observe that any, rich or poor, went away till I concluded.

I reached Evesham about five in the evening, and preached about six with tolerable quiet. But as we returned, the mob, encouraged by the wretched magistrate, were rude and noisy enough. Yet as they neither saluted us with stones nor dirt, we were well contented.

*Wed. 19.*—We called at a little inn, about sixteen miles from

<sup>1</sup> He seems to have been staying with Mr. John Walsh of Knightsbridge. See *W.H.S.* vol. iv. p. 24.

<sup>2</sup> In the middle of February 1766 Joseph Benson had arrived in London

from Newcastle in order to see Wesley; and probably he travelled with Wesley to Kingswood on this occasion, receiving the appointment of classical master there,

<sup>3</sup> King Square.

Evesham.<sup>1</sup> But as Duncan Wright and I had our hoods on, the good woman was frightened, and did not care to take us in : so we rode a mile or two farther to another house, where we came in season. After a little talk, the woman of the house said, 'I fear it is not so well with me as it was once. Before I married, I used to kneel down in the cow-house, to pray to God for all I wanted. But now I am incumbered with worldly cares ; and yet God has not forgotten me. Last winter, when my husband had lost the use of all his limbs, I prayed to God for him, and he was well.' This woman knew nothing about the Methodists ; but God is nigh to all who call upon Him.

In the evening I preached at Birmingham. Towards the close, the mob gathered ; but they were restrained till I had concluded.

*Thur. 20.*—It was as much as we could do to bear the cold before sunrise. However, we came well to Burton before eleven, where I preached to an exceeding serious congregation. In the evening I preached at Nottingham in the new house,<sup>2</sup> thoroughly filled with serious hearers. Indeed there is never any disturbance here. And there could be none anywhere if the magistrates were lovers of peace, and exerted themselves in the defence of it.

*Sun. 23.*—I had thoughts of preaching in the market-place ; but the snow which fell in the night made it impracticable. In the morning the house contained the congregation ; but in the evening many were constrained to go away. There seems to be now (what never was before) a general call to the town.

*Mon. 24.*—We rode to Derby. I never saw this house full before, the people in general being profoundly careless. I endeavoured to show them their picture by enlarging on those words, 'Gallio cared for none of these things.'

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<sup>1</sup> The inn is doubtless 'The Boot' at Mapleborough Green, which is fifteen miles and a half from Evesham. At Branson's Cross, four miles farther, is an old house at which may have lived the woman who took the travellers in.

<sup>2</sup> For twenty-four years Methodism

had conducted its services, for the most part, in private houses. Latterly a room at the top of Bottle Lane had been engaged ; and this year (1766) the Tabernacle, near to Boot Lane, was erected. It was known as the Octagon, and stood near the present Octagon Place.

*Tues. 25.*—At ten I preached in their new house at Crich,<sup>1</sup> about twelve miles from Derby, to a loving, simple-hearted people; many of whom *felt* what I spoke of fellowship with the Father and with the Son. Thence we rode on, through several heavy showers of snow, to Sheffield, where at six we had a numerous congregation. There has been much disturbance here this winter; but to-night all was peace.

*Thur. 27.*—I preached in the morning at a little village near Eyam,<sup>2</sup> in the High Peak. The eagerness with which the poor people devoured the word made me amends for the cold ride over the snowy mountains. The same earnestness I observed in the congregation at Macclesfield; and yet hardly a third part of those I formerly examined now retain the glorious liberty which they then enjoyed.

*Fri. 28 (being Good Friday).*—As soon as we came from church I began at Stockport on 'We preach Christ crucified; to the Jews a stumbling-block, and to the Greeks foolishness.' At six in the evening I preached at Manchester; and on *Saturday*,<sup>3</sup> and on *Easter Day*. In the evening I explained to the society the nature of the yearly subscription. On this one sent me the following letter:

March 31, 1766.

GOOD SIR,

I thought proper to send you a few lines concerning what you spoke of last night. How good it was that you put us all together as one family; that each might do his utmost to help all his brethren! Had you spoke of this sooner, and opened your mind freely as you did yesterday, where I have given one shilling, I would

<sup>1</sup> Erected in 1765. This building, and the house of Mr. Smith on Crich Common in which Wesley was entertained, are both still standing. (*Meth. Rec.* Dec. 28, 1905).

<sup>2</sup> See Everett's *Methodism in Sheffield*, p. 202. Eyam, the village famous for its visitation of plague and for the heroic conduct of its vicar, is midway between Sheffield and Buxton, on the road to Macclesfield. We do not know in which of the neighbouring villages Wesley preached. Calver, in the valley of the Derwent, with its Wesleyan Methodist Lay Workers' Training College of 'Cliff,' is about

four miles distant. Stoney Middleton and Tideswell are nearer, and Foolow and Hucklow nearer still. At Grindleford tradition points out the spot on which Wesley stood when he preached; but all the villages in the district have a Methodist history, more or less, and chapels with village societies are numerous. (*W.H.S.* vol. vi. p. 35.)

<sup>3</sup> On March 29 he wrote to Mrs. Bennis of Limerick on the direct witness of Sanctification and on the conditions under which testifying becomes a duty. (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 385, and *Christian Correspondence*, p. 17).

have given one pound. My heart was rejoiced at the good news, so as my tongue cannot express. I was ready to cry out, with Zacchaeus, 'Lo, the half of my goods I give to the poor.' I have sent you two guineas towards carrying on the work of the Lord. And may the blessing of the Lord go with it, for I give it freely; I would rather it had been twoscore.

W. N.

APRIL 1, *Tues.*—On a close examination, out of more than fifty persons who, two or three years ago, were filled with the love of God, I did not find above a third part who had not suffered loss.<sup>1</sup> But almost all were deeply sensible of their loss, and earnestly groaning for what they once enjoyed.

*Wed. 2.*—We rode through heavy rain to Chester.<sup>2</sup>

*Fri. 4.*—I visited a poor woman, who has been ill eight years, and is not yet weary or faint in her mind. A heavy-laden sinner desired to receive the sacrament with her, and found rest to her soul; and from that hour increased every day in the knowledge and love of God.

*Mon. 7.*—I preached at Warrington, about noon, to a large congregation, rich and poor, learned and unlearned. I never spoke more plain; nor have I ever seen a congregation listen with more attention. Thence I rode to Liverpool, and thoroughly regulated the society, which had great need of it.

*Wed. 9.*—I took much pains with a sensible woman who had taken several imprudent steps. But it was labour lost—neither argument nor persuasion made the least impression. Oh, what power less than almighty can convince a thorough-paced enthusiast!

*Thur. 10.*—I looked over the wonderful deed which was lately made here<sup>3</sup>: on which I observed (1) it takes up three large skins of parchment, and so could not cost less than six guineas; whereas our own deed, transcribed by a friend, would

<sup>1</sup> The Wesley correspondence of this period bears testimony to the reaction against Christian Perfection which had set in, and which so greatly distressed Wesley. See letter from Sligo to Mrs. Crosby, May 2, 1766 (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 354), and to Merryweather of Yarm, Feb. 8, 1766 (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 270).

<sup>2</sup> For the texts on which he preached

in Chester during the five days spent there see *W.H.S.* vol. iii. p. 20 (extract from Mary Gilbert's Journal).

<sup>3</sup> For further details of this deed (which seems to have remained unaltered during Wesley's lifetime) and of the Liverpool (Mount Pleasant) deed, see the Rev. George Lester's note in *W.H.S.* vol. vii. pp. 138-9.

not have cost six shillings; (2) it is verbose beyond all sense and reason, and withal so ambiguously worded that one passage only might find matter for a suit of ten or twelve years in Chancery; (3) it everywhere calls the house a meeting-house, a name which I particularly object to<sup>1</sup>; (4) it leaves no power, either to the assistant or me, so much as to place or displace a steward; (5) neither I, nor all the Conference have power to send the same preacher two years together. To crown all (6) if a preacher is not appointed at the Conference the trustees and the congregation are to choose one by most votes! And can any one wonder I dislike this deed, which tears the Methodist discipline up by the roots?

Is it not strange that any who have the least regard, either for me or our discipline, should scruple to alter this uncouth deed?

*Fri. 11.*—I preached near Wigan to a large number of serious, well-behaved people, mixed with a few as stupidly insolent creatures as I ever saw. Finding them proof both against reason and persuasion, at length I rebuked them sharply. This they understood, and quickly retired. So I concluded in peace.

*Sat. 12.*—I was desired to preach at Hindley, three or four miles from Wigan. The sun shone hot, but I had some shelter; and the artless people drank in every word. About six I began in the street at Bolton. The wind was then high, and cold enough; but I soon forgot it, and so did most of the people, being almost as thirsty as those at Hindley. When I began on *Sunday*, in the afternoon, the wind was exceeding sharp; but it fell in a few moments, and we had a mild, agreeable summer evening.

*Mon. 14.*—I preached at Middleton, six miles from Manchester. A sharp shower of hail began in the middle of the sermon; but scarce any went away.

*Tues. 15.*—We rode to Chapel-en-le-Frith. We had a rough salutation in riding through the town; at the end of which, a multitude of people being gathered together in a convenient meadow, I preached on 'By grace are ye saved through faith.'

<sup>1</sup> 'Warn our people against calling plain preaching-houses,' Wesley said at our houses meeting-houses; call them one of the early Conferences.

God spoke in His word. It was an acceptable time, and few went empty away.

In riding over the dreary mountains of the High Peak we met with several storms; but we were no worse when we came to Rotherham, where I preached in the evening. The spirit of the congregation was able to enliven the dullest preacher. Indeed it was good to be here.

*Wed. 16.*—About two in the afternoon I had another kind of congregation at Doncaster, wild and stupid enough. Yet all were tolerably civil, many attentive, and some affected. Thence we hasted to Epworth. Here I took knowledge of the same spirit as at Rotherham. What a blessing is it to be with those who are alive to God! But how few duly value this blessing!

*Fri. 18.*—I set out for the eastern part of Lincolnshire, and, after preaching at Alkborough and Barrow in the way, came the next day to our old friends at Grimsby. It put me in mind of Purrysburg,<sup>1</sup> in Georgia. It was one of the largest towns in the county; it is no bigger than a middling village, containing a small number of half-starved inhabitants, without any trade, either foreign or domestic. But this they have: they love the gospel, hardly six families excepted. And a large proportion of them have found 'it is the power of God unto salvation.'

*Mon. 21.*—Between nine and ten I began preaching in an open place at Louth. The mob here used to be exceeding boisterous; but none now opened his mouth. How easily, when it seems Him good, does God 'still the madness of the people'!

Hence we rode to Trusthorpe-in-the-Marsh,<sup>2</sup> where a multitude of plain, simple-hearted people assembled. When I met the society after preaching, abundance of them crowded in, many of whom, while we were wrestling with God in prayer, cried out with a loud and bitter cry. But it was not long before some of them rejoiced with joy unspeakable.

*Tues. 22.*—I preached to a congregation of a very different kind at Horncastle. John Hill has done more mischief here

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<sup>1</sup> See above, vol. i. p. 352.

<sup>2</sup> Near Alford.



than a man of far greater talents can do good. By that unhappy division of the society he has opened the mouths of all the gain-sayers ; and, to complete the scandal, he and six-and-twenty more have been dipped ! ‘Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel !’

*Wed. 23.*—I preached at five, in Torrington at nine, and about two at Scotter, where the poor people now enjoy great quietness by means of Sir N[evil] H[ickman].<sup>1</sup> About six I preached at Ferry. I do not choose to preach above twice or thrice in a day ; but when I am called to do more, it is all one ; I find strength according to my need.

*Thur. 24.*—I rode to Epworth, and the next day, through heavy rain, to Swinefleet. I supposed, as the rain kept many from coming, the preaching-house would contain the congregation, but it would not. However, as the doors and windows were open, I believe most of them could hear ; and the eagerness with which they heard made me hope they were not forgetful hearers.

*Sun. 27.*—I rode over to Misterton, and visited a young woman who, a year or two since, was struck first with deep melancholy, and soon after with utter distraction. We were quickly convinced whence her disorder came. Let physicians do all they will or can, yet it will be found, in the end, that ‘this kind goeth not out but by prayer and fasting.’

After preaching I hasted away to Haxey, and came thither before the church began. The curate preached a very harmless sermon against the Methodists. Between one and two I preached at Westwood-side on ‘Behold, now is the day of salvation.’ And it seemed as if all had ears to hear. About four I began in the market-place at Epworth on ‘He beheld the city, and wept over it.’ And such a call I think the inhabitants of this town have scarce ever had before.

*Mon. 28.*—I preached at Thorne. Although a great part of the congregation had never heard one preach under a tree before, yet they behaved extremely well. Before we came to York I was thoroughly tired ; but my strength quickly returned, so that, after preaching to a large congregation and meeting the society, I was fresher than when I began.

See above, p. 56.

*Tues. 29.*—I preached at noon in the new house at Thirsk,<sup>1</sup> almost equal to that at Yarm—and why not quite, seeing they had the model before their eyes, and had nothing to do but to copy after it? Is it not an amazing weakness that, when they have the most beautiful pattern before them, all builders will affect to mend something? So the *je ne sais quoi* is lost, and the second building scarce ever equals the first.

I preached at Yarm in the evening, and the next at Newcastle.<sup>2</sup> I know not to what it is owing that I have felt more wearisome this spring than I had done before for many years; unless to my fall at Christmas,<sup>3</sup> which perhaps weakened the springs of my whole machine more than I was sensible of.

*MAY 1, Thur.*—I enjoyed a little rest. I do not find the least change in this respect. I love quietness and silence as well as ever; but if I am called into noise and tumult, all is well.

*Sun. 4.*—The rain constrained me to preach in the room, both in the morning and evening. But it was fair at two while I preached abroad at the Fell, where the room could not contain one half of the congregation.

*Tues. 6.*<sup>4</sup>—I rode to Sunderland. On *Wednesday* and *Thursday* evening I preached in Monkwearmouth Church.

*Sat. 10.*—I spent an agreeable hour at a Quaker's, a man of large substance. His spirit put me in mind of Thomas Keene.<sup>5</sup> May thy last end be like his!

*Sun. 11.*—The weather not permitting me to preach abroad, I preached in the room, morning and evening, and about eleven

<sup>1</sup> Built by Mr. Wells, who used to conduct public worship in the absence of the preacher. His daughter, Margaret, knew the Wesleys and John Nelson. She often heard them preach at Thirsk Cross. (*W.M. Mag.* 1833, p. 750.)

<sup>2</sup> Writing to Lady Maxwell from Newcastle on May 6 he says, 'On the 24th inst. I hoped to be at Edinburgh with my wife and daughter.' See *Works*, vol. xii. p. 342. No doubt in Newcastle he would stay at the Orphan House, accompanied by Mrs. Wesley and Miss Vazeille.

<sup>3</sup> See above, p. 152.

<sup>4</sup> On May 6, in a letter to Mr. Blackwell, he refers to the effects of his fall at Christmas, and to the amazing willingness in the people to receive either instruction or exhortation. 'We find this temper now even in many of the higher rank.' A final sentence shows that at this date he was living on friendly terms with his wife. This is the last of the long series of Blackwell Letters. (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 191.)

<sup>5</sup> See Charles Wesley's Journal, vol. i. pp. 158, 235, 392.

in Monkwearmouth Church. In the evening some hundreds of us solemnly renewed our covenant with God, and He answered many in the joy of their hearts.<sup>1</sup>

*Mon. 12.*—After preaching at South Shields about noon, and at North Shields in the evening, I returned to Newcastle. In the following days I preached at as many of the neighbouring places as I could, and on *Monday* the 19th set out northward. About two I preached to the honest colliers at Plessey, and in the evening at Morpeth.

*Tues. 20.*—About noon I preached at Felton. There were many hearers, though the wind was extremely sharp ; and most of them were attentive, but very few seemed to understand anything of the matter. I preached at Alnwick in the evening.

*Wed. 21.*—We spent an hour in the Castle and the gardens, which the Duke<sup>2</sup> is enlarging and improving daily, and turning into a little paradise. What pity that he must leave all these, and die like a common man !

*Thur. 22.*—At eleven I preached in the street at Belford, fifteen miles beyond Alnwick. The hearers were seriously attentive, and a few seemed to understand what was spoken. Between six and seven I preached in the town hall at Berwick. I had an uncommon liberty in speaking, and a solemn awe sat on the faces of all the hearers. Is God again visiting this poor, barren place ?

*Fri. 23.*—When I came to Old Cambus<sup>3</sup> I found notice had been given of my preaching about a mile off. So I took horse without delay and rode to Cockburnspath, where the congregation was waiting. I spoke as plain as I possibly could, but very few appeared to be at all affected. It seems to be with them as with most in the north—they know everything, and feel nothing.

I had designed to preach abroad at Dunbar in the evening, but the rain drove us into the house. It was for good. I

<sup>1</sup> For an article, with illustrations, on Sunderland and Monkwearmouth see *W.M. Mag.* 1910, p. 885. See also above, vol. iv. p. 323.

<sup>2</sup> This was the first Duke of Northumberland, who was raised to the highest

rank in the peerage this same year (1766).

<sup>3</sup> The country, 'dreary enough' at this time, was changed twenty years later into a pleasure-garden. The people were changed, as Wesley found. See below, May 23, 1788.

now had a full stroke at their hearts, and I think some *felt* themselves sinners.

*Sat. 24.*—In the afternoon, notice having been given a week before, I went to the room at Preston Pans; and I had it all to myself, neither man, woman, nor child offered to look me in the face. So I ordered a chair to be placed in the street. Then forty or fifty crept together; but they were mere stocks and stones—no more concerned than if I had talked Greek. In the evening I preached in the new room at Edinburgh,<sup>1</sup> a large and commodious building.

*Mon. 26.*—I spent some hours at the meeting of the National Assembly.<sup>2</sup> I am very far from being of Mr. Whitefield's mind, who greatly commends the solemnity of this meeting. I have seen few less solemn; I was extremely shocked at the behaviour of many of the members. Had any preacher behaved so at our Conference he would have had no more place among us.

*Wed. 28.*—I preached at Leith, and spoke exceeding plain. A few received the truth in the love thereof.

JUNE 1, *Sun.*—Many of the ministers were present at seven, with a large and serious congregation. In the afternoon I heard a thundering sermon in the new kirk, occasioned by Mr. Jardin's (a minister) dropping down dead in the Assembly a day or two before. I preached in the evening on 'The Spirit and the Bride say, Come!' A few, I trust, closed with the invitation.

*Mon. 2.*—I came to Dundee, wet enough. But it cleared up in the evening, so that I preached abroad to a large congregation, many of whom attended in the morning.

*Tues. 3.*—The congregation was still larger in the evening, but on *Wednesday* the rain kept us in the house.

*Thur. 5.*—It being fair, we had a more numerous congregation than ever; to whom, after preaching, I took occasion to repeat most of the plausible objections which had been made to us in Scotland. I then showed our reasons for the things which had been objected to us, and all seemed to be thoroughly satisfied.

<sup>1</sup> In Low Calton. See above, p. 112.

<sup>2</sup> This was the fourth year in succession that Wesley was in Edinburgh when the General Assembly of the Church of Scot-

land was in session. With Mrs. Wesley and her daughter, he was probably the guest of Lady Maxwell.

The sum of what I spoke was this :

I love plain dealing. Do not you? I will use it now. Bear with me.

I hang out no false colours; but show you all I am, all I intend, all I do.

I am a member of the Church of England; but I love good men of every Church.

My ground is the Bible. Yea, I am a Bible-bigot. I follow it in all things, both great and small.

Therefore, 1. I always use a short private prayer when I attend the public service of God. Do not you? Why do you not? Is not this according to the Bible?

2. I stand whenever I sing the praise of God in public. Does not the Bible give you plain precedents for this?

3. I always kneel before the Lord my Maker when I pray in public.

4. I generally in public use the Lord's Prayer, because Christ has taught me, when I pray, to say —

I advise every preacher connected with me, whether in England or Scotland, herein to tread in my steps.

*Fri.* 6.—We went on to Aberdeen, about seventy measured miles. The congregation in the evening was larger than the usual one at Edinburgh, and the number of those who attended in the morning showed they were not all curious hearers.

*Sun.* 8.—Knowing no reason why we should make God's day the shortest of the seven, I desired Joseph Thompson<sup>1</sup> to preach at five. At eight I preached myself. In the afternoon I heard a strong, close sermon at Old Aberdeen, and afterward preached in the college kirk to a very genteel and yet serious congregation. I then opened and enforced the way of holiness, at New Aberdeen, on a numerous congregation.

*Mon.* 9.—I kept a watch-night, and explained to abundance of genteel people, 'One thing is needful'; a great number of whom would not go away till after the noon of night.

*Tues.* 10.—I rode over to Sir Archibald Grant's.<sup>2</sup> The church was pretty well filled, and I spoke exceeding plain; yet

<sup>1</sup> The itinerant preacher then stationed in Aberdeen.

<sup>2</sup> At Monymusk. See above, p. 74, and vol. iv. p. 451.

the hearers did not appear to be any more affected than the stone walls.

*Wed. 11.*—I returned to Aberdeen, where many of the people were much alive to God. With these our labour has not been in vain ; and they are worth all the pains we have taken in Scotland.

*Fri. 13.*—We reached Brechin a little before twelve. Quickly after, I began preaching in the flesh-market, on the 'one thing needful.' It being the fair-day, the town was full of strangers, and perhaps some of them were found of Him they sought not. I preached in the evening at Dundee, with greater liberty than ever before.

*Sat. 14.*—It rained from the moment we set out till (about one) we came to Kinghorn. Finding the boat was not to move till four o'clock, I purposed to hire a pinnace ; but the wind springing up fair, I went into the large boat. Quickly it fell calm again, so that we did not get over till past seven.

*Sun. 15.*—Our room was very warm in the afternoon, through the multitude of people, a great number of whom were people of fashion, with many ministers. I spoke to them with the utmost plainness, and, I believe, not in vain ; for we had such a congregation at five in the morning as I never saw in Edinburgh before. It is scarce possible to speak too plain in England ; but it is scarce possible to speak plain enough in Scotland. And if you do not, you lose all your labour ; you plough upon the sand.

*Mon. 16.*—I took a view of one of the greatest natural curiosities in the kingdom—what is called Arthur's Seat : a small, rocky eminence, six or seven yards across, on the top of an exceeding high mountain,<sup>1</sup> not far from Edinburgh. The prospect from the top of the Castle is large, but it is nothing in comparison of this. In the evening we had another Sunday's congregation, who seemed more affected than the day before.

*Tues. 17.*—It rained much, yet abundance of people came ; and again God made bare His arm. I can now leave Edinburgh with comfort, for I have fully delivered my own soul.

*Wed. 18.*—I set out for Glasgow. In the afternoon the rain poured down, so that we were glad to take shelter in a little

<sup>1</sup> It is 819 ft. above low-water mark at Leith : the view from it is magnificent.

See Sir Walter Scott's *Heart of Midlothian*, chap. vii.

house, where I soon began to talk with our host's daughter, eighteen or nineteen years old. But, to my surprise, I found her as ignorant of the nature of religion as a Hottentot. And many such I have found in Scotland; able to read, nay, and repeat the Catechism, but wholly unacquainted with true religion, yea, and all genuine morality. This evening we were in the house, but the next I preached abroad to many more than the house could contain. On *Friday*<sup>1</sup> the number was greatly increased, but much more on *Saturday*. I then enlarged upon communion with God, as the only real, scriptural religion; and I believe many felt that, with all their orthodoxy, they had no religion still.

What a difference there is between the society here and that at Dundee! There are about sixty members there, and scarce more than six scriptural believers. Here are seventy-four members, and near thirty among them lively, zealous believers; one of whom was justified thirty years ago and another of them two-and-forty, and several of them have been for many years rejoicing in God their Saviour.

*Sun. 22.*—At seven I was obliged to preach abroad, and the word sunk deep into the hearers. I almost wondered at myself for speaking so plain, and wondered how they could bear it. It is the Lord's doing! In the afternoon Mr. Gillies was unusually close and convincing. At five I preached on 'Oh that thou hadst known, at least in this thy day, the things that make for thy peace!' I almost despaired of making the whole congregation hear, but by their behaviour it seems they did. In the close I enlarged upon their prejudices, and explained myself with regard to most of them. Shame, concern, and a mixture of various passions were painted on most faces; and I perceived the Scots, if you touch but the right key, receive as lively impressions as the English.

*Mon. 23.*—We rode in a mild, cool day to Thornhill, about sixty (measured) miles from Glasgow. Here I met with Mr. Knox's *History of the Church of Scotland*<sup>2</sup>; and could any

<sup>1</sup> On June 20 he wrote a letter to the subscribers to his *Notes on the Old Testament*. One of these circulars was found in a copy of the *Notes* by the Rev. Wilfrid J. Moulton, M.A., and was

published in the *W.H.S.* vol. ii. p. 219.

<sup>2</sup> *The History of the Reformation of Religion within the Realm of Scotland*. First published at Edinburgh in 1584. See *W.H.S.* vol. iv. p. 138.

man wonder if the members of it were more fierce, sour, and bitter of spirit than some of them are? For what a pattern have they before them! I know it is commonly said, 'The work to be done needed such a spirit.' Not so; the work of God does not, cannot need the work of the devil to forward it. And a calm, even spirit goes through rough work far better than a furious one. Although, therefore, God did use, at the time of the Reformation, some sour, overbearing, passionate men, yet He did not use them *because* they were such, but *notwithstanding* they were so. And there is no doubt He would have used them much more had they been of a humbler and milder spirit.

*Tues. 24.*—Before eight we reached Dumfries, and after a short bait pushed on in hopes of reaching Solway Firth before the sea was come in.<sup>1</sup> Designing to call at an inn by the Firth side, we inquired the way, and were directed to leave the main road and go straight to the house which we saw before us. In ten minutes Duncan Wright was embogged. However, the horse plunged on, and got through. I was inclined to turn back; but Duncan telling me I needed only go a little to the left, I did so, and sunk at once to my horse's shoulders. He sprung up twice, and twice sunk again, each time deeper than before. At the third plunge he threw me on one side, and we both made shift to scramble out. I was covered with fine, soft mud from my feet to the crown of my head; yet, blessed be God, not hurt at all. But we could not cross till between seven and eight o'clock. An honest man crossed with us, who went two miles out of his way to guide us over the sands to Skinburness, where we found a little clean house, and passed a comfortable night.

*Wed. 25.*—We rode on to Whitehaven. Here I spent the rest of the week.<sup>2</sup>

*Sun. 29.*—I appointed the children to meet me, and desired Mr. Atlay to meet them for the time to come. At one Robert

<sup>1</sup> For the crossing of Solway Firth see *W.H.S.* vol. vii. p. 7.

<sup>2</sup> On June 27 he wrote to his brother Charles from Whitehaven. He pleads for a thorough reform of the preachers.

<sup>3</sup> I wish you could come to Leeds with

John Jones, in the machine. It comes in two days' (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 130). The day following, June 28, he wrote a strong, frank letter to Mrs. R., whom we may identify as Mrs. Ryan (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 265).



Williams preached in the market-place to some thousands of people, all quiet and attentive. About five I preached near the town to a willing multitude, many of whom seemed to be cut to the heart.

*Mon. 30.*—About two we reached Penrith. Two of our friends guided us thence to Appleby, a county town worthy of Ireland, containing at least five-and-twenty houses. I was desired to preach here; but, being very wet, I chose to ride on to Arthur Johnson's, near Brough. I would willingly have preached (though we had rode upwards of seventy miles); but it was a lone house, and there was not time to gather a congregation.

*JULY 1, Tues.*—The neighbours soon came together, to whom I preached at seven, and then rode on to Barnard Castle, and met the steward of the societies, greatly increased since I was here before. At six I preached in an open space, adjoining to the preaching-house. As the militia were in town, the far greater part of them attended, with a large congregation from town and country. It rained most of the time I was speaking; but, I believe, hardly six persons went away. At the lovefeast which followed several spoke their experience with all simplicity. One poor mourner was set at liberty, and many greatly comforted.

*Wed. 2.*—About noon I preached in Teesdale, and in Weardale at six in the evening. Here a poor woman was brought to us who had been disordered several years, and was now raving mad. She cursed and blasphemed in a terrible manner, and could not stand or sit still for a moment. However, her husband constrained her to come to the place where I was going to preach; and he held her there by main strength, although she shrieked in the most dreadful manner; but in a quarter of an hour she left off shrieking, and sat motionless and silent, till she began crying to God, which she continued to do, almost without intermission, till we left her.

*Thur. 3.*—We rode through a pleasant vale to Wolsingham, where I began singing near the middle of the town. A few soon gathered together, and their number increased all the time I was preaching. Only one young man behaved amiss, striving to divert them that were near him; but they would not be diverted: so that after a while he grew serious too.

In the evening we came once more to Newcastle. On *Saturday* I rode to Sunderland; and at eight the next morning preached at the east end of the town to a huge multitude, the greater part of whom had little thought of God or devil. Thence we returned to Gateshead Fell, where was a multitude of another kind, ripe for the whole gospel. Here, therefore, as well as at the Garth Heads about five, I enlarged on those solemn words, 'To-day, if you will hear His voice, harden not your hearts.'

*Mon. 7.*—I rode to Durham, and preached about noon on our Lord's lamentation over Jerusalem. In the evening, the rain hindering me from preaching in the street at Hartlepool, I had a large congregation in the assembly-room. Many of them were present again in the morning, and seemed 'almost persuaded to be Christians.'

*Tues. 8.*—While I was preaching at Stockton a drunken man made some disturbance. I turned and spoke strongly to him. He stood reprov'd, and listened with much attention.

*Wed. 9.*<sup>1</sup>—We had our Quarterly Meeting at Yarm. The societies in this circuit increase; that is, among the poor; for the rich, generally speaking, 'care for none of these things.'

*Thur. 10.*—About two in the afternoon, I preached at Potto, and in the evening at Hutton Rudby. Here is the largest society in these parts, and the most alive to God. After spending some time with them all, I met those apart who believe they are saved from sin. I was agreeably surprised. I think not above two, out of sixteen or seventeen whom I examined, have lost the direct witness of that salvation ever since they experienced it.

*Fri. 11.*—I preached at five on the spies who 'brought up an evil report' on the good land. I breakfasted at——'s, and met with a very remarkable family. He himself, his wife, and three of his daughters are a pattern to all round about them. About nine I preached in the new house at Stokesley; but it would by no means contain the congregation. I came to Guisborough a little before twelve, and found notice had been given of my preaching there; so, having no time to lose, I

<sup>1</sup> He wrote to his brother Charles, referring to the chaise and pair of horses given him by Miss Lewen, and urging

him to come to London (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 131). He wrote also to the Dean of Ripon (vol. xii. p. 268).

began without delay, in the street where I alighted. I had a serious congregation in a few minutes, and did not at all repent of my labour. After riding on to Whitby, and preaching at seven, I was no more tired than when I rose in the morning.

*Sun. 13.*—I preached at seven in the room ; at one in the main street on the other side the water. A vast multitude quickly ran together, and were deeply attentive. At five I preached in the new market-place to a still larger congregation. A great number of them attended at five in the morning, and we had a solemn parting.

About one I preached in the little square at Robin Hood's Bay, and rode on to Scarborough. We were met near the town by a furious thunder-shower, but it was quickly over ; and, a fair evening following, I preached in the garden to a tolerably serious congregation.

*Tues. 15.*—I had much conversation with Mr. C[onyers],<sup>1</sup> whom some had again taken true pains to prejudice. I think he is once more set right, but fear it will not continue long. It rained hard at six, but was fair at seven. Just as I ended my sermon the rain began again.

*Wed. 16.*—About ten I reached Middleton, near Pickering. The church was pretty well filled. I preached on part of the Second Lesson, John iv., particularly the twenty-fourth verse ; and all the congregation seemed earnest to know how they might worship God 'in spirit and in truth.'

In the evening most of the congregation at Malton were of another kind ; but a whole troop of the Oxford Blues, who stood together and were deeply serious, kept them in awe ; so that all behaved decently, and many of the soldiers were present again in the morning.

*Thur. 17.*—In the way to Beverley I called upon Sir Charles Hotham<sup>2</sup> and spent a comfortable hour. I preached before the

<sup>1</sup> Rev. Dr. Conyers, of Helmsley. See above, p. 58.

<sup>2</sup> At South Dalton. Sir Charles Hotham was the son of Lady Gertrude Hotham, and nephew of the famous Lord Chesterfield, through whose interest he was appointed Groom of the Bed-chamber to George III. Like the

Countess of Huntingdon, Lady Gertrude opened her house for preaching. She was one of the most honoured and beloved ladies in the evangelical circle. The death of her daughter, who had been converted under Whitefield, created a profound impression. Whitefield preached her funeral sermon in the

time appointed at Hull; by which means the room was but moderately filled. It was near full at five in the morning; at noon I believe few were unaffected. When we took horse in the afternoon, it was quite calm, and the sun was extremely scorching; but the wind soon rose, and brought on the clouds; so we had a pleasant ride to Beverley. I preached at six in a house as warm as an oven; and the people were tolerably attentive. Who knows but we may find again, after many days, the bread we are now casting upon the waters?

*Sat. 19.*—I took a view of Beverley Minster, such a parish church as has scarce its fellow in England. It is a most beautiful as well as stately building, both within and without, and is kept more nicely clean than any cathedral which I have seen in the kingdom; but where will it be when the earth is burned up, and the elements melt with fervent heat? About one I preached at Pocklington (though my strength was much exhausted), and in the evening at York.

*Sun. 20.*—After preaching at eight, I went to St. Saviour-gate church. Towards the close of the prayers the rector sent the sexton to tell me the pulpit was at my service.<sup>1</sup> I

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Tabernacle before an immense congregation. Lady Gertrude's only son, Sir Charles, lost his wife suddenly, shortly after their marriage. This severe affliction was the appointed means of leading him to a deeper knowledge and experience of the truth. From that time he defied all the sneers of the Court, and dared to be 'singularly good.' The Hothams were on terms of intimate friendship with the Wesleys. It was fitting that Madan's tune set to the Wesley hymn, 'Jesu, Lover of my soul,' should be called Hotham. See above, vol. iv. p. 358; also *Life of the Countess of Huntingdon*, vol. i. p. 457.

<sup>1</sup> Shortly before, Mr. Cordeux had warned his congregation against 'hearing that vagabond Wesley.' According to his usual custom, Wesley entered the church dressed in full canonicals. Observing a strange clergyman in his audience, the rector invited him to preach. After service he asked the clerk who the

stranger was: 'Sir,' said he, 'it is that vagabond Wesley, against whom you warned us.' 'Aye, indeed,' was the reply, 'we are trapped this time; but never mind, we have had a good sermon.' The Dean heard of the matter, and threatened to lay a complaint before the Archbishop. Mr. Cordeux took the opportunity, when next in the presence of his Grace, to tell him that 'he had allowed Mr. Wesley to preach in his pulpit.' 'And you did right,' said the primate. The Dean's complaint was never more heard of, and some years after Mr. Cordeux made a second offer of his pulpit, when Wesley preached on the eight beatitudes. An aged disciple who was present said that Wesley took occasion to remark on the words, 'Blessed are they who are persecuted for righteousness' sake,' 'Perhaps no man in England knows more of what this means than I do.' (*W.M. Mag.* 1827, p. 458.)

preached on the conclusion of the Gospel for the day, 'Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven.' I did not see one person laugh or smile, though we had an elegant congregation.<sup>1</sup>

*Wed. 23.*—I went on to Tadcaster. Here Mr. Ingham had once a far larger society than ours; but it is now shrunk into nothing; ours, meantime, is continually increasing. In the evening rich and poor flocked together, to whom I explained, 'We know that we are of God'; namely, 'by the Spirit which He hath given us'; by the witness of the Spirit, and by the fruit confirming that witness.<sup>2</sup>

*Thur. 24.*—I preached at Pateley Bridge.<sup>3</sup> Such a congregation, both for number and seriousness, I have not seen since we left Newcastle. As it rained, I desired the men to put on their hats; but in two or three minutes they pulled them off again, and seemed to mind nothing but how they might 'know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ.'

*Fri. 25.*—We rode to Skipton-in-Craven. I designed to preach in the market-place; but the rain prevented. So I stood near Mr. Garforth's house,<sup>4</sup> where many were under shelter; but many remained without, seeming not to think whether it rained or not. Will all these be barren and unfruitful?

*Sat. 26.*—I preached at Addingham about nine, and at Guiseley in the evening.

<sup>1</sup> For a pastoral incident in connexion with this visit, see Lyth's *Methodism in York*, p. 104, and *Arm. Mag.* 1783, p. 643.

<sup>2</sup> In Nidderdale Wesley preached at Braisty Woods, Hardcastle Garth, and North Pasture Houses, Brimham. (See H. Speight, *Nidd.* 417.) At Braisty Woods a family of Luctons or Luptons had been established from the middle of the sixteenth century (Speight).

<sup>3</sup> For the introduction of Methodism to Pateley Bridge see the Life of Thomas Lee (*Wesley's Veterans*, vol. iii. p. 206, or *E.M.P.* vol. iv. p. 157). He was one of Grimshaw's preachers in the Haworth round. He tells a thrilling story of the terrible persecutions he and his wife suffered in the year 1752, when

he began the work in the neighbourhood of Pateley. The persecution had now ceased. 'The leading spirit in the infant society . . . was Thomas Green, joiner and cabinet-maker. The services were held in his house in old Church Lane, several rooms being thrown together and a pulpit and gallery fitted. It was not large enough to contain the crowd which gathered on July 24, 1766. (*Meth. Rec.* Dec. 15, 1904.)

<sup>4</sup> See Burdsall's *Life*, p. 110: 'I tarried at Seacroft to hear that good and zealous man, T. Garforth, who said that he would not give a fig for a man who would not wade up to the chin in snow for Jesus Christ'; also *ibid.* p. 174, for a story of Garforth's convincing preaching.

*Sun. 27.*—As Baildon church would not near contain the congregation, after the prayers were ended I came out into the churchyard, both morning and afternoon. The wind was extremely high, and blew in my face all the time ; yet I believe all the people could hear. At Bradford there was so huge a multitude, and the rain so damped my voice, that many in the skirts of the congregation could not hear distinctly. They have just built a preaching-house, fifty-four feet square, the largest octagon we have in England ; and it is the first of the kind where the roof is built with common sense, rising only a third of its breadth ; yet it is as firm as any in England ; nor does it at all hurt the walls. Why then does any roof rise higher ? Only through want of skill, or want of honesty, in the builder.<sup>1</sup>

*Tues. 29.*—I preached at Colne. And here I found one whom I had sent for some years ago. She lives two miles from Colne, and is of an unblameable behaviour. Her name is Ann A——n. She is now in the twenty-sixth year of her age. The account she gives is as follows :

I cannot now remember the particulars which I told Mr. Grimshaw from time to time ; but I well remember that, from the time I was about four years old, after I was in bed I used to see several persons walking up and down the room. They all used to come very near the bed, and look upon me, but say nothing. Some of them looked very sad, and some looked very cheerful ; some seemed pleased, others very angry ; and these frayed me sore ; especially a man and a woman of our own parish, who seemed fighting, and died soon after. None of them spake to me but a lad about sixteen, who, a week before, died of the small-pox. I said to him, ' You are dead ! How did you get out of the other place ? ' He said, ' Easily enough.' I said, ' Nay, I think if I was there, I should not get out so easily.' He looked exceeding angry. I was frightened, and began to pray, and he vanished away. If it was ever so dark when any of them appeared, there was light all round them. This continued till I was sixteen or seventeen ; but it frightened me more and more ; and I was troubled because people talked about me ; and many told me I was a witch. This made me cry earnestly to God to take it away from me. In a week or two it was all at an end ; and I have seen nothing since.

In the evening I preached near the preaching-house at Padiham, and strongly insisted on communion with God, as the

<sup>1</sup> See Stamp's *Methodism in Bradford*, pp. 45-7.

only religion that would avail us. At the close of the sermon came Mr. M. His long white beard showed that his present disorder was of some continuance. In all other respects he was quite sensible; but he told me, with much concern, 'You can have no place in heaven without—a beard! Therefore, I beg, let yours grow immediately.'<sup>1</sup>

*Wed. 30.*—I rode to Rossendale; which, notwithstanding its name, is little else than a chain of mountains. The rain in the evening obliged me to preach in the new house, near a village called Newchurch.<sup>2</sup> As many as could crowded in, and many more stood at the door; but many were constrained to go away.

*Thur. 31.*—I preached at Bacup, and then rode on to Heptonstall. The tall mountain on which it stands is quite steep and abrupt, only where the roads are made; and the deep valleys that surround it, as well as the sides of the mountains beyond, are well clothed with grass, corn, and trees. I preached with great enlargement of heart on 'Now is the day of salvation.' The renegade Methodists, first turning Calvinists, then Anabaptists, made much confusion here for a season; but as they now have taken themselves away, the poor people are in peace again.

*AUG. 1, Fri.*—I rode to Ewood. The last time I was here, young Mr. Grimshaw received us in the same hearty manner as his father used to do; but he too is now gone into eternity! So in a few years the family is extinct! I preached at one in a meadow near the house to a numerous congregation; and we sang with one heart—

Let sickness blast and death devour,  
If heaven will recompense our pains:  
Perish the grass and fade the flower,  
Since firm the word of God remains.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Anticipating Lord Mahon in this, and going beyond even the wild notions of Tertullian and the Montanists (Tertull. *De Spectaculis*, ch. 23). To shave the beard was pronounced at the Council of Moscow, in the seventeenth century, a sin which even the blood of martyrs could not expiate (Stanley's *Eastern Church*, pp. 475-6).

<sup>2</sup> Jessop, in his *Methodism in Rossendale*, p. 91, states that on this occasion Wesley introduced himself to Mr. Har-

greaves, of Newchurch, mistaking him for his brother, who had been at Oxford with Wesley.

<sup>3</sup> From No. 822 (*Methodist Hymn-Book* 1904), by S. W., junr. (*Poems on Several Occasions*, p. 41, second edition 1743: 'On the Death of a Young Lady'). The verse is intentionally altered by Wesley. The original read:

If heaven *must* recompense our pains,  
and,  
If firm the word of God remains.

In the evening I preached at Halifax. When I began the sun was intensely hot ; but quickly the clouds covered him.

*Sun. 3.*—When the prayers at Haworth were ended, I preached from a little scaffold on the south side of the church, on those words in the Gospel, 'Oh that thou hadst known the things that belong unto thy peace!' The communicants alone (a sight which has not been seen since Mr. Grimshaw's death) filled the church.<sup>1</sup> In the afternoon the congregation was supposed to be the largest which had ever been there ; but strength was given me in proportion ; so that I believe all could hear.

*Mon. 4.*—At one I preached at Bingley, but with a heavy heart, finding so many of the Methodists here, as well as at Haworth, perverted by the Anabaptists.<sup>2</sup> I see clearer and clearer, none will keep to us unless they keep to the Church. Whoever separate from the Church will separate from the Methodists. In the afternoon I went to Otley ; but the town seemed to be run mad. Such noise, hurry, drunkenness, rioting, confusion, I know not when I have met with before. It was their feast-day ! A feast of Bacchus, or Venus, or Belial ? Oh shame to a Christian country ! However, both the small and great rabble were so engaged that they had no leisure to molest us ; so that I preached to a large congregation under the hill<sup>3</sup> with perfect quietness.

*Tues. 5.*—I rode to Bradford.

*Wed. 6.*—I preached at one in Great Gomersal ; in the evening at Dewsbury.<sup>4</sup> The congregation was as large as at Bradford, and as attentive, although a few years since the people of Dawgreen were as eminently savage and irreligious as even the colliers of Kingswood.

*Thur. 7.*—We had as hot a day as most I have known in

<sup>1</sup> John Richardson, Grimshaw's successor at Haworth, opened the church to Wesley as willingly as Grimshaw had done, and co-operated with Wesley in holding large preaching and communion services. See above, p. 63.

<sup>2</sup> The Baptist church at Bingley was founded by the seceders from the Methodist Society. Amongst them was John Skirrow, a zealous and successful local preacher, who died in 1785. The date

of the secession was 1763, when the Bingley Society was reduced to thirty members (quoted in *W.H.S.* vol. iv. p. 31, from Ward's *Historical Sketches of Methodism in Bingley*).

<sup>3</sup> i.e. The Chevin.

<sup>4</sup> Dewsbury (Dawgreen) chapel (1762) was opened by Peter Jacob. . . . In 1899 the building was still in existence. (J. Ryley Robinson's *Dewsbury, &c.*, p. 48.)



Georgia. However, about noon I rode to Horbury ; but it was impracticable to preach abroad. So we retired into the new house ; but this too was as hot as an oven. Some of the people behaved exceeding ill at first ; but it was soon over. In a few minutes the whole congregation was as serious and attentive as that at Dawgreen.

*Fri. 8.*—I rode over to Huddersfield. The church, though large, was exceeding hot, through the multitude of people ; on whom I enforced St. Paul's words, ' God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ.' How we should have rode back, I know not ; but that the wind, which was in our face as we came, was again in our face as we returned. At Birstall we found many of our brethren from various parts. One of them was mentioning a remarkable case : David Prince, of Thorner, near Leeds, had been stone-blind for many years, and was without God in the world till past fourscore. At about eighty-one he received remission of sins, and from that hour he never lost the sense of it. When he was asked how he did, his answer was, ' Happier and happier.' In the eighty-fifth year of his age his spirit returned to God.

*Sun. 10.*—After Mr. Eastwood<sup>1</sup> had read prayers, I came out into the churchyard, and preached to four times as many as the church could contain, on ' Are not Abana and Pharpar better than all the waters of Israel ? ' About one I preached at Dawgreen. I judged the congregation, closely wedged together, to extend forty yards one way, and about a hundred the other. Now, suppose five to stand in a yard square, they would amount to twenty thousand people. I began preaching at Leeds, between five and six, to just such another congregation. This was the hardest day's work I have had since I left London ; being obliged to speak, at each place, from the beginning to the end, to the utmost extent of my voice. But my strength was as my day.

*Tues. 12.*—Our Conference<sup>2</sup> began, and ended on Friday

<sup>1</sup> Of Whitechapel, near Leeds. He preached in the villages of Brierley, Oakenshaw, &c. See above, p. 63.

<sup>2</sup> This was the twenty-third Annual Conference. The *Minutes* give historical

summaries and foundation principles. The Methodists were not Dissenters, but members of the Church of England, who acted irregularly in the matter of ecclesiastical order, but were still members.

evening. A happier Conference we never had, nor a more profitable one. It was both begun and ended in love, and with a solemn sense of the presence of God.

*Sun. 17.*—After preaching in Leeds at seven, I rode to Birstall, and heard a sound, useful sermon on 'Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden.' At one I preached to an immense multitude on 'Come, Lord Jesus!' I then set out for Rotherham; but the next day I turned off from the road I had designed to take, and, going on to Leicester that night, on *Wednesday* reached London.

It was at the earnest request of —,<sup>1</sup> whose heart God has turned again, without any expectation of mine, that I came hither so suddenly<sup>2</sup>: and if no other good result from it but our firm union with Mr. Whitefield, it is an abundant recompense for my labour. My brother and I conferred with him every day; and, let the honourable men do what they please, we resolved, by the grace of God, to go on, hand in hand, through honour and dishonour.<sup>3</sup>

*Sun. 24.*—The chapel was sufficiently crowded, both morning and afternoon, and God was eminently present. In the evening I went to Brentford, and saw a remarkable monument of mercy

Wesley directs accordingly that preachers and members of society should attend the parochial churches for public worship, and that services in the chapels should be conducted, except on certain occasions, as mere preaching-services, with only a short prayer. He also explains and defends his governing power.

<sup>1</sup> The Countess of Huntingdon. At this time there was an earnest desire among the evangelical leaders, inspired largely by Lady Huntingdon, to draw nearer together. Charles Wesley, writing to his wife on Aug. 25 (No. lxxxv.), says:

Last Friday I dined with my brother at George's chapel (the Tabernacle). Mrs. Herriage was mistress, and provided the dinner. Hearty Mr. Adams [of Rodborough] was there, and, to complete our band, Howell Harris. It was indeed a feast of love. My brother and George [Whitefield] prayed; we all sang a hymn in the chapel.

At six I heard my brother at Spitalfields, instead of preaching myself, which would do less good than my appearing with him. You cannot think what general satisfaction it

gave, the sight of us both in the Foundery pulpit on Thursday, in our habits.

On Saturday we dined all three at Silas Told's, whom we made quite happy thereby.

Sunday, I breakfasted with gracious Miss Hardy. I heard my brother preach, morning and afternoon. The Chapel [West Street] was never fuller. We both prayed at the table for George Whitefield and all the labourers. I mentioned Solomon Bird; it was a sealed prayer.

<sup>2</sup> On Aug. 14 he wrote to Mrs. Bennis, and on the 21st to Miss 'A.' (*Works*, vol. xii. pp. 386, 357).

<sup>3</sup> Charles Wesley, writing to his wife, Aug. 21, 1766, says:

Last night my brother came. This morning we spent two blessed hours with G. Whitefield. The threefold cord, we trust, will never more be broken. On Tuesday next my brother is to preach in Lady Huntingdon's chapel at Bath. That and all her chapels (not to say, as I might, herself also) are now put into the hands of us three—

i.e. John and Charles Wesley and G. Whitefield.

—a man who, in the full career of sin, was so hurt by a fall that there was no hope of his life ; but, after deep repentance, God broke in upon his soul and gave him a better hope, so that he is now little concerned about life or death, but praises God all the day long.

*Mon. 25.*—We set out early from Brentford, and reached Bath on *Tuesday*, in the afternoon.

Many were not a little surprised in the evening at seeing me in the Countess of H[untingdon]'s chapel.<sup>1</sup> The congregation was not only large, but serious, and I fully delivered my own soul. So I am in no concern whether I preach there again or no. I have no choice concerning it.

*Wed. 27.*—I rode to Bristol, and the next day delivered the management of Kingswood house to stewards on whom I could depend. So I have cast a heavy load off my shoulders. Blessed be God for able and faithful men, who will do His work without any temporal reward !

*Fri. 29.*—In my way to Cornwall I preached at Shepton Mallet at nine, in Wincanton at one. I was thoroughly tired before we came to Shaftesbury ; however, at six I preached in the new house, filled within and without, to the no small astonishment, it seemed, of most of the hearers. But it was a time of consolation as well as conviction. I trust many will experience both in this house.

*Sat. 30.*—We rode<sup>2</sup> to Stalbridge, long the seat of war, by a senseless, insolent mob, encouraged by their betters, so called,

<sup>1</sup> About this time (we do not know the precise date, and the letter itself has not come to light) Wesley wrote to the Countess of Huntingdon, offering to serve her chapel at Bath during his stay in Bristol. On Sept. 14 she wrote in reply a most friendly letter thanking him for his kind offer. Referring to the Sunday work, she says :

It is the most important time, being the height of the latter season, when the great of this world are only in the reach of the sound of the gospel from that quarter. The mornings are their time ; the evenings, the inhabitants chiefly. I do trust that this union which has commenced will be for the

furtherance of our faith and mutual love to each other. It is for the interest of the best of causes that we should all be found, first faithful to the Lord, and then to each other. I find something wanting, and that is a meeting now and then agreed upon, that you, your brother, Mr. Whitefield, and I should at times regularly be glad to communicate our observations upon the state of the work.

For the Countess's letter see *Arm. Mag.* 1797, p. 304 ; the original is in the Colman Collection.

<sup>2</sup> Probably John Haime accompanied Wesley on this occasion. See *Wesley's Veterans*, vol. i. p. 54, or *E.M.P.* vol. i. p. 305, where Haime gives a wrong date.

to outrage their quiet neighbours. For what? Why, they were mad; they were Methodists. So, to bring them to their senses, they would beat their brains out. They broke their windows, leaving not one whole pane of glass, spoiled their goods, and assaulted their persons with dirt and rotten eggs and stones whenever they appeared in the street. But no magistrate, though they applied to several, would show them either mercy or justice. At length they wrote to me. I ordered a lawyer to write to the rioters. He did so, but they set him at nought. We then moved the Court of King's Bench. By various artifices they got the trial put off from one assizes to the other for eighteen months. But it fell so much the heavier on themselves when they were found guilty; and from that time, finding there is law for Methodists, they have suffered them to be at peace.

I preached near the main street, without the least disturbance, to a large and attentive congregation. Thence we rode on to Axminster, but were thoroughly wet before we came thither. The rain obliged me to preach within at six; but at seven on *Sunday* morning I cried in the market-place, 'The kingdom of God is at hand; repent ye, and believe the gospel.'

In the evening I preached in the street at Ashburton. Many behaved with decency, but the rest with such stupid rudeness as I have not seen for a long time in any part of England.

SEPT. 1, *Mon.*—I came to Plymouth Dock, where, after heavy storms, there is now a calm. The house, notwithstanding the new galleries, was extremely crowded in the evening. I strongly exhorted the backsliders to return to God, and I believe many received 'the word of exhortation.'

*Tues. 2.*—Being invited to preach in the Tabernacle at Plymouth, I began about two in the afternoon. In the evening I was offered the use of Mr. Whitefield's room at the Dock; but, large as it is, it would not contain the congregation. At the close of the sermon a large stone was thrown in at one of the windows, which came just behind me and fell at my feet, the best place that could have been found. So no one was either hurt or frightened, not many knowing anything of the matter.

*Wed. 3.*—I rode to Medrose, where there was last year the

most lively society in Cornwall.<sup>1</sup> But they are decreased, both in number and strength, many who were then strong in the Lord being now weak and faint. However, we had a deeply serious congregation in the evening, and a remarkable blessing at the meeting of the society.

*Thur. 4.*—At noon I preached in Truro. I was in hopes, when Mr. Walker died, the enmity in those who were called his people would have died also.<sup>2</sup> But it is not so; they still look upon us as rank heretics, and will have no fellowship with us. In the evening I preached at Penryn, in the main street, at the door of one of the chief gentlemen in the town. I never saw such a congregation here before, and all seemed to hear as for life.

*Fri. 5.*—I preached near Helston to an exceeding large and serious congregation. What a surprising change is wrought here also within a few years, where a Methodist preacher could hardly go through the street without a shower of stones!

*Sat. 6.*—At one I began preaching in a meadow adjoining to Penzance. The whole congregation behaved well. The old bitterness is gone, and perhaps, had it not been market-day, I might have had a quiet hearing in the market-place. In the evening I preached at Newlyn. Small rain fell all the time; but none went away.

*Sun. 7.*—At eight I preached in Mousehole, a large village south-west from Newlyn. Thence I went to Buryan church, and, as soon as the service was ended, preached near the church-yard to a numerous congregation. Just after I began I saw a gentleman before me, shaking his whip and vehemently striving to say something. But he was abundantly too warm to say anything intelligibly; so, after walking awhile to and fro, he wisely took horse and rode away.

<sup>1</sup> Cf. above, p. 148.

<sup>2</sup> The Rev. Samuel Walker left Truro in ill-health August 1760, and died at Blackheath, July 1761, in his forty-eighth year. In 1754 Walker formed his converts at St. Mary's Church into a religious community. . . . After his removal the majority of his people seceded from the parish church. They formed the nucleus of a new Independent society. Out of

this arose the Congregational Church in Truro, founded April 25, 1770. After some years the hostility to Methodism died away. In 1786 John Stephens and Betsy Courties, two Methodists, objecting to take the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper from unregenerate men at the parish church, were allowed by a decisive majority to partake at the Congregational Church (*W.H.S.* vol. iv. pp. 191-2).

The multitude of people at St. Just constrained me to preach abroad, though it rained the whole time. But this did not discourage the congregation, who not only stayed till I had concluded, but were not in haste to go away then, many still hovering about the place.

*Tues. 9.*—In riding to St. Ives I called on one with whom I used to lodge two or three and twenty years ago, Alice Daniel, at Rosemergy.<sup>1</sup> Her sons are all gone from her, and she has but one daughter left, who is always ill. Her husband is dead; and she can no longer read her Bible, for she is stone-blind. Yet she murmurs at nothing, but cheerfully waits till her appointed time shall come. How many of these jewels may lie hid, up and down, forgotten of men, but precious in the sight of God!

In the evening I preached at St. Ives, a little above the town,<sup>2</sup> to the largest congregation I ever saw there. Indeed, nearly the whole town seems convinced of the truth; yea, and almost persuaded to be Christians.

*Wed. 10.*—I preached at Lelant about one, but the rain drove us into the house; and at St. Ives all I could do was to preach to as many as the house would hold, and a few at the door. But the next evening I stood in the meadow again, and enforced those solemn words, 'Come, Lord Jesus!'

*Fri. 12.*—I rode to St. Hilary, and in the evening preached near the new house,<sup>3</sup> on 'Awake, thou that sleepest.' In returning to my lodging, it being dark, my horse was just stepping into a tin-pit, when an honest man caught him by the bridle and turned his head the other way.

*Sat. 13.*—I preached at noon in the new house at Crowan, it being a very stormy day. But I knew not what to do at Redruth in the evening; the house was far too small, and the wind was exceeding high, and brought on frequent and heavy showers. However, I chose the most convenient part of the street; and we had but one short shower till I concluded.

<sup>1</sup> Or 'Rosemargay.' The room which Wesley occupied in her house was called 'Mr. Wesley's room.' For a considerable period it was preserved intact, with the furniture as he left it. (*W.H.S.*

vol. iv. p. 192; see also below, p. 285.)

<sup>2</sup> In the meadow.

<sup>3</sup> On Trevean Estate, the land of the representatives of Mr. R. Mildren. See *W.H.S.* vol. iv. p. 193.

*Sun.* 14.—I preached in St. Agnes at eight. The congregation in Redruth at one was the largest I ever had seen there; but small compared to that which assembled at five in the natural amphitheatre at Gwennap,<sup>1</sup> far the finest I know in the kingdom. It is a round, green hollow, gently shelving down, about fifty feet deep; but I suppose it is two hundred across one way, and near three hundred the other. I believe there were full twenty thousand people; and, the evening being calm, all could hear.

*Mon.* 15.—I preached at Cubert, and next morning rode on to St. Columb. Being desired to break the ice here, I began preaching, without delay, in a gentleman's yard adjoining to the main street. I chose this as neither too public nor too private. I fear the greater part of the audience understood full little of what they heard. However, they behaved with seriousness and good manners.

Hence I rode to Port Isaac, now one of the liveliest places in Cornwall. The weather being uncertain, I preached near the house. But there was no rain while I preached, except the gracious rain which God sent upon His inheritance.

Here Mr. Buckingham<sup>2</sup> met me, who, for fear of offending the Bishop, broke off all commerce with the Methodists. He had no sooner done this than the Bishop rewarded him by turning him out of his curacy; which, had he continued to walk in Christian simplicity, he would probably have had to this day.

*Wed.* 17.—I twice stopped a violent bleeding from a cut by applying a brier leaf. The room at Launceston would not near contain the congregation in the evening, to whom I strongly applied the case of the impotent man at the pool of Bethesda. Many were much affected; but oh, how few are willing to be made whole!

*Thur.* 18.—I rode to Cullompton, preached at six, and then went on to Tiverton. *Friday* the 19th came a messenger from Jo. Magor, dangerously ill at Sidmouth, four or five and twenty

<sup>1</sup> Improved for use in passion-plays. See Baring-Gould's *Vicar of Morwenstow*, ch. ii. note.

<sup>2</sup> He often preached for Lady Huntingdon. For two years he joined Wesley,

and then left Methodism. But in 1781 he was assisting Wesley in London with Richardson. See below, Feb. 25, 1781, and *Life of the Countess of Huntingdon*, vol. i. p. 488.

miles off, to tell me he could not die in peace till he had seen me. So the next morning, after preaching, I set out, spent an hour with him, by which he was exceedingly refreshed, and returned to Tiverton time enough to rest a little before the evening preaching.

*Sun.* 21.—I preached, morning and evening, in the market-house, and at one in an open place at Bampton.

*Mon.* 22.—I preached in the street at Culmstock, to almost all the inhabitants of the town. A little before six in the evening I preached at Mr. Jones's door, in Middlezoy. Many of the hearers did once run well; some of whom resolve to set out anew.

*Tues.* 23.—At eleven I preached to a large and serious congregation at Lympsham Green.<sup>1</sup> When I concluded, a clergyman began to entertain the people with a dispute concerning lay preachers. In the instant began a violent shower, so they left him to himself. But it was fair again in the afternoon, and we had a pleasant ride to Bristol.

*Sun.* 28.—I preached in Prince Street at eight, in Kingswood at two, and at five near the new Square.<sup>2</sup> The last especially was an acceptable time, particularly while I was explaining 'Neither can they die any more; but are the children of God, being children of the resurrection.'

In the following days I preached at Pensford, Paulton, Coleford, Buckland, Frome, Beckington, Freshford, and Bradford.

*OCT. 5, Sun.*—At eight I administered the Sacrament at Lady Huntingdon's chapel in Bath. At eleven I preached there on those words in the Gospel for the day, 'Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.' The word was quick and powerful; and I trust many, even of the rich and great, felt themselves sinners before God.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Now in the Cheddar and Banwell Circuit.

<sup>2</sup> In Carolina Row.

<sup>3</sup> The chapel was attended by not a few of the nobility: as Lord Camden, Lord Chancellor of England, Lord Northington, Earl Chatham and family, Lord Rockingham, Lady Malpas, Lord and Lady Powys, Lord and Lady Buchan, the Duke of Bedford and

family, Dr. Barnard, Bishop of London-derry. Horace Walpole writes to John Chute from Bath, Oct. 10, 1766:

I have been at one opera—Mr. Wesley's. They have boys and girls with charming voices; that sing hymns in parts to Scotch ballad tunes; but, indeed, so long that one would think they were already in eternity, and knew not how much time they had before them. The chapel is very neat, with true gothic windows. I was glad to see that



Several evenings this week I preached at Bristol on the Education of Children. Some answered all by that poor, lame, miserable shift, 'Oh, he has no children of his own!' But many, of a nobler spirit, owned the truth, and pleaded guilty before God.

*Thur.* 9.<sup>1</sup>—I waited on the good old Bishop of Londonderry,<sup>2</sup> and spent two or three hours in useful conversation. In the evening I preached again at my Lady's chapel to another numerous congregation. Who knows but a few among this gay multitude may 'work out their salvation with fear and trembling'?

*Fri.* 10.—I took a ride to Cheltenham. It being too cold to preach abroad, at six I preached in the chapel,<sup>3</sup> and fully declared the whole counsel of God. Afterwards I examined the little society, and found the greater part of them lively believers, and quite free from the bigotry which is common among Churchmen and still more among Dissenters. The next day, after preaching at five and eight in Gloucester, I had a pleasant ride to Bristol.

*Sun.* 12.—I took my leave of Prince Street for this season.

luxury is creeping in upon them before persecution. [Here follows a description of the chapel.] Wesley is a clean, elderly man, fresh-coloured, his hair smoothly combed, but with a little *souppon* of curl at the ends. Wondrous clever, but as evidently an actor as Garrick. He spoke his sermon, but so fast, and with so little accent, that I am sure he has often uttered it, for it was like a lesson. There were parts and eloquence in it; but, towards the end, he exalted his voice, and acted very ugly enthusiasm, decried learning, and told stories like Latimer, of the fool of his college, who said, 'I *thanks* God for everything.' Except a few from curiosity, and some *honourable women*, the congregation was very mean.

Walpole's *Letters*, vol. v. p. 16. See Tyerman's *Life of Wesley*, vol. ii. pp. 558, 559.

<sup>1</sup> On Oct. 9 he wrote to T. Rankin. He reports 'Cornwall,' in general, 'in a good way. . . . Most of the large societies there have subscribed for the *Notes [on the New Testament]* for the use of the preachers.' He adds, 'Be calm and steady.' (*Works*, vol. xiii. p. 163.)

<sup>2</sup> Dr. William Barnard, formerly Dean of Rochester, but at this time Bishop of Londonderry, was one of the prominent celebrities in the Lady Huntingdon circle. He was friendly with all who bore the name Methodist.

The witty and eccentric Lady Betty Cobbe, daughter-in-law to Dr. Charles Cobbe, Archbishop of Dublin, was cousin-german to Lady Huntingdon. Her influence was extensive, and frequently exerted in bringing Bishops to the chapel, whom she always contrived to smuggle into the curtained seats immediately inside the door, where they heard without undergoing the dreadful disgrace of being seen in such a place. This seat Lady Betty facetiously called 'Nicodemus's corner.'

On the recommendation of Wesley, Dr. Barnard ordained Thomas Maxfield. See *Life of the Countess of Huntingdon*, vol. i. pp. 477, 478.

<sup>3</sup> In Albion Street, on a site nearly opposite Pate's Almshouses. See G. B. Judge's *Meth. in Cheltenham*, p. 6.

We had such a congregation at Kingswood at ten as I have scarce seen there for these twenty years, and at two I was obliged to preach abroad.

*Sun.* 19.—I preached once more in the Square; and in the morning, *Monday* the 20th, left Bristol, with a firm hope that both here and at Kingswood things will now<sup>1</sup> be conducted to the glory of God and the honour of true religion. In the evening I preached a healing sermon at Bath, on Col. iii. 9. The next day I went on to Salisbury, and preached in as rousing a manner as I could on 'One thing is needful.'

*Thur.* 23.—I preached at Romsey; the next day at Winchester,<sup>2</sup> Whitchurch, and Basingstoke, where many attended at five on *Saturday* morning. In the afternoon I came to London.

*Sun.* 26.—I preached at West Street in the morning to a crowded audience, and in the evening at the Foundry. How pleasing would it be to play between Bristol and London, and preach always to such congregations as these! But what account then should I give of my stewardship when I can 'be no longer steward'?

*Mon.* 27.—I rode to Wycombe. The room was much crowded, and yet could not contain the congregation. In the morning, too, they flocked together in such a manner as had not been seen here before. In the evening I preached at Witney (where a little company stand fast together), and thrice the next day, endeavouring to lay 'line upon line, and precept upon precept.'

*Thur.* 30.—At one I preached in Watlington,<sup>3</sup> and thence

<sup>1</sup> Because of the appointment of stewards at Kingswood. See above, p. 183.

<sup>2</sup> Methodism had been introduced into Winchester in 1765. Mr. Jasper Winscom had brought preachers to the city the names of whom are unknown. See biography of Jasper Winscom's niece, Mrs. Ann Pulman, of Bristol, in *W.M. Mag.* 1834, pp. 726-35. Francis Asbury and Captain Webb, both so intimately connected with the founding of Methodism in America, were also concerned in the rooting of Methodism in

Winchester, and later still, Dr. Coke.

<sup>3</sup> The Methodist preachers were first invited to Watlington by William Chapman, who had walked about five miles to hear them. They founded Methodism in the face of ridicule and great persecution. In 1764 T. Bryant preached in William Chapman's yard, whose home was always open to the preachers. See the memoir of his daughter, Mrs. Hannah Stone (afterwards called Stonehill, see below, Oct. 20, 1774). (*Meth. Mag.* 1807, p. 410, and Wesley's letters to Patty Chapman.)

rode with some difficulty, the wind being exceeding high, over the mountain to Wycombe. The congregation was as before, both for number and earnestness. So, at length, we see the fruit of our labour.

*Fri. 31.*—At my return to London I found it needful to hasten to Leytonstone; but I came too late. Miss Lewen died the day before, after an illness of five days.<sup>1</sup> Some hours before she witnessed that good confession—

Nature's last agony is o'er,  
And cruel sin subsists no more

Awhile after she cried out earnestly, 'Do you not see Him? There He is! Glory! glory! glory! I shall be with Him for ever—for ever—for ever!'

So died Margaret Lewen! a pattern to all young women of fortune in England: a real Bible Christian. So she 'rests from her labours, and her works do follow her.'

*Nov. 1, Sat.*—'God, who hath knit together His elect in one communion and fellowship,'<sup>2</sup> gave us a solemn season at West Street (as usual) in praising Him for all His saints. On this day, in particular, I commonly find the truth of these words:

The Church triumphant in His love,  
Their mighty joys we know;  
They praise the Lamb in hymns above,  
And we in hymns below.

*Mon. 3.*—I rode to Brentford, where all was quiet, both in the congregation and the society.

*Tues. 4.*—I preached at Brentford, Battersea, Deptford, and Welling, and examined the several societies.

*Wed. 5.*—I rode by Shoreham to Sevenoaks. In the little journeys which I have lately taken, I have thought much on the huge encomiums which have been for many ages bestowed on a *country life*. How have all the learned world cried out—

<sup>1</sup> See above, pp. 108 and 110; letters to Charles Wesley (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 131); to Peggy Dale (Pelham Dale's *Life*, vol. i. pp. 6-25), and to Miss Lewen

in 1759 (*Arm. Mag.* 1780, pp. 161-2). For the settlement with Mr. Lewen, the father of the testator, see below, p. 226.

<sup>2</sup> Collect for All Saints' Day.

O fortunati nimium, sua si bona norint  
Agricolae!<sup>1</sup>

But, after all, what a flat contradiction is this to universal experience! See that little house, under the wood, by the river-side! There is rural life in perfection. How happy, then, is the farmer that lives there! Let us take a detail of his happiness. He rises with, or before, the sun, calls his servants, looks to his swine and cows, then to his stables and barns. He sees to the ploughing and sowing his ground, in winter or in spring. In summer and autumn he hurries and sweats among his mowers and reapers. And where is his happiness in the meantime? Which of these employments do we envy? Or do we envy the delicate repast that succeeds, which the poet so languishes for?—

O quando faba, Pythagorae cognata, simulque  
Uncta satis pingui ponentur oluscula lardo!

'Oh the happiness of eating *beans well greased with fat bacon!* Nay, and *cabbage* too!'—Was Horace in his senses when he talked thus, or the servile herd of his imitators? Our eyes and ears may convince us there is not a less happy body of men in all England than the country farmers. In general, their life is supremely dull; and it is usually unhappy too. For, of all people in the kingdom, they are most discontented; seldom satisfied either with God or man.

*Mon. 10.*—I set out early for Northampton. But before we came to Luton, James Glassbrook<sup>2</sup> met me and informed me that he had given notice of my preaching every day, at one place or another, in Bedfordshire. Upon reflection, we thought it best for Mr. [Richard] Blackwell<sup>3</sup> to go to Northampton,

<sup>1</sup> 'Too happy, if their happiness as country folk they knew!' Ford (*W.H.S.* vol. v. p. 51) justly complains that the old translation omits the chief word, 'Agricolae.' In his translation of the lines from Horace, Wesley himself leaves out 'akin to Pythagoras.' Ford's note on this quotation from Virgil (*Georg.* ii. 458) and on the quotation from Horace (*Sat.* ii. 6, 60-7) is most interesting and instructive.

<sup>2</sup> An itinerant whose name Myles, in

his *Chronology*, gives as James Glazebrook. He must be distinguished from another James Glazebrook, Lady Huntingdon's friend, the first student at Trevecca and Fletcher's first convert at Madeley (*Life of C. of Huntingdon*, vol. ii. pp. 81, 86). See above, p. 155; vol. iv. p. 392.

<sup>3</sup> An itinerant who died in the following year. See Atmore's *Memorial*, p. 53; and, for an account of his last hours, *Arm. Mag.* 1782, p. 641.

and for me to keep the appointments which had been made. So I preached in Luton at two, and in the evening at Sundon.<sup>1</sup>

*Tues.* 11.—I preached, between one and two, at a village called Millbrook, to a company of plain, serious people; and in the evening, at Wootton Pillinge, where several have already found this word to be ‘the power of God unto salvation.’

*Wed.* 12.—I preached at two in Lidlington, to another company of plain country people. Thence we crossed over to Cople, where is at present the most lively of all the little societies in Bedfordshire.

*Thur.* 13.—I rode to Bedford, and in the evening spoke with more plainness, I may indeed say roughness, than ever I did before, if haply God might rouse some of these drowsy people.

*Fri.* 14.—I preached at Luton, and on *Saturday* I returned to London.

*Sun.* 16.—I strongly inculcated family religion, the grand desideratum among the Methodists. Many were ashamed before God, and at length adopted Joshua’s resolution, ‘As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord.’<sup>2</sup>

*Thur.* 27.—I conversed with a young clergyman full of good resolutions. But I judge it impossible they can hold; for he has not the least conception of his own weakness.

*Sun.* 30.—I preached on the Education of Children, wherein we are so shamefully wanting. Many were now deeply convinced of this. I hope they will not all stifle that conviction.

DEC. 8, *Mon.*—I went to Canterbury, and on *Wednesday* the 10th to Dover. At all the seaports we have a multitude of hearers. Is not this a token for good to the nation? Surely mercy ‘embraces us on every side.’ Will it not likewise go through the land?

*Thur.* 11.—I preached at Dover, Sandwich, Ramsgate, and Margate; on *Friday* at Canterbury. I have not seen this society so at unity among themselves for many years.

*Sat.* 13.—I left them with much satisfaction, and cheerfully returned to London.

<sup>1</sup> For his visits to Sundon see Index.

<sup>2</sup> On Nov. 20 and 27 he wrote from London to Christopher Hopper with a

warning note, a new word (‘coxcomicality’), and ‘I am God’s steward for the poor’ (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 308).

*Sat.* 20.—I spent an hour with —; just of the same spirit as she was twenty years ago.<sup>1</sup> So hitherto all the bad labour of my *small friends* is lost.

*Mon.* 29.—At five in the morning I again began a course of sermons on Christian Perfection; if haply that thirst after it might return which was so general a few years ago. Since that time how deeply have we grieved the Holy Spirit of God! Yet two or three have lately received His pure love; and a few more are brought to the birth.<sup>2</sup>

1767. JAN. 1, *Thur.*—The whole society met in the evening in Spitalfields church, and solemnly renewed their covenant with God.

*Sun.* 4.—I buried the remains of Mary Clarke (formerly Gardiner), who, having been much hurt in the late contests, was, during a lingering illness, first thoroughly convinced of her fall from God, and afterward thoroughly restored. She then vehemently exhorted all not to stray from the fold; and died rejoicing in the full salvation of God.

*Sun.* 11.—I made a push for the lending-stock,<sup>3</sup> speaking more strongly than ever I had done before. The effect was that it was raised from about fifty to one hundred and twenty pounds.<sup>4</sup>

*Tues.* 20.—I buried the remains of Ann Wheeler,<sup>5</sup> who, while she was hearing the preaching in Moorfields, four or five and twenty years ago, was struck in the forehead with a stone, being then big with child. The daughter with whom she then went retains the mark of the stone in her forehead to this day.

<sup>1</sup> Probably the Countess of Huntingdon.

<sup>2</sup> On Dec. 30 he wrote to the Rev. Walter Sellon (*Works*, vol. xiii. p. 43) respecting a proposed abridgement of John Goodwin's *Redemption Redeemed*. He adds, 'Are you tired with ploughing on the sand? Then come away to better work.'

<sup>3</sup> In 1749 Wesley published a *Plain Account of the People called Methodists*, in a letter to Vincent Perronet, vicar of Shoreham in Kent. In this pamphlet

he shows how a number of benevolent and philanthropic institutions arose. See above, vol. iii. pp. 246, 247.

<sup>4</sup> On Jan. 15 he wrote to 'Miss A. (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 358).

<sup>5</sup> An early member of the Foundery. In 1784 Charles Wheeler was house-steward at the Foundery. See Stevenson's *City Road Chapel*, pp. 120, 441, 514. This family was connected with names of great weight in early Methodism (*Life of C. of Huntingdon*, ii. 58).

*Wed. 21.*—I had a conversation with an ingenious man who proved to a demonstration that it was the duty of every man that could to be ‘clothed in purple and fine linen,’ and to ‘fare sumptuously every day’; and that he would do abundantly more good hereby than he could do by ‘feeding the hungry and clothing the naked.’ Oh the depth of human understanding! What may not a man believe *if he will*?

*Sat. 31.*—From the words of our blessed Lord, ‘He that followeth Me shall not walk in darkness,’ I largely showed that God never deserts any man, unless he first deserts God; and that, abstracting from the bodily disorders on the one hand, and violent temptation on the other, every believer may be happy as well as holy, and walk in the light all the days of his life.

*FEB. 5, Thur.*—I heard a melancholy relation. One who had run well for many years, a year or two ago took violent offence at a person she thought had used her ill. A week or two since she was taken ill. But as her illness increased, so did her anger. She often cried out, ‘I cannot forgive! I will not forgive!’ and intermixed horrid shrieks till she died.

*Tues. 10.*—I baptized a young woman who had been educated among the Anabaptists. God bore witness to His ordinance, and gave her such a blessing as she could not find words to express.

*Thur. 12.*<sup>1</sup>—I preached at Leytonstone. Oh what a house of God is here! Not only for decency and order, but for the life and power of religion! I am afraid there are very few such to be found in all the King’s dominions.

*Sun. 15.*—I buried the remains of Richard Morris, who had been in the society twenty years, and was a right honest man, but never convinced of sin till death began to look him in the face; and then he rather *saw* than *felt* his need of Christ. Yet when he called upon Him, even in his dull way, he was soon assured of His love, and continued praising and rejoicing till his spirit returned to God.

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<sup>1</sup> On this day he wrote to Charles Wesley (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 132), and on the 23rd to Lady Maxwell (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 342).

*Mon. 16.*—I rode to Colchester, and found more life there than for several years. Why should we despair of seeing good done in any place? How soon can God turn the wilderness into a fruitful field!

*Wed. 18.*—I preached at Herringswell,<sup>1</sup> and the next day came to Norwich. Here I spent a few days much to my satisfaction, finding the people far more settled than ever.

*Mon. 23.*—I rode to Yarmouth, and found the society, after the example of Mr. Worship, had entirely left the Church. I judged it needful to speak largely upon that head. They stood reprov'd, and resolved, one and all, to go to it again.

*Tues. 24.*—I was desired to ride over to Lowestoft. The house would not contain one-fourth of the people, so that I was obliged to preach in the open air; and all behaved with great seriousness.

*Wed. 25.*—I took a list of the present society in Norwich, consisting of one hundred and sixty members. But I have far more comfort in it now than when it consisted of six hundred. These know what they are about; and the greater part are not ignorant of Satan's devices.

*Thur. 26.*—I set out for London. A good part of the day we had furious wind and rain full in our faces; however, we pushed on to Lakenheath. Notwithstanding the severity of the weather, the church was pretty well filled in the evening. The next evening we reached Hockerill, and London on *Saturday* in the afternoon.

On *Ash Wednesday*, MARCH 4, I dined at a friend's with Mr. Whitefield, still breathing nothing but love.

*Thur. 5.*—I at length obliged Dr. Dodd by entering into the lists with him.<sup>2</sup> The letter I wrote (though not published till two or three weeks after) was as follows:

<sup>1</sup> Near Mildenhall.

<sup>2</sup> William Dodd was born in 1729 at Bourne, Lincolnshire, where his father was vicar, and studied at Clare Hall, Cambridge. He married at twenty-one, was ordained three years later, and became at once a popular preacher. To his services at Magdalen Hospital he attracted the fashionable and the great.

His style of living was so extravagant that, to supplement his income, he wrote for the press, and took private pupils. He assailed Wesley's doctrine of Christian Perfection in *The Christian Magazine*, of which he was editor. The subsequent story of this remarkable man, and the tragedy of his end, belongs to a later date; see below, Feb. 15, 1777.



TO THE EDITOR OF 'LLOYD'S EVENING POST'

SIR,

Many times the publisher of *The Christian Magazine* has attacked me without fear or wit; and hereby he has convinced his impartial readers of one thing at least—that (as the vulgar say) his fingers itch to be at me; that he has a passionate desire to measure swords with me. But I have other work upon my hands: I can employ the short remainder of my life to better purpose.

The occasion of his late attack is this: Five or six and thirty years ago I much admired the character of a perfect Christian drawn by Clemens Alexandrinus. Five or six and twenty years ago a thought came into my mind of drawing such a character myself, only in a more scriptural manner, and mostly in the very words of Scripture; this I entitled *The Character of a Methodist*, believing that curiosity would incite more persons to read it, and also that some prejudice might thereby be removed from candid men. But, that none might imagine I intended a panegyric either on myself or my friends, I guarded against this in the very title-page, saying, both in the name of myself and them, 'Not as though I had already attained, either were already perfect.' To the same effect I speak in the conclusion: 'These are the principles and practices of our sect; these are the marks of a true Methodist'—i.e. a true Christian, as I immediately after explain myself: 'by these alone do those who are in derision so called *desire* to be distinguished from other men' (p. 11). 'By these marks do we *labour* to distinguish ourselves from those whose minds or lives are not according to the gospel of Christ' (p. 12).

Upon this Rusticulus, or Dr. Dodd, says: 'A Methodist, according to Mr. Wesley, is one who is perfect, and sinneth not in thought word, or deed.'

Sir, have me excused. This is not 'according to Mr. Wesley.' I have told all the world I am not perfect; and yet you allow me to be a Methodist. I tell you flat, I have not attained the character I draw. Will you pin it upon me in spite of my teeth?

'But Mr. Wesley says the other Methodists have.' I say no such thing. What I say, after having given a scriptural account of a perfect Christian, is this: 'By these marks the Methodists *desire* to be distinguished from other men; by these we *labour* to distinguish ourselves.' And do not you yourself *desire* and *labour* after the very same thing?

But you insist, 'Mr. Wesley affirms the Methodists' (i.e. all Methodists) 'to be perfectly holy and righteous.' Where do I affirm this? Not in the tract before us. In the front of this I affirm just the contrary; and that I affirm it anywhere else is more than I know. Be pleased, sir, to point out the place. Till this is done all you add

(bitterly enough) is mere *brutum fulmen*; and the Methodists (so called) may still declare (without any impeachment of their sincerity) that they do not come to the holy table 'trusting in their own righteousness, but in God's manifold and great mercies.'

I am, sir,

Yours, &c.,

JOHN WESLEY.<sup>1</sup>

*Sun.* 8.—In the evening I left London, and reached Bath on *Tuesday* in the afternoon, time enough to wait on that venerable man, the Bishop of Londonderry.<sup>2</sup> After spending an agreeable and a profitable hour with him, my brother read prayers and I preached at Lady H[untingdon]'s chapel. I know not when I have seen a more serious or more deeply attentive congregation. Is it possible? Can the gospel have place where Satan's throne is?

*Thursday* the 12th and the two following days I examined the society in Bristol. Still I find the greatest part to be in peace and love, and none blameable as to their outward conversation; but life, power, and 'struggling into God' are wanting. Few are agonizing to be altogether Christians.

*Mon.* 16.—Finding no ship which could take over me and my horses, I set out with Thomas Dancer<sup>3</sup> for Liverpool.

*Wed.* 18.—I reached Wednesbury, but with difficulty, for my horse, which I left<sup>4</sup> in October to rest for six months, had been rode all the winter, and was now galled, jaded, and worn to skin and bones.

*Thur.* 19.—Pushing through the rain and violent wind, we came in the evening to Nantwich. But I knew not where to go till a good woman in the street asked me if Mr. Wesley was come, and conducted me to the place where the people were waiting. Many were noisy at first because they could not get in, but when they did all was silent.

<sup>1</sup> On March 7 he wrote an 'Address to the Readers of Alleine's *Letters*' (*Works*, vol. xiv. p. 254). Wesley, comparing Samuel Rutherford's letters with these, gives Alleine the pre-eminence. The letters have an exquisite tenderness and grace. Most of them were written in 1663, and are addressed to his beloved people, from 'the common jail at Juclchester' (Ivel-

chester, Ilchester), where he was imprisoned after the passing of the Act of Uniformity (Green's *Wesley Bibliog.* No. 241).

<sup>2</sup> Dr. Barnard; see above, p. 189. He died in 1768.

<sup>3</sup> Admitted on trial in 1766, and appointed to the Wiltshire round in 1767.

<sup>4</sup> At Bristol.



1. GARTH, THE HOME OF SARAH GWYNNE (MRS. CHARLES WESLEY).
2. MRS. CHARLES WESLEY.
3. CHARLES WESLEY'S HOUSE AT BRISTOL.  
(The house next to the shop.)



*Fri. 20.*—I rode on through more storms to Liverpool, but here, too, I found no ship to carry my horses,<sup>1</sup> so *Monday* the 23rd I set out for Portpatrick. This day we rode but about forty miles; the next to Kendal, where I preached at six, and spent a comfortable evening at Serjeant Southwell's.

*Wed. 25.*—The rain, which began yesterday noon, continued till noon to-day without intermission; but, though driven against us by a strong wind, it was nothing so troublesome as the piercing cold, while we afterwards rode between the snowy mountains, the road also being covered with snow. However, after a short bait at Keswick we reached Cockermouth in the afternoon.

The mare T. Dancer rode being now quite lame, I left him to cross over at Whitehaven; and Mr. Atlay,<sup>2</sup> who came just in time, offered to accompany me to Portpatrick.

*Thur. 26.*—We rode through miserable roads to Solway Firth; but the guides were so deeply engaged in a cock-fight that none could be procured to show us over. We procured one, however, between three and four. But there was more sea than we expected, so that, notwithstanding all I could do, my legs and the skirts of my coat were in the water. The motion of the waves made me a little giddy; but it had a stranger effect on Mr. Atlay—he lost his sight, and was just dropping off his horse when one of our fellow travellers caught hold of him. We rode on nine or ten miles, and lodged at a village called Ruthwell.

*Fri. 27.*—We rode by Dumfries and the Bridge of Urr, over the military way, to Gatehouse-of-Fleet; but the house was filled with so noisy company that we expected little rest. Before eleven, however, I fell asleep, and heard nothing more till between three and four in the morning.

*Sat. 28.*—We rode to Portpatrick.<sup>3</sup>

*Sun. 29.*—The packet-boat was ready in the morning, but waited for the mail, hour after hour, till past three in the after-

<sup>1</sup> These were the horses left with the chaise to Wesley in Miss Lewen's will. See letter to Charles Wesley (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 131).

<sup>2</sup> Stationed at Haworth in 1766.

<sup>3</sup> From Bristol to Portpatrick, via

Solway Firth, is 430 miles, and, allowing three days for the detention at Liverpool, Wesley rode the distance in nine days, averaging over forty-seven miles a day, in bad weather, and rain and snow.

noon. Hereby we avoided a violent storm, and had only what they called a fresh breeze; however, this breeze drove us to Donaghadee (thirty miles) in about three hours.

*Mon.* 30.—I rode to Newtownards, and in the evening preached in the market-house to a large number of serious hearers. The society, I found, had been shattered in pieces, but were uniting again. To these I spoke more particularly in the morning. It may be they will yet have ears to hear.

*Tues.* 31.—After meeting the society at Belfast I rode on to Lisburn.<sup>1</sup> At six I preached in the Linen Hall (a small square so called), as also the two following evenings. We had many people of fashion there, and the congregation increased continually.

*APRIL 3, Fri.*—At the end of Dromore I met Robert Williams,<sup>2</sup> who<sup>3</sup> showed me the way to Newry. A little after six I went to the market-house, but when I began I had only four hearers. A good number assembled before I had done, only none of the gentry; they were hindered by a business of more importance—dressing for the assembly!

*Sun.* 5.—I was in hopes of reaching Tanderagee before the church began; but it was farther off than we expected. At five in the evening we had the largest congregation I had seen in Ulster; and I believe many found much of the presence of God, but still more at the meeting of the society.

*Mon.* 6.—The congregation was surprisingly large this morning, and still larger every morning and evening.

*Wed.* 8.—I preached at noon to our old society at Terryhoogan, the mother-church of all these parts.

*Thur.* 9.—The house would not contain the people at Tanderagee, even at five in the morning; so I went to the market-house, where God gave us a solemn and affectionate parting.

<sup>1</sup> William Black (quoted in Crookshank's *Meth. in Ireland*, vol. i. p. 202) says:

Mr. Wesley preached in the area of the Linen Hall from 'To-day is salvation come to this house.' He afterwards administered the Sacrament to about forty or fifty persons, nearly all the Methodists in the counties of Down and Antrim.

This was probably the first Methodist

sacramental service in the north of Ireland.

<sup>2</sup> He was so much a Dissenter that Wesley more than once put his initials only in the *Minutes*. He went to America, and did good work there, especially as the apostle of Methodism in Maryland.

<sup>3</sup> 1st ed., 'took my bags and.'

I was not glad to hear that some of the Seceders<sup>1</sup> had settled in these parts also. Those of them who have yet fallen in my way are more uncharitable than the Papists themselves. I never yet met a Papist who avowed the principle of murdering heretics ; but a Seceding minister being asked, 'Would not you, if it was in your power, cut the throats of all the Methodists?' replied directly, 'Why, did not Samuel hew Agag in pieces before the Lord?' I have not yet met a Papist in this kingdom who would tell me to my face all but themselves must be damned ; but I have seen Seceders enough who make no scruple to affirm none but themselves could be saved. And this is the natural consequence of their doctrine : for, as they hold (1) that we are saved by faith alone ; (2) that faith is the holding such and such opinions ; it follows, all who do not hold those opinions have no faith, and therefore cannot be saved.

About noon I preached near Dawson's Grove to a large and serious congregation ; but to a far larger in the evening at Kilmoriarty.<sup>2</sup> I do not wonder the gospel runs so swiftly in these parts. The people in general have the finest natural tempers which I ever knew ; they have the softness and courtesy of the Irish, with the seriousness of the Scots and the openness of the English.

*Fri. 10.*—At one I preached at Portadown, a place not troubled with any kind of religion. I stood in the street and cried, 'Now God commandeth all men everywhere to repent.' The people gathered from all sides, and, when I prayed, kneeled down upon the stones, rich and poor, all round me. In the evening I preached again at Kilmoriarty. At five in the morning the house was well filled ; and a little after six I cheerfully commended them to the grace of God.

*Sat. 11.*—About three I preached at a village called The Grange.<sup>3</sup> The people came from several miles round, and seemed to hear with the spirit and with the understanding also. At six I preached near Cockhill ; where at nine in the morning,

<sup>1</sup> For an account of the Seceders see Crookshank's *Meth. in Ireland*, vol. i. p. 9. They had crossed over into Ireland in 1746. Wesley met with their evil work at Kendal (see below, p. 254). Four

brothers formed the first presbytery, Dec. 6, 1733.

<sup>2</sup> Where he was the guest of Mr. George Joyce.

<sup>3</sup> See above, p. 114.

*Sunday* the 12th, we had a congregation from all parts. But this was more than doubled at five in the evening. All were serious, and, according to the custom of the country, when I went to prayer, immediately kneeled, though it was in the high-road. I believe not a few were deeply wounded. Oh may none heal the wound slightly!

*Mon.* 13.—I preached at Mount Roe,<sup>1</sup> a gentleman's seat about three miles from Cockhill; *Tuesday* the 14th at Clonmain. This, I believe, was, two years since, the only society in these parts. I think there are now one or two and twenty, within the compass of ten miles.<sup>2</sup>

*Wed.* 15.—I rode to Armagh. Half an hour before the time of preaching, an officer came and said, 'Sir, the sovereign (or mayor) orders me to inform you, you shall not preach in his town.' In order to make the trial, I walked to the market-house at six. I had just begun when the sovereign came. I was informed his name was Harcourt. He was talking very loud, and tolerably fast, when a gentleman came and said, 'Sir, if you are not allowed to preach here, you are welcome to preach in Mr. M'Geough's avenue.'<sup>3</sup> Mr. M'Geough, one of the chief merchants in the town, himself showed us the way. I suppose thrice as many people flocked together there as would have heard me in the market-house. So did the wise providence of God draw good out of evil! And His word had indeed free course.

*Thur.* 16.—About one I preached to a large congregation at Dungannon, in the county of Tyrone; and, in the evening, before the gate of the great old house at Castlecaulfield.<sup>4</sup> The

<sup>1</sup> Mount Roe, or Raw, or Ree Castle, near Loughall.

<sup>2</sup> The fruit of the labours of John Smith—one of the most extraordinary preachers in Ireland. 'At times for an entire week he scarcely rested day or night; in sunshine and shower, travelling over marshes and bogs, rocks and mountains.' He is described as a man with 'a stalwart frame, a powerful voice, and a brave spirit.' Despite 'almost insuperable difficulties, the success which crowned his labours has been rarely surpassed.' See *eth o dism in Ireland*, vol. i. p. 204.

<sup>3</sup> The first host was Mr. Edwin Russel, one of Wesley's converts; afterwards he was entertained by Robert L——, Esq., J.P., agent to the Earl of Charlemont. The Primitive Wesleyan chapel was afterwards erected where the avenue stood.

<sup>4</sup> The castle, commenced by Sir Toby Caulfield, first Lord Charlemont, in 1614, stood on the site of an old fortalice called Fort O'Donnelly, and was enlarged by the second lord. It was burnt in 1641, during the Irish Rebellion.



society here, the first-fruits of this county, seemed to be all alive. Early in the morning I took horse, and got to Londonderry just at seven, where the congregation was waiting for me. My voice was weak ; but I think most of them could hear ; and some, I trust, heard the voice of God.

*Sat. 18.*—I found we were still honourable men here, some of eminence in the city being both ‘hearers’ and ‘doers of the word.’ I employed *Monday*,<sup>1</sup> *Tuesday*, and part of *Wednesday* in speaking severally to the members of the society, and was glad to find the greater part of them had tasted that the Lord is gracious.

*Sat. 25.*—I rode to Mr. Knox’s farm, and preached to a little company on ‘By grace are ye saved through faith.’ I spoke exceeding plain to them at Derry in the evening on ‘How long halt ye between two opinions?’ And more plain, if possible, both morning and evening, on *Sunday* the 26th. Surely this is an understanding people. But it is only love that edifies.

*Mon. 27.*—I rode to Augher, and preached at six in the Castle yard to a large and deeply serious congregation.

*Tues. 28.*—I preached near Aughnacloy, after riding through one of the finest countries in the kingdom.

*Wed. 29.*—A little beyond Swanlinbar<sup>2</sup> I found a lively congregation of plain country people, as simple and artless as if they had lived upon the Welsh mountains. So has God ‘chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise.’

*Thur. 30.*—Some of the chief persons in the town desiring I would give them a sermon there, I went thither in the morning. A large room was offered ; but it was quickly so full and so hot, that I was obliged to go out into the street. I had hardly named my text before a poor Papist, at a small distance from me, began blowing a horn. But a gentleman, stepping up, snatched his horn away, and without ceremony knocked him down. In the evening I preached in the country again, to a still larger con-

<sup>1</sup> On April 20 he wrote from Londonderry to Miss A. (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 359).

<sup>2</sup> Amongst those present were Nehemiah and John Price. The former says: ‘We found Mr. Wesley walking under some shady trees, in his gown and bands, and

he appeared to me as a being of another world. He preached in a garden to a numerous and attentive congregation. I was much affected by the solemn truths I heard’ (*Crookshank’s Meth. in Ireland*, vol. i. p. 204).

gregation; and God made His word quick and powerful. Many were wounded, and many comforted.

MAY 1, *Fri.*—We rode by a large seat,<sup>1</sup> elegantly built and finely situated. But, to my surprise, the gates of the grand avenue were painted blue, green, and yellow, like a child's rattle. Surely the owner has never seen the pretty bauble; but will no one inform him of it? In the evening I preached in the market-house at Sligo,<sup>2</sup> to a larger congregation, as well as better behaved, than when I was here before. The next evening was exceeding cold and blustering. However, the provost refusing me the use of the court-house, abundance of people stood with me in the street, and most of them behaved well.

*Sun.* 3.—I preached, morning and evening, in the market-house; and had much hope, both from the number and behaviour of the hearers, that even here our labour will not be in vain.

*Mon.* 4.—We rode to Castlebar, thirty old Irish, about fifty-six English, miles. Between six and seven I began preaching in the court-house; but few of the rich were there. Many of these dare not hear *me* above once: they find it is playing with edged tools. Many of the poor were present at five in the morning, and many more, both rich and poor, in the evening. And 'the power of the Lord was present to heal': but how many rejected His 'counsel against themselves'?

*Wed.* 6.—I rode to Newport, and preached in the evening, and at six in the morning. Rich and poor behaved extremely well, and seemed 'almost persuaded' to be Christians. In the evening I took my leave of the congregation at Castlebar, by speaking from those words, 'Come, Lord Jesus!' But who will abide His coming in the clouds? Those who are partakers of His holiness.

*Fri.* 8.—We rode to Galway, above fifty English miles. It rained almost every step of the way. I preached at Ballinrobe in the court-house between eight and nine, and at Galway about six. Colonel E[yre]<sup>3</sup> and all his family were there. Perhaps a word might reach their hearts.

<sup>1</sup> Florence Court, seat of the Earl of Enniskillen.

<sup>2</sup> At Sligo he was the guest of Mr. Andrew Maiben, a leading merchant in the town. On May 2 he wrote from

Sligo to Mrs. Crosby. The letter is dated 1766, but it should evidently be 1767. (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 354.)

<sup>3</sup> Of Eyrecourt. See above, vol. iv. p. 396.

*Sat. 9.*—I rode to Ennis, but found the preaching had been discontinued, and the society was vanished away. So having no business there, I left it in the morning, preached at Clara about eight, and in the evening at Limerick. The continued rain kept me from preaching abroad this week; and I was scandalized at the smallness of the congregation in the house. I am afraid my glorying touching many of these societies is at an end. Almost throughout the province of Ulster I found the work of God increasing; and not a little in Connaught, particularly at Sligo, Castlebar, and Galway. But in Munster, a land flowing with milk and honey, how widely is the case altered! At Ennis, the god of this world has wholly prevailed; at Clara there is but a spark left; and at Limerick itself, I find only the remembrance of the fire which was kindled two years ago. And yet one of the two preachers who was here last was almost universally admired! But, alas! how little does this avail! 'He is the best physician,' said a sensible man, 'not who talks best, or who writes best, but who performs the most cures.'

*Sun. 17.*—The weather being fair, I took my stand in the Old Camp, and had, I believe, as many hearers as all the preceding week put together. There was a solemn awe throughout the congregation, and I began to hope God would revive His work.

*Mon. 18.*—I spoke to the members of the society severally; most of them appeared to be honest and upright. But a general faintness seemed to have spread among them; there was no zeal, no vigour of grace.

*Thur. 21.*—I preached about noon at Ballingarrane, to what is left of the poor Palatines.<sup>1</sup> Many are gone to America; many scattered up and down in various parts of the kingdom. Everywhere they are patterns of industry and frugality. In the evening I preached at Newmarket.

*Sun. 24.*—The Old Camp would ill contain the congregation, closely wedged in together. Afterwards we had a solemn hour at the meeting of the society, in which God caused many of the bones which had been broken to rejoice. So they are set upon

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<sup>1</sup> See above, vol. iv. p. 397.

their feet once again. Now let them run with patience the race set before them.

*Mon. 25.*—I rode to Shronell, and preached at twelve to the largest congregation I have ever seen there. Thence we crossed the country to Kilfinane. I had hardly begun to speak when a young person, a kind of a gentleman, came, and took great pains to make a disturbance. Mr. Dancer<sup>1</sup> mildly desired him to desist, but was answered with a volley of oaths and a blow. One of the town then encountered him, and beat him well. But, the noise preventing my being heard, I retired a few hundred yards, with the serious part of the congregation, and quietly finished my discourse.

*Tues. 26.*—I went on to Cork, and on *Thursday* the 28th to Bandon. This evening I preached in the house, the next in the main street; but the wind was so high and so cold that none either could or would bear it but those who really desired to save their souls. I judged the house would hold these, so the next evening I preached within; and when the benches were removed, it held the greatest part of the congregation, and those who could not get in heard tolerably well, either at the doors or windows.

*Sun. 31.*—We had most of them again at seven; and I took my leave of them with much satisfaction, after having strongly enforced 'To-day, if ye will hear His voice, harden not your hearts.'

I would fain have preached abroad at Cork in the evening, but the wind and rain would not permit. Two years ago I left above three hundred in the society; I find a hundred and eighty-seven. What has occasioned so considerable a reduction? I believe the real cause is this:

Between two and three years ago, when the society was nearly as low as it is now, Thomas Taylor<sup>2</sup> and William Penington<sup>3</sup> came to Cork. They were zealous men, and sound preachers; full of activity, and strict in discipline,

<sup>1</sup> Wesley's travelling companion. See above, p. 198.

<sup>2</sup> More is said about Thomas Taylor's work in its real character by Wesley than by himself in his autobiography (*E.M.P.* vol. v. pp. 26-27).

<sup>3</sup> First a schoolmaster, he entered the ministry in 1760. On his tomb in Athlone churchyard is inscribed the text which fitly describes his character and ministry—Mal. ii. 6.

without respect of persons. They set up meetings for prayer in several places, and preached abroad at both ends of the city. Hearers swiftly increased; the society increased; so did the number both of the convinced and the converted. I came when the flame was at the height, and preached abroad, in the heart of the city, on the south side of it, near the barracks, and several times in Blackpool, which lies on the north side of it. More and more were stirred up, and there was a greater awakening here than in any part of the kingdom.

But misunderstandings crept in between the leaders, and between some of them and the preachers. And these increased sevenfold, when one of the leaders was expelled the society; some believing him faulty, some not, and neither side having patience with the other. Hence a flame of anger succeeded the flame of love, and many were destroyed by it. At the same time some of our brethren learned a new opinion, and warmly propagated it. This heat was almost as destructive as the former; and the effect of both was, the Spirit of God was grieved; His blessing was withheld, and of course the flock was scattered. When they are convinced of their sin, and humbled before Him, then, and not before, He will return.

JUNE 3, *Wed.*—As it was fair, though the wind was high and extremely sharp, I preached in an open place at Blackpool to a large number of quiet hearers. On the three following evenings the wind and rain confined us in the house, much against my will; as those who wanted us most could not or would not come thither.<sup>1</sup>

*Sun. 7 (being Whit Sunday).*—The weather turning fair, between four and five in the afternoon I began preaching in Georges Street to such a congregation as that in the Old Camp at Limerick. A solemn awe sat on the faces of the whole assembly while I explained ‘If any man thirst, let him come unto Me and drink.’ Surely some of them found the promise fulfilled, and did drink of the living water!

<sup>1</sup> On June 4 he wrote from Cork to Lady Maxwell, suggesting a journey to England for her health, and the water of the Hot Wells; offering the loan of his chaise and horses at Bristol, suggesting that his wife, then in Newcastle, would

be glad to wait on her there, where she might use the Orphan House as a lodging, and see Miss Dale and her sister. He adds, ‘Miss Peggy is one of the holiest young women that I have any knowledge of’ (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 343).

*Mon. 8.*—I rode to Youghal. When I was here two years ago,<sup>1</sup> a flame was kindled among the people; but it was gone out. And I could not wonder at it; for they have scarce had any preaching since. I purposed staying only a night; but, observing the number and deep attention of the congregation, I stayed another day, and on *Tuesday* the 9th, preached in the Exchange again. The hearers were much increased, and all but a few gentlemen, so called, behaved with great seriousness.

*Wed. 10.*—After preaching to a multitude of people I took horse, and in the evening of a very hot day reached Waterford.

Here I found a small, poor, dead society, and but a handful of even, dull, careless hearers. However, I preached in the yard, and found more life among them than I expected. In the morning I spoke to the several members of the society, some of whom seemed much devoted to God. I desired Mr. Morgan to preach at noon.<sup>2</sup> God gave him acceptable words, and the whole congregation, rich and poor, appeared to be greatly moved. They seemed to be still more affected in the evening. What pity that this should pass away like a cloud!

*Fri. 12.*—We rode to Kilkenny. The sun was exceeding hot, but did not incommode us much, as we had the wind in our face all the way. The congregation at the town hall in the evening was large and tolerably serious; a few of the gentry excepted, who seemed neither to understand nor care for any of these things. We had great part of them at five in the morning. At noon, when Mr. Morgan preached, I expected to have seen the largest company of all; but I was mistaken: the ladies could not rise so soon; at least, they could not huddle on their clothes fit to be seen. In the evening I spoke exceedingly plain, both to the rich and poor; and a few, at least, received the truth in love. But who will endure to the end?

*Sun. 14.*—In the evening I preached at Birr, to a wilder congregation than I ever saw at Kilkenny. However, as I

<sup>1</sup> June 28, 1765.

<sup>2</sup> He must have been a sorely chastened, but thoughtful and eloquent man. 'I humbly hope,' he writes, 'I have passed through no fire without losing some dross . . . and I have been so long

inured to the furnace that really a thousand things do not move me' (*Arm. Mag.* 1784, p. 447). He was the biographer of Thomas Walsh, who in a letter to Wesley, makes a touching reference to him (*Meth. Mag.* 1798, p. 440).

stood near the barracks, the number of soldiers that attended kept them so far in awe that they durst only laugh and make a little noise, till the whole body of the Papists ran away together. The rest were then tolerably attentive, and grew more and more serious till I concluded.

*Mon. 15.*—I rode through a pleasant and well-cultivated country to Aughtrim. For many years I have not seen so large a congregation here, and so remarkably well-behaved. At the prayer, both before and after sermon, all of them kneeled upon the grass. A few of the poor Papists only remained standing, at a distance from the rest of the people. These would come in droves at every place, if the priests, as well as the King, would grant liberty of conscience.

At the desire of the good old widow, Mrs. M——,<sup>1</sup> I went with Mr. S—— to C——. Lord and Lady M—— were there before us, to whom I was probably

A not-expected, much-unwelcome guest.<sup>2</sup>

But whatsoever it was to them, it was a heavy afternoon to me ; as I had no place to retire to, and so was obliged to be in genteel company for two or three hours together. Oh what a dull thing is life without religion ! I do not wonder that time hangs heavy upon the hands of all who know not God, unless they are perpetually drunk with noise and hurry of one kind or another.

*Wed. 17.*—We came to Athlone. Here the scene was changed. I was among those that both feared and loved God, but to this day they have not recovered the loss which they sustained when they left off going to church. It is true they have long been convinced of their mistake. Yet the fruit of it

<sup>1</sup> This, it is believed, was Mrs. Meecham (see above, vol. iii. p. 405), the Mrs. M—— of Charles Wesley's Journal, Oct. 11, 1747 : 'I spent the evening with Mrs. M[eecham] a true mourner in Sion, till the Lord, on Wednesday, put the new song in her mouth. She set us all on fire with the warmth of her first love.' This was a conversion 'not only interesting in

itself, but most important in its influence and consequences.' It led to the conversion of her brother-in-law, Mr. Samuel Handy, of Coolalough, and to the establishment of Methodist preaching in several well-known centres. See Crookshank's *Methodism in Ireland*, vol. i. pp. 22-4.

<sup>2</sup> A reminiscence of Congreve's *Mourning Bride*, iii. 1.

still remains; so that there are very few who retain that vigour of spirit which they before enjoyed.<sup>1</sup>

At seven I preached in the new house, which Mr. S. S[impson]<sup>2</sup> has built entirely at his own expense. The congregation was, as usual, both large and serious. I rested the four following days, only preaching morning and evening.

*Sun. 21.*<sup>3</sup>—We had a solemn meeting of the society at five. After preaching at eight I would willingly have gone to church, but was informed there had been no service for near two years, and would be none for a year or two longer, the inside of the church wanting to be repaired. In the evening I preached in the barracks. I know not that ever I saw such a congregation at Athlone before; rich and poor, Protestants and Papists, gathered together from every side; and deep attention sat on all while I explained that solemn declaration (part of the Gospel for the day), 'If they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded though one rose from the dead.'

It was about this time that a remarkable passage happened at Macclesfield, in Cheshire. One Ellen Stanyers, a young woman of that town, very religious in her own way, but quite a stranger to the Scripture-way of salvation, had her work from one of the shops in the town. A young man belonging to the same shop fell in love with her. Fearing lest her refusing him would disoblige her master, she gave him encouragement, and afterwards, though she never intended it, promised to marry him. One day, as she was sitting at her work, this sin was brought to her remembrance, and lay so exceeding heavy upon her mind that she was utterly distressed. She took her work, and carried it to her master, telling him she had destroyed her soul with it. At the same time she told the young man she was resolved never to have him. He came to her and said, 'If you do not keep your word

<sup>1</sup> On June 18 he wrote from Athlone to Christopher Hopper, referring to the death of 'honest Paul Greenwood,' and to the future of Michael Fenwick. Hopper was to bring an exact account of the societies to the Conference. Mrs. Teare entertained Whitefield as well as Wesley at Athlone. (Crookshank's *Memorable Women of Irish Methodism*, p. 6.)

<sup>2</sup> See above, vol. iii. p. 351.

<sup>3</sup> He wrote from Athlone to his brother Charles. Surprised that the work in Ireland had spread so far, and not farther, he discusses the reasons for this, in the *consules* (chiefs) of the movement, in the preachers, and in the generality of the people. He asks Charles to study the Minutes of the last Conference, and to see if it will not be 'worth our while to enforce them with all our might' (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 133).



I will hang myself at your door ; and then I will come and take you away with me to the devil.' She was so frightened she fell into black despair. Her father carried her to a clergyman, and afterwards to another, who seemed to pity her case, but knew not how to comfort her. Willing to try every way, he ordered one to read to her *Burkitt upon the New Testament*, till she cried, 'Take it away ; I cannot bear it !' and attempted to run away. But her father held her ; and, when she struggled, beat her, and told her she should hear it, whether she would or no. She grew worse and worse ; could neither eat, drink, nor sleep ; and pined away to a mere skeleton. She wandered about, as one distracted, in the fields and lanes, seeking rest, but finding none. She was exceedingly tempted to destroy herself ; but that thought came into her mind, 'If I do, I shall leap into hell immediately. I must go thither ; but I will keep out of it as long as I can.' She was wandering about one day when a person met her and advised her to hear the Methodists. Although she hated them, yet she was willing to do anything for ease, and so one evening came to the preaching. After the service was over, she desired to speak to the preacher, Mr. [John] Pawson<sup>1</sup> ; but she talked quite wildly. However, he encouraged her to come to the Saviour of sinners and cry to Him for deliverance. 'The next day' (so Mr. P[awson] continues the account) 'about twelve of us met together and prayed with her. I found great freedom, and a full confidence that God would deliver her. After prayer she said, "I never felt my heart pray before. I felt my heart go along with the preacher's words ; they have done me good at my heart. My despair is all gone ; I have a hope that I shall be saved." The next morning two or three prayed with her again. She spent all the day with one or another of the Methodists, and did not go home till night. Her father then asked, "Nelly, where have you been all this time ?" She answered, "I have been among the Methodists." "The Methodists !" said he ; "have you got any good there ?" She replied, "Yes, I bless God I have. I now hope I shall be saved." "Well," said he, "I care not where you go, if you only get relief." She then went to bed, but could not sleep. While she was meditating on what she had heard, those words were brought to her mind, "Is there no balm in Gilead ? Is there no physician there ?" With the words the Lord spoke peace to her soul ; and in one and the same moment all pain and sorrow fled away, and she was entirely healed, both body and mind. Early in the morning she came to the house of one of our friends, and, clapping her hands together, cried out in an ecstasy of joy, "O my Jesus, my Jesus, my Jesus ! What is it that He has done for me ? I feel He has

<sup>1</sup> See *Life of John Pawson (Wesley's Veterans*, vol. iv. p. 41, or *E.M.P.* vol. iv. p. 36), for the revival in which this incident occurred.

forgiven all my sins." Taking up a hymn-book, she opened it on those words:

I the chief of sinners am,  
But Jesus died for me !

She was quite transported, being overwhelmed with peace and joy unspeakable. At the same time she was restored to the full use of her reason, and in a little while was strong and healthy as ever. She immediately desired to be admitted into the society, and for about a year enjoyed unspeakable happiness. She then received a call from her Beloved, and died full of faith and love.'

*Tues. 23.*—About one I preached in the market-place at Clara. I admired the seriousness of the whole congregation. Indeed, one or two gentlemen appeared quite unconcerned ; but the presence of the greater gentlemen kept them within bounds : so they were as quiet as if they had been—at the play-house.

This and the following evening I preached in the market-place at Tullamore.

*Thur. 25.*—I was desired to look at the monument lately erected for the Earl of Charleville.<sup>1</sup> It observes that he was the last of his family, the great Moores of Croghan. But how little did riches profit either him, who died in the strength of his years, or his heir, who was literally overwhelmed by them ; being so full of care that sleep departed from him, and he was restless day and night, till, after a few months, life itself was a burden, and an untimely death closed the scene !

In the evening I preached at Mountmellick, near the market-house. The congregation was exceeding large, and God made His word 'quick and powerful, and sharper than a two-edged sword.'

*Fri. 26.*—Finding some of the most earnest persons in the society were deeply prejudiced against each other, I desired them to come face to face, and laboured much to remove their prejudice. I used both argument and persuasion ; but it was all in vain. Perceiving that reasoning profited nothing, we betook ourselves to prayer. On a sudden the mighty power of God broke in upon them. The angry ones on both sides

<sup>1</sup> Charles Bury, second Lord Tullamore. When the earldom of Tullamore became extinct the estates came to his sister's

eldest son, John, Baron Moore, of Tullamore, who in 1758 was created Earl of Charleville. See above, vol. iv. p. 175.

burst into tears and fell on each other's necks. All anger and prejudice vanished away, and they were as cordially united as ever.

*Sat. 27.*<sup>1</sup>—The congregation in the market-house at Portarlinton was widely different from that at Mountmellick. I endeavoured to suit my subject to my audience, preaching from 'Gallio cared for none of these things'; but some of them were quite above conviction. So, finding that they had neither sense nor good manners (of religion I did not suspect them), the next day I adjourned to the shell of our new house, in which I preached morning and evening. And here the greatest part of the congregation, both Papists and Protestants, behaved with decency.

*Mon. 29.*<sup>2</sup>—We took horse about a quarter past three, and before eight reached Coolalough. At twelve I preached in the shady walk; afterwards we had the Quarterly Meeting. I found no reason to complain of any of the societies, only they want more life and zeal.

*Tues. 30.*—I observed more good manners at Tyrrell's Pass, in rich as well as poor, than at Portarlinton.

JULY 1, *Wed.*—A friend carried me to Belvidere,<sup>3</sup> a seat built on the side of a clear lake, with walks and gardens adjoining, so curiously laid out as to exceed even the late Earl of Charleville's. One would scarce think it possible to have such a variety of beauties in so small a compass. But—

How soon, alas! will these 'upbraid  
Their transitory master dead!'<sup>4</sup>

We went on to Mullingar, where for many years no Methodist preacher could appear. The sessions house here was used

<sup>1</sup> An anonymous letter appeared in *The Dublin Mercury*, to which Wesley replied on July 11 in *The Freeman's Journal*. It was one of many scurrilous attacks. In his reply Wesley holds the anonymous writer up to contempt, and demands names and such other particulars as would make investigation possible.

<sup>2</sup> On this date he wrote to 'A Member of the Society' on Christian experience (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 282).

<sup>3</sup> Near Mullingar, the residence of the Earl of Belvidere. Only two held the title.

<sup>4</sup> Altered from Congreve's translation of Horace, *Odes*, ii. 14, last verse but one. It was a favourite quotation of Wesley's.

Nought shalt thou save,  
Unless a sprig of rosemary thou have,  
To wither with thee in the grave;  
The rest shall live and flourish, to upbraid  
Their transitory master dead.

(*W.H.S.* vol. v. p. 118.)

as a guard-house. I sent to the commanding officer, and desired leave to preach there. This he not only gave, but came himself. So did many of the soldiers, as well as the townsmen. In the evening, notwithstanding the cold and blustering winds, I was obliged to preach abroad at Tyrrell's Pass. But the rain on the two following evenings drove us into the house at Edenderry. *Saturday* the 4th, having now finished my circuit, I went on cheerfully to Dublin.

*Sun.* 5.—Our house was thoroughly filled, a sight which I have seldom seen. *Friday* the 10th we observed as a day of fasting and prayer. It was at our last meeting that we found the answer of our prayers. It seemed as if the windows of heaven were opened; the Spirit of grace and supplication was poured out. Many were filled with consolation; and many who had grown weary resolved to set out anew.

*Tues.* 14.—A poor backslider, whom I found ten days ago dying in black despair, told me, 'Now I am not afraid to die. I see Jesus just before me, and His face is all glory.' Instances of this kind do by no means prove that a saint cannot fall, even for ever; but only that God is 'pitiful, and of tender mercy, not willing any should perish.'

*Thur.* 16.—About ten I reached Donard, seven or eight and twenty English miles from Dublin. Standing under some shady trees, I enforced upon a serious congregation, 'All things are ready: come unto the marriage.' From hence I rode on to Baltinglass, and preached on 'By grace are ye saved through faith.' It was sultry hot as we rode to Carlow, so that I was weary and faint when we came in. But I soon recovered, and at seven preached in the sessions house<sup>1</sup> to a numerous congregation. But the greater part of them were like blocks, and some like wild asses' colts. I was constrained to reprove them sharply. They received it well, and behaved with more decency.

*Fri.* 17.—We lost our way in setting out of the town. It rained most of the day; however, this was far better than sultry heat. In the evening we returned to Dublin.

In my scraps of time this week I read over that wonderful

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<sup>1</sup> A larger building took its place on the same site in 1799.

poem, *Fingal*.<sup>1</sup> If it is genuine, if it is really extant (as many assure me it is) in the Erse language, it is an amazing proof of a genius in those barbarous times; little inferior to Homer or Virgil!

*Mon.* 20.—A friend showed me the apartments in the Castle, the residence of the Lord-Lieutenant. The Duke of Bedford made a noble addition to the lodgings, which are now both grand and convenient. But the furniture surprised me not a little; it is by no means equal to the building. In England many gentlemen of five hundred a year would be utterly ashamed of it.

*Tues.* 21.—I received an account of a young woman, the substance of which was as follows:

Katherine Murray was born February 2, 1729, at Carrick-on-Suir. She feared God from a child, and abstained from lying and speaking bad words. When about thirteen she stole some twigs of gooseberry bushes from a neighbour, and planted them in her father's garden. Immediately she felt she had sinned, knew she deserved hell, and feared it would be her portion. She began praying three times a day; but, notwithstanding, her sin followed her everywhere. Day and night it was before her, till, after some time, that conviction gradually wore off.

In the year 1749 her sister heard the Methodists, so called. She was soon convinced of sin, joined the society, and advised her to do so too; but, hearing one named that was in it, she was filled with disdain. 'What! meet with such a man as that!' Yet not long after she was convinced that the sins of her own heart, pride and passion in particular, were as abominable in the sight of God as the sins of that man, or any other. This conviction was exceeding sharp. She could no longer despise any, but only cry out, day and night, 'God be merciful to me, a sinner!'

In February she went to hear Mr. Reeves.<sup>2</sup> He preached on part of

<sup>1</sup> An epic poem, in six books, published in 1762 by James F. Macpherson, who professed to have translated it from the Erse of Ossian, father of Fingal. Dr. Johnson denied the genuineness of the work. Macpherson threatened him with physical chastisement. Johnson replied: 'I hope I shall never be deterred from declaring what I think a cheat by the

menaces of a ruffian. What would you have me retract? I thought your book an imposture; I think it an imposture still.' But it always was, and still is, a matter of controversy. See *Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides*, p. 579; also Warburton's *Letters*, pp. 332-5.

<sup>2</sup> Jonathan Reeves (1742-60). See above, vol. iii. p. 60.

the hundred-and-third Psalm. She was now more deeply than ever convinced of heart-sin, of unbelief in particular; and had such a sight of the excellency of faith that she determined to seek it with all her heart.

In the May following she was sitting in her room, lamenting her state and crying to God for mercy, when suddenly she had a sight of our Lord, from the manger to the cross. But it did not bring comfort; on the contrary, it so heightened her distress that she cried aloud, and alarmed the family; nor could she refrain till her strength failed and she fainted away. Often her sleep departed from her; her food was tasteless, and she mingled her drink with weeping; being resolved never to rest till she found rest in Him whom alone her soul desired.

It was not long before the Lord looked upon her. As she was in prayer she had a clear representation of our blessed Lord as crowned with thorns and clothed with the purple robe. In a moment her soul rested on Him, and she knew He had taken away her sins. Distress was gone; the love of God flowed into her heart, and she could rejoice in God her Saviour. Her soul was so ravished with His love that she could not hold her peace, but cried out to all she knew, 'You may know your sins forgiven, if you will come unto Jesus.'

Yet a while after, she dressed herself as fine as ever she could, and went to worship God, as she expressed it, 'proud as a devil.' Upon the spot God convinced her of her folly, of her pride and vanity. She was stripped of all her comfort, yea, and brought to doubt the reality of all she had before experienced. The devil then laboured to persuade her that she had sinned the sin against the Holy Ghost; and pushed it so, that she thought her life would fail, and she should instantly drop into the pit. But the Lord did not leave her long in the snare; He appeared again, to the joy of her soul. Her confidence was more strong than ever, and the fear of God more deeply rooted in her heart. She abhorred all sin, that in particular which had occasioned her distress; of which, indeed, she had a peculiar detestation to her last hours.

God now made her heart strong; she walked seven years in the clear light of His countenance, never feeling a moment's doubt of His favour, but having the uninterrupted witness of His Spirit. It was her meat and drink to do His will: His word, read or preached, was her delight, and all His ways were pleasant to her. She said she never came from a sermon unimproved; often so refreshed as to forget weariness or pain. And she was truly diligent 'in business,' as well as 'fervent in spirit.'

And now she thought she should never be removed, God had made her hill so strong. But soon after this, she was present when her sister was ill-used by her husband. She gave way to the temptation, fell into

a passion, and again lost all her happiness. Yet not long. She continued instant in prayer, till God again healed her backsliding.

But from this time, as her temptations were more violent, so she had a keener sense of the remains of sin. Though she enjoyed a constant sense of the favour of God, yet she had also much fear lest inbred sin should prevail over her and make her bring a scandal upon the gospel. She spent whole days in prayer, that God would not suffer her to be tempted above that she was able, and that with every temptation He would make a way for her to escape. And she was heard, so that her whole conversation adorned the doctrine of God her Saviour.

Yet she suffered much reproach, not only from the children of the world, but also from the children of God. These wounds sunk deep into her soul, and often made her weep before the Lord. Sometimes she felt resentment for a short time, of which darkness was the sure consequence ; but if at any time she lost the consciousness of pardon, it almost took away her life ; nor could she rest satisfied a moment, till she regained the light of His countenance. She always judged it was the privilege of every believer, constantly to 'walk in the light' ; and that nothing but sin could rob any, who had true faith, of their confidence in a pardoning God.

She was tried from within and without for about five years, yet kept from all known sin. In the year 1761 it pleased God to show her more clearly than ever, under a sermon preached by John Johnson, the absolute necessity of being saved from all sin and perfected in love. And now her constant cry was, 'Lord, take full possession of my heart, and reign there without a rival!' Nor was this at all hindered by her disorders, the gravel and colic, which about this time began to be very violent.

In the year 1762 she believed God did hear her prayer ; that her soul was entirely filled with love, and all unholy tempers destroyed ; and for several months she rejoiced evermore, prayed without ceasing, and in everything gave thanks. Her happiness had no intermission, day or night ; yea, and increased while her disorder increased exceedingly.

But in the beginning of the year 1763, when some unkind things were whispered about concerning her, she gave way to the temptation, and felt again a degree of anger in her heart. This soon occasioned a doubt whether she was not deceived before in thinking she was saved from sin. But she said, 'Whether I *was* or no, I am sure I *may be* ; and I am determined *now* to seek it from the Lord.'

From this time her disorders gradually increased. Whenever I was in town, I<sup>1</sup> visited her from time to time, and always found her, what-

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Johnson. See Atmore's *Memorial*, p. 220.

ever her pains were, resigned to the will of God ; having a clear sense of His favour, and a strong confidence that He would finish His work in her soul.

So soon as I came to town, January 1767, she sent for me. I found her confined to her bed, and frequently in such racking pain that it was thought she could not live many minutes ; but she said, 'My pain is nothing ; the presence of the Lord bears me up above it all. I have not a murmuring thought ; neither the shadow of a doubt. My way to glory is plain before me.' I asked if she was not afraid of having great sufferings before the soul and body were parted. She said, 'Not in the least. I expect to have sharp pain just before I depart' (which was so) ; 'but I do not concern myself about what I shall suffer. It is all at the disposal of the Lord.'

Two days after, I went again to see her. She said, 'My happiness is much increased. For a day and a night my pains have been exquisite ; yet in the midst of all, my heart did dance and sing. The Lord so smiles upon me, I cannot express it in words.'

February 6. She sent for me again. I found her in a rapture of love, singing and praising God ; so that I was constrained to say, 'O Lord, Thou hast highly favoured me, in permitting me to see such a Christian !' I cannot attempt to describe how she then appeared ; it was with such a smile as I never saw before. Most of the preceding day she had spent in singing praise to God, and telling of His goodness to all that came near her ; her soul, she said, being so happy that she could not be silent.

When I spoke to her of death she said, 'It is not death to me ; it is only sleep ; death is my friend ! Death is welcome : its sting is gone ! I shall soon be with my Lord ! Oh that I could sing on to all eternity ! My work of praise is begun, and shall never end.' I asked, 'Do you find the greatest inclination to prayer or praise ?' She said, 'Oh praise ! praise ! I am full of love ; and I cannot doubt but I shall love and praise Him to all eternity.' I then asked her concerning her former profession of being saved from sin. She said, 'Sir, I have it *now* ! I have it *now* ! and more abundantly. My soul is so full of love that my body is almost overpowered. It will be but a little while, and we shall meet in glory.'

Mon. 9.—I visited her again, and found her singing as well as her weak body would permit. I asked, 'Are you as happy now as when I saw you last ?' She said, 'Yes, I am ; I have not the shadow of a doubt. I had many conflicts with a wicked heart ; but those are all over now ; the Lord has finished His work.' She conversed now like one on Pisgah's top, in sight of the new Jerusalem ; often saying, 'My work is begun, which shall never end ; I shall praise Him to all eternity.'



The following Regulation is  
 transcribed from the Rev. W. Wesley's original  
 Manuscript and by His Desire is inserted Here

1 The Persons who at present learn to sing are

John Channon	John Keen	Lucia Burke
Mat. Thompson	Wm. Cooper	Mary Channon
Rob. Doolittle	Rich. Galtier	Edith Keen
John Linsie	Robt. Burrows	Eliz. Galtier
Arthur Keen	John Butts	Ann: Risk
Thos. Neil	Henry Rice	Ann: Armstrong
James Ridley	Robt. Beech	Thos. Popskin
Jos. Thompson	Jos. Phair	Mary Quirk
John Lewis	Thos. Mason	Eliz. Galtier
Thos. Barber	Jas. Geoghegan	Eliz. Hargre
Geo. Trinder		Jane Dowling
Wm. Josen		Jos. Kingston
John Risk		Ann
John Sparrow		Jane Walsh
		Wm. Windlehurst
		Ann Templeton
		Jos. Norton
		Ann: Hill
		Elmer Reiley

2 Let these meet at the New Room every  
 Thursday Evening:

3 Let them (4 them only) sit on the Second and  
 Third Seats of the Gallery on each side of the Pulpit

4 Let an Account be kept of all who are absent  
 from the Singing Meeting on Thursday Evening  
 or the Singing Seat on Sunday:

THE FIRST PAGE OF WESLEY'S 'RULES FOR THE SINGERS,' INSERTED AT HIS  
 REQUEST IN THE DUBLIN SOCIETY ROLL.



She was asked, 'Can you wait the Lord's leisure to release you?' She said, 'Yes, yes; as long as He pleases. My pain is gone; this also He has done for me; and why should I not wait patiently?' But it was not long before her pains returned with redoubled violence, and sometimes a groan was extorted from her; but not the least complaint. Yea, she often broke out in a rapture of love, crying, 'I cannot express the happiness I feel.'

Fri. 13. After dozing a little, she awaked in a transport, saying, 'Oh, you cannot conceive the joy I feel. You know but in part; but when that which is perfect is come, you shall know even as you are known.' She spoke with regard to some glorious views which she then had of her dear Redeemer.

During her last pains, which were the sharpest of all, the devil made his last effort. She was in a violent struggle about half an hour. Then she stretched out her hands, and said, 'Glory to Jesus! Oh love Jesus! love Jesus! He is a glorious Jesus! He has now made me fit for Himself! When the harvest is ripe, the sickle is put in.' She asked for a little wine-and-water; but she could not swallow it. She said, 'I have long been drinking wine-and-water here; now I shall drink wine in my Father's kingdom.' She lay still about a quarter of an hour, and then breathed her soul into the hands of her Redeemer.

On *Wednesday* and *Thursday* we had our little Conference <sup>1</sup> at Dublin. *Friday* we observed as a day of fasting and prayer, and concluded it with the most solemn watch-night <sup>2</sup> that I ever remember in this kingdom. I was much tired between seven and eight o'clock, but less and less so as the service went on; and at the conclusion, a little after twelve, I was fresher than at six in the morning.<sup>3</sup>

*Sunday* the 26th was a comfortable day indeed; but the conclusion of it tried my strength, as I was speaking, with scarce any intermission, from a little after five till between nine and ten.

*Mon.* 27.—Having a severe cold, I was in hopes of riding it away; so I took horse a little after four, and reached Newry in

<sup>1</sup> The seventh Irish Conference. No particulars are given; but, from the Minutes of the English Conference, begun in London on August 18, we find that Thomas Olivers was one of the preachers appointed to Dublin. A doctrinal difference between Olivers and James Morgan occasioned a 'Ferment'

in the Dublin Society (see below, p. 307). For the first time a return of the members of society was made for publication, the total in Ireland being 2,801.

<sup>2</sup> In Whitefriar Street Chapel.

<sup>3</sup> On July 25 he wrote to Mrs. Elizabeth Bennis on Christian experience (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 387).

the evening. But my voice was still so weak that I doubt if many of the congregation in the market-house could hear me ; and my cough was so violent at night I could hardly sleep a quarter of an hour together. However, I preached at five in the morning without much difficulty.

*Wed. 29.*—I hasted on to Donaghadee, but found all the packet-boats were on the other side. So I agreed with the captain of a small vessel, and went on board about two o'clock ; but it was so late when we landed (after a passage of five hours), that we could only reach Stranraer that night.<sup>1</sup>

*Thur. 30.*—We rode through a country swiftly improving to Ayr, and passed a quiet and comfortable night.

*Fri. 31.*—Before two we reached Glasgow. In the evening I preached, and again at five in the morning.

*AUG. 1, Sat.*—As both my horse and myself were a little tired, I took the stage-coach to Edinburgh.<sup>2</sup>

Before I left Glasgow I heard so strange an account that I desired to hear it from the person himself. He was a sexton, and yet for many years had little troubled himself about religion. I set down his words, and leave every man to form his own judgement upon them : 'Sixteen weeks ago I was walking, an hour before sunset, behind the high kirk ; and, looking on one side, I saw one close to me, who looked in my face, and asked me how I did. I answered, "Pretty well." He said, "You have had many troubles ; but how have you improved them?" He then told me all that ever I did ; yea, and the thoughts that had been in my heart ; adding, "Be ready for my second coming." And he was gone, I knew not how. I trembled all over, and had no strength in me ; but sunk down to the ground. From that time I groaned continually under the load of sin, till at the Lord's Supper it was all taken away.'

*Sun. 2.*—I was sorry to find both the society and the congre-

<sup>1</sup> On this visit he spent four months in Ireland.

<sup>2</sup> The original intention was, as he informed Lady Maxwell in the letter quoted above (p. 209), to be at Bristol in August. Instead, he took this journey to Edinburgh. Mrs. Wesley was in Newcastle. She probably remained

there until the marriage of her daughter (March 7, 1769), to Mr. William Smith, a wealthy corn-merchant, and one of Wesley's leading officials in the Newcastle Society. She resided at the Orphan House. In this month he wrote from Edinburgh to the Rev. Mr. Townsend (*W.M. Mag.* 1861, p. 983).

gations smaller than when I was here last. I impute this chiefly to the manner of preaching which has been generally used. The people have been told, frequently and strongly, of their coldness, deadness, heaviness, and littleness of faith, but very rarely of anything that would move thankfulness. Hereby many were driven away, and those that remained were kept cold and dead.

I encouraged them strongly at eight in the morning ; and about noon preached upon the Castle Hill, on 'There is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth.' The sun shone exceeding hot upon my head ; but all was well ; for God was in the midst of us. In the evening I preached on Luke xx. 34, &c., and many were comforted ; especially while I was enlarging on those deep words, 'Neither can they die any more, but are equal to the angels, and are the children of God, being the children of the resurrection.'

*Mon. 3.*—I visited as many as I could, sick and well, and endeavoured to confirm them. In the evening I preached at seven, and again at nine. We concluded about twelve. One then came to me with an unexpected message. A gentleman in the west of Scotland was a serious, sensible man, but violently attached both to the doctrine and discipline of the Kirk. His eldest daughter dreamed some months since that she was poisoned, and must die in an hour. She waked in the utmost consternation, which issued in a deep conviction of sin. Soon after she had an earnest desire to see me, though not perceiving any possibility of it. But business calling Mr. H—— to Edinburgh, he brought her with him, three days before I came. On Sunday morning he heard the preaching for the first time, and afterwards omitted no opportunity. He now sent his daughter to beg I would come, if possible, to the west ; and to desire that I, or any of our preachers, would make his house our home.

*Tues. 4.*—I rode to Dunbar, and endeavoured, if possible, to rouse some of the sleepers, by strongly, yea, roughly, enforcing those words, 'Lord, are there few that be saved ?' And this I must say for the Scots in general, I know no men like them for bearing plain dealing.

On *Thursday* I reached Newcastle.

*Sat.* 8.<sup>1</sup>—At the request of Mr. Whitaker, of New England, I preached, and afterwards made a collection for the Indian schools in America. A large sum of money is now collected; but will money convert heathens?<sup>2</sup> Find preachers of David Brainerd's spirit, and nothing can stand before them; but, without this, what will gold or silver do? No more than lead or iron. They have indeed sent thousands to hell; but never yet brought a soul to heaven.

*Sun.* 9.—I preached about ten in Mr. Goodday's church at Monkwearmouth. About two I preached to a willing multitude at Gateshead Fell; and at five near the Garth Heads at Newcastle.

*Mon.* 10.—I laboured to set some right who have much grace but little understanding; and I prevailed on all but one, who appeared indeed to be the twin-soul of poor George Bell.

*Tues.* 11.—I came to a friendly conclusion (blessed be God!) with Mr. L[ewen].<sup>3</sup> He agreed to pay the legacies on the second

<sup>1</sup> He wrote to Miss A—, warning her that whilst among the hearers of Mr. Madan and Mr. Romaine (much more among those of Mr. Whitefield) 'there are many gracious souls . . . yet the hearing them . . . would be apt to lead *you* into unprofitable reasonings. . . . Therefore I advise you check all curiosity of this kind' (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 359).

<sup>2</sup> Tyerman claims this as the first missionary collection. On equally good grounds a claim might be set up for still earlier collections made for Whitefield's work in America. Tyerman also notes that in this same year 'a large chapel was built in New York for a congregation of Methodists, who already exceed two thousand persons.' This was a newspaper exaggeration (see *Lloyd's Evening Post* of Sept. 11, 1767). The facts were that 'a rigging-house,' 60 by 18 feet, was taken by Philip Embury, Captain Webb, and their companions, for Methodist services. Embury, Barbara Heck, and other Palatine Methodists from Ireland, had begun to hold meetings; Captain Webb became their preacher, a large congregation was gathered, a society formed; and the sail-

loft chapel opened. (Tyerman's *Life of Wesley*, vol. ii. p. 607.)

<sup>3</sup> Mr. Lewen was the father of Miss Margaret Lewen and executor to her will. The legatees referred to were residuary legatees. Amongst them, as was currently but falsely reported, was Miss Bosanquet, representing an orphanage. The facts were as follows: Shortly before her death Miss Lewen boarded with Mary Bosanquet and Mrs. Ryan. She wished, by will, to leave her a large sum of money. To this Miss Bosanquet objected. Eventually, on the plea of expenses incurred on her account and for two children taken into the house, a codicil was made, leaving two thousand pounds.

In October 1766 . . . her death seemed near. The codicil then lay much on our minds. I thought, 'God's cause may be reproached through this. . . . Had it been done unknown to me, I should not have scrupled it. But, as I had consented, I thought it would not be right to let it stand. Sister Ryan thought the same. We therefore prevailed on her to let us burn it.'

Again, later, Miss Bosanquet writes:

She lamented much she had not altered her will, saying, 'I wish you had ten or

of November; and we relinquished the residue of the estate. So the harpy lawyers are happily disappointed, and the design of the dying saint in some measure answered.

*Wed. 12.*—I took coach. The next day we reached Grant-ham, and London about seven on *Friday* evening, having run that day a hundred and ten miles. On the road I read over Teller's *History of Palmyra*,<sup>1</sup> and Norden's *Travels into Egypt and Abyssinia*: two as dry and unsatisfying books as ever I read in my life.<sup>2</sup>

*Sun. 16.*—I hoped to have preached in the fields; but the rain prevented. However, one of our brethren preached there at seven, to thousands upon thousands; and there was not the least shadow of interruption. How long will these halcyon days continue?

*Tues. 18.*—I met in Conference<sup>3</sup> with our assistants and a

twelve thousand pounds. I know it would glorify God; and, if I were able, I would do it now.' We left her a few hours in the night; when she said to the sisters who sat up with her, 'Give me pen and paper, for I cannot die easy unless I write something of my mind concerning sister Bosanquet having the two thousand pounds.' She did so. . . . This paper I saw it right not to destroy, and informed her relations of it; but it was not regarded, and we were well contented.'

Later she again writes:

In the beginning of the year 1767 . . . it was confidently affirmed I had forced the before-mentioned young lady (Miss Lewen) to make a will when she was dying, and leave me all her estate; and that I had thus wronged her relations. . . . The truth is, I had not gained one penny by her, but was many pounds out of pocket.

See Henry Moore's *Life of Mrs. Fletcher*, 20th ed., pp. 61, 62, 64, 68.

Wesley had the extreme satisfaction of avoiding litigation. The Lewens seem to have lived in or near Durham. See above, pp. 110, 191.

<sup>1</sup> See *W.H.S.* vol. iv. p. 139; and Gray's *Letters*, No. 1, for Capt. Norden.

<sup>2</sup> On Aug. 15 he wrote to Mr. (afterwards Dr.) John Whitehead, giving him permission to labour in Lancashire, and adding a note, which seems to mark a new departure, with reference to the

attendance of preachers at Conference. 'I think we may steer a middle course. I will only require a select number to be present. But I will permit any other travelling preacher, who desires it, to be present with them' (*Works*, vol. xiii. p. 67). On the 16th he wrote to Miss Bosanquet. He refers to a case of consumption, and incidentally reveals his belief that his own recovery 'in the third stage was supernatural' (*Works*, vol. xiii. p. 400).

<sup>3</sup> This was the 24th Conference, and the first at which a complete return of the numbers in society was made. Tyerman gives an interesting series of analyses of the statistics. In nine instances circuits are counties. London has the largest number of members (2,250), and Newcastle stands next (1,837). Bristol, one of the largest towns in the kingdom, and the oldest of Methodist stations, ranks eighth (1,064). Six of the circuits are in Yorkshire, and in these were found a fourth part of all the Methodists in England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales. Christopher Hopper notes that 'dear Mr. Whitefield and honest Howell Harris were present'—Whitefield representing the Countess of Huntingdon's Connexion, and Howell Harris the

select number of preachers. To these were added, on *Thursday* and *Friday*, Mr. Whitefield, Howell Harris, and many stewards and local preachers. Love and harmony reigned from the beginning to the end; but we have all need of more love and holiness; and, in order thereto, of crying continually, 'Lord, increase our faith!'

Having finished my work at London for the present, on *Monday* the 24th I rode to Wycombe, and preached in the evening to a numerous and deeply attentive congregation.

*Tues. 25.*—I read Mr. Crantz's<sup>1</sup> *Account of the Mission into Greenland*. Although I make much allowance for the liberty which I know the Brethren take, in their accounts of one another, yet I do not see any reason to doubt that some of the heathens have been converted. But what pity that so affecting an account should be disgraced with those vile, doggerel verses; just calculated to make the whole performance stink in the nostrils of all sensible men! In the evening the multitude that flocked together obliged me to preach abroad. I saw but three or four that seemed unaffected; and those, I suppose, were footmen—a race of men who are commonly lost to all sense of shame, as well as of good and evil.

*Wed. 26.*—I rode to Ipstone Hall, near Stokenchurch, and preached about ten o'clock; and, in the evening, at Witney. The next evening I preached on Wood Green, near the town, to a huge congregation, on 'Seek ye the Lord, while He may be found; call ye upon Him, while He is near.' Scarce any were light or unattentive. Surely some will bring forth fruit unto perfection.

*Fri. 28.*—I preached at Stow-on-the-Wold about ten to a

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Calvinistic Methodists in Wales. Francis Asbury was received on trial. There were at this time eighty-four chapels in England, one in Wales, two in Scotland, and thirteen in Ireland, and the debt on trust property was £11,383. The first elaborated scheme for the raising of a large sum of money was alluded to at this Conference. The correspondence with Hopper and others at this time is worth careful study. In the first year upwards of £5,000 was contributed, but

Wesley's scheme in its entirety was never completed, for new debts were added, and financial difficulty was for years a grave connexional trouble. (Tyerman's *Life of Wesley*, vol. ii. pp. 608-14.)

<sup>1</sup> David Crantz; translated from the German by Rev. John Gambold, 1767. It is considered a valuable history. Crantz laboured for some years in Greenland. He also wrote a *History of the Moravians*. He died in 1777. (*W.H.S.* vol. iv. p. 139.)



very dull, quiet congregation; and in the evening to almost such another at Gloucester.

*Sat. 29.*—We rode to Brecknock.<sup>1</sup>

*Sun. 30.*—One of Trevecca gave us a strange account: A young woman, who served as dairy-maid there, was beloved by all the family. She was loving to every one, never angry, never out of humour. That morning she was much happier, and had a fuller manifestation of the love of God than ever. As she was coming through the entry a lad met her with a gun in his hand, which he did not know was charged. He presented it, and said, 'Nanny, I will shoot you.' The gun went off, and shot her through the heart. She fell on her face, and, without any struggle or groan, immediately expired.

I preached at eight to a large and serious congregation, and on the Bulwarks<sup>2</sup> at five. A multitude of people attended; and even the gentry seemed, for the present, almost persuaded to be Christians.

*Mon. 31.*—I rode to Carmarthen, and, a little before six, went down to the Green. The congregation was near as large as that at Brecknock; but nothing so gay, being almost all poor or middling people. To these, therefore, I directly preached the gospel. They heard it with greediness; and, though I was faint and weary when I began, I was soon as a giant refreshed with wine.

SEPT. 1, *Tues.*—I rode on to Pembroke, and, this and the next evening, preached in the main street to far more than the house<sup>3</sup> could have contained. In the mornings we were within.

*Wed. 2.*—Upon inquiry I found the work of God in Pembroke-shire had been exceedingly hindered, chiefly by Mr. Davies's<sup>4</sup> preachers, who had continually inveighed against

<sup>1</sup> See *Arm. Mag.* 1788, p. 514 (also *Wesley's Veterans*, vol. iii. p. 224, or *E.M.P.* vol. iv. pp. 174-175) for John Prickard's account of this visit. Wesley preached in the morning from 'The wayfaring man, though a fool, shall not err therein'; and in the evening from 'He healeth the broken in heart.'

<sup>2</sup> In the centre of the town; it is still so called.

<sup>3</sup> A building at the rear of the York

tavern, still standing. See *Meth. Rec.* May 30, 1901.

<sup>4</sup> Rev. Howell Davies, a successful evangelist, a convert of Griffith Jones, curate at Llys-y-fran, and a hyper-Calvinist. He was turned out of the church because of his earnest preaching. Howell Davies, Howell Harris, and 'Llangeitho' Rowlands were leaders in the Calvinistic Methodist Revival in Wales. See Young's *Meth. in Wales*, pp. 32, 33.

ours, and thereby frightened abundance of people from hearing, or coming near them. This had sometimes provoked them to retort, which always made a bad matter worse. The advice, therefore, which I gave them was (1) let all the people sacredly abstain from backbiting, tale-bearing, evil-speaking; (2) let all our preachers abstain from returning railing for railing, either in public or in private, as well as from disputing; (3) let them never preach controversy, but plain, practical, and experimental religion.

*Thur. 3.*—About noon I preached at Lamphey, a village two miles from Pembroke. The rain a little lessened the congregation, but did not hinder the blessing. God was eminently present to comfort the mourners; as likewise at Pembroke in the evening.

*Sat. 5.*—I rode to Haverfordwest, but knew not what to do, because of the rain. However, at six I was constrained, by the number of people, to stand abroad, near the Castle; and the whole congregation as quietly attended as if we had been in a cathedral.

*Sun. 6.*—I had a large and earnest congregation at six. About ten I began the service at St. Daniel's, a little church<sup>1</sup> about half a mile from Pembroke, which, till lately, lay in ruins. It was thoroughly filled during the prayers and sermon, and a considerable number gladly partook of the Lord's Supper. Afterwards I rode back to Haverford[west], and, notwithstanding the rain, stood in the same place as before, and applied 'Oh that thou hadst known, at least in this thy day, the things that belong unto thy peace!'

*Mon. 7.*—I rode to Carmarthen, and preached on the Green,<sup>2</sup> on 'Is there no balm in Gilead?' In the afternoon, finding none that could direct us to Oxwich, we were obliged to ride round by Swansea. The next morning we came to Oxwich,<sup>3</sup> and found George Story<sup>4</sup> there, who had come to Swansea the

<sup>1</sup> Now disused, except as a mortuary chapel (*Meth. Rec.* May 30, 1901).

<sup>2</sup> Castle Green. A school-boy named Lewis heard Wesley here: he became vicar of Llanrhyddlad, and was always favourable to Methodism. His wife became a member of the society.

<sup>3</sup> See the history of Methodism in

Gower (*Meth. Rec.* Winter No., 1898, pp. 81-8; *E.M.P.* vol. v. pp. 18-19).

<sup>4</sup> An itinerant preacher, who commenced to travel in 1762, was appointed editor of the *Magazine* in 1792, and died in 1818. See *Wesley's Veterans*, vol. ii. p. 229, or *E.M.P.* vol. v. p. 218. See also above, p. 18.

day before, in his way to Cork. Hearing I was near, he came over just in season to preach to the congregation who waited for me. At noon I preached to, I suppose, all the inhabitants of the town, and then rode to Neath.

I had designed to preach abroad, but the rain would not permit. The preaching-house was much crowded, and the power of God was in the midst of the congregation. Prejudice sunk down before it; and the innumerable lies which most of them had heard of me vanished into air. The same power rested upon them early in the morning. The bigots on all sides were ashamed, and felt that, in Christ Jesus, nothing avails but the 'faith that worketh by love.'

*Wed. 9.*—About twelve I preached to a large and serious congregation in the assembly-room at Cowbridge; and in the evening, in the court-house at Cardiff<sup>1</sup>; where, both this and the following evening, we had most of the gentry in the town; and, both the mornings, the hearers were more than for many years. Who knows but, even in this desolate town, God may build up the waste places?

*Fri. 11.*—I rode to Llanbradach, a single house,<sup>2</sup> delightfully situated near the top of a high mountain; and in the evening preached to a serious company of plain Welshmen with uncommon enlargement of heart.

*Sat. 12.*—Setting out early, I reached Chepstow before noon, and preached at a friend's door,<sup>3</sup> to a civil, unconcerned congregation. We came to the Old Passage (being told we had time to spare), a few minutes after the boat was gone off. Finding they would not pass again that day, I left my horses behind, and, crossing over in a small boat, got to Bristol soon enough to preach in the evening.

<sup>1</sup> The Town Hall, sometimes called the Court House, more frequently the Guildhall. Leland says: 'In the chiefe streete, called the High Streete, sheweth a faire Towne Hall, wherein is holden the Town Court every ffortnight. Adjoining to the same is a faire Shambles below, wherein victualls are sould; and above a faire great chamber, wherein ye Aldermen and Magistrates used to consult' (*W.H.S.* vol. iii. pp. 176, 177).

<sup>2</sup> Mr. Thomas, the owner of this solitary house, was a member of a family that dates from before the Norman Conquest. He had married the eldest daughter of Squire Jones, of Fommon Castle. The old house still stands at the head of a dingle, and remains in possession of the Thomas family. The building dates from Tudor times. See below, p. 281.

<sup>3</sup> No doubt Mr. Cheek, as on Aug. 31, 1763.

The following week I visited most of the Somersetshire societies.

*Sunday the 20th* (as the Sunday before), I preached in Prince Street at eight; about two under the sycamore-tree<sup>1</sup> at Kingswood; and at five in the new Square, to a larger congregation than, I think, was ever there before.

*Mon. 21.*—I preached at Pensford, Paulton, and Coleford; on *Tuesday* noon, at Midsomer Norton<sup>2</sup> (so called, I suppose, because formerly it was accessible at no other time of the year),<sup>3</sup> and, in the evening, at Coleford again, where we had a comfortable love-feast, at which many spoke their experience with all simplicity.

*Wed. 23.*—About noon I preached at Buckland, and in the evening at Frome. But the house was too small, so that many were constrained to go away. So the next evening I preached in a meadow, where a multitude, of all denominations, attended. It seems that God is at length giving a more general call to this town also; the people whereof seemed before, in every sense, to be 'rich and increased in goods, and having need of nothing.'

*Fri. 25.*—I was desired to preach at Freshford; but the people durst not come to the house, because of the small-pox, of which Joseph Allen, 'an Israelite indeed,' had died the day before. So they placed a table near the churchyard. But I had no sooner begun to speak than the bells began to ring, by the procurement of a neighbouring gentleman. However, it was labour lost; for my voice prevailed, and the people heard me distinctly: nay, a person extremely deaf, who had not been able to hear a sermon for several years, told his neighbours, with great joy, that he had heard and understood all, from the beginning to the end.

<sup>1</sup> It was a landmark in the King's Wood before the preaching began. See above, vol. ii. pp. 228, 234; vol. iv. p. 477; also entries on Aug. 5, 1764; and Sept. 11, 1770. The tree stood in the 'Patch,' the playground of old Kingswood School. Henry Moore preached under it.

<sup>2</sup> He usually preached in the village church. Methodism was introduced from the Bristol Circuit. 'Messrs.

Mather, Pawson, Murlin, Allen, and others were the first Methodist preachers in the village' (*W.M. Mag.* 1835, p. 562). The true origin of the name is the fact that the town stands between two branches of the little stream called the Somer.

<sup>3</sup> An error which arose from his misspelling of the name, Summer instead of Somer, the name of the sept, or clan.

I preached at Bristol in the evening on 2 Cor. iv. 17, a text which had been chosen by William New, a little before God called him hence. He laboured under a deep asthma for several years, and for seven or eight months was confined to his bed; where he was, from time to time, visited by a friend, who wrote the following account:

He was one of the first Methodists in Bristol, and always walked as became the gospel. By the sweat of his brow he maintained a large family, leaving six children behind him. When he was no longer able to walk, he did not discontinue his labour; and, after he kept his room, he used to cut out glass (being a glazier), to enable his eldest son, a child about fourteen, to do something toward the support of his family. Yea, when he kept his bed, he was not idle; but still gave him what assistance he could.

He was formerly fond of company and diversions; but, as soon as God called him, left them all, having a nobler diversion—visiting the sick and afflicted, in which he spent all his leisure hours. He was diligent in the use of all the means of grace; very rarely, during his health, missing the morning preaching at five, though he lived above a mile from the room.

About a year ago he took his leave of the society, telling them that it was with great pleasure he had joined and continued with them; that it was in this despised place the Lord first manifested Himself to his soul; that no tongue could tell what he had since enjoyed under that roof; that the same Jesus had enabled him to hold on thus far, and he hoped to be with Him soon; adding: 'I do not expect to see you any more here, but have no doubt of meeting you in glory.'

During the last twenty days of his life he took no other sustenance than, now and then, a teaspoonful of wine, or of balm-tea. About fourteen days before his death his tongue turned black, with large chops in it, through the heat of his stomach; and his lips were drawn two or three inches apart, so that it was difficult for him to speak. In this condition he lay, waiting for his discharge, saying, sometimes, 'I am, as it were, two persons: the body is in torturing pain; the soul is in sweet peace.' He frequently said, 'I long to be gone! Come, Lord Jesus; come quickly!' When I asked, 'Do you desire to see' such a person? He said, 'I desire to see none but Jesus. To Him I leave my dear wife and children; I have no care about them.'

The next day Satan violently assaulted his faith; but instantly our Lord appeared in all His glory, and he was filled with love and joy

unspeakable, and said, 'Call my friend, and let him see a dying Christian. Oh what do I feel ! I see my Lord has overcome for me. I am His. Praise the Lord ! Praise the Lord ! Hallelujah ! Hallelujah !' He desired them that were present to sing ; and began—

Jesu, Lover of my soul !

He then desired the text for his funeral sermon might be 2 Cor. iv. 17.

The next time I saw him, having desired him to make signs rather than speak, which was painful to him, he said, 'Here is a sign' (pushing out his feet, and holding up his hands), 'a dying Christian, full of love and joy ! A crown, a never-fading crown awaits me ; I am going to everlasting habitations.' He then desired us to sing, and quickly added, 'He is come ! He is come ! I want to be gone : farewell to you all !' When he could no longer speak he continued smiling, clapping his hands, and discovering an ecstasy of joy in every motion.

After a while his speech returned, and he said, 'To-day is Friday : to-morrow I expect to go.' One said, 'Poor Mr. New !' He said, 'It is rich New : though poor in myself, I am rich in Christ.'

I saw him on Saturday in the same spirit, praising God with every breath. He appeared quite transported, pointing upwards, and turning his fingers round his head, alluding to the crown prepared for him. I said, 'Your Lord has kept the best wine unto the last.' 'Yes, yes,' said he ; 'it is in my soul.' When I took my leave he pressed my hand, pointed upward, and again clapped his hands. Afterward he spoke little, till he cried out, 'The chariot, the chariot of Israel !' and died.

*Sat. 26.*—I was informed, between twelve and one, that Mrs. B[lackwell] was dying. Judging I had no time to lose, about one I left Bristol, and about seven on *Sunday* morning came to London. Learning there that she was better, I stayed to preach and administer the sacrament at the chapel, and then hastened on, and spent a solemn and profitable hour at Lewisham. I preached again at West Street chapel in the afternoon, and made a collection for the poor, as I had done in the morning. Soon after I took chaise again, and on *Monday*, about noon, came to Bristol.

*Wed. 30.*—I preached to a large and very serious congregation on Redcliff Hill. This is the way to overturn Satan's kingdom. In field-preaching, more than any other means, God is found of them that sought Him not. By this, death, heaven, and hell come to the ears, if not the hearts, of them that 'care for none of these things.'

*Friday*, OCTOBER 2, and some days in the following week, I visited the other societies round Bristol.<sup>1</sup>

*Sunday*, 11.—I preached at eight in Prince Street, and, a little before five, near the new Square; where, notwithstanding the keenness of the wind, the congregation was exceeding large. I permitted all of Mr. Whitefield's society that pleased to be present at the lovefeast that followed. I hope we shall 'not know war any more,' unless with the world, the flesh, and the devil.

*Mon.* 12.—I preached at Bradford; on *Tuesday*, at Salisbury; on *Wednesday*, about one, at Romsey; whence I rode to Southampton; and, the wind being so high that I could not well preach abroad, I sent a line to the mayor, requesting leave to preach in the town hall. In an hour he sent me word I might, but in an hour more he retracted. Poor mayor of Southampton! So I preached in a small room, and did not repent my labour.<sup>2</sup>

*Thur.* 15.—About noon I preached at Fareham, then went on to Portsmouth Common.<sup>3</sup> I sent to desire the use of the Tabernacle, but was answered, Not unless I would preach the Perseverance of the Saints. At six I preached in our own room, which was sufficiently crowded both within and without. Resolving there should be room for all that would come, I preached the next afternoon on the side of the Common; and the whole congregation was as quiet as that in the Square at Bristol.

<sup>1</sup> On Oct. 6 he wrote to Mr. Merryweather (*Meth. Rec.* Winter No., 1894, p. 94), and on the 9th a letter to Christopher Hopper (to be published in the new ed. of *Wesley Letters*) in which he gives instructions with reference to the appointment of two preachers. 'I will not attempt to guide those who will not be guided by me. There is a round cut out already. Let them keep to it, or renounce all intercourse with me.'

<sup>2</sup> On Oct. 14 he wrote to Miss A—— (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 360).

<sup>3</sup> During this year Joseph Webb, converted under John Furz and Paul Green-

wood, began his career. He removed to Portsmouth, where a class had dwindled away. Webb reintroduced Methodism. He and a friend hired a room in Warblington Street, paying the rent for three years. Later, Webb bought the Green Rails in Oyster Street, which he converted into a chapel, supporting a preacher at his own expense. For many years he was the loyal friend of Methodism in Portsmouth, and a father to the poor. He was one of Wesley's hosts, and the intimate friend of John Mason. He died May 24, 1818 (*Meth. Mag.* 1819, p. 883).

*Sat.* 17.—I set out early, and in the evening came to London.

*Tues.* 20.—I went to Colchester, and spent three days very agreeably, among a quiet and loving people. All their little misunderstandings are now at an end. Yet they had not the life which they had once; a loss of this kind is not easily recovered.

*Sat.* 24.—I returned to London.

*Mon.* 26.—I began my little tour through Northamptonshire and Bedfordshire. I preached at Whittlebury in the evening.

*Tues.* 27.—I rode to Weedon, where, the use of the church being refused, I accepted the offer of the Presbyterian meeting-house, and preached to a crowded audience.

*Wed.* 28.—About two in the afternoon I preached at Towcester, where, though many could not get in, yet all were quiet. Hence we rode to Northampton, where, in the evening (our own room being far too small), I preached in the riding-school<sup>1</sup> to a large and deeply serious congregation. After service, I was challenged by one that was my parishioner at Epworth near forty years ago. I drank tea at her house the next afternoon with her daughter-in-law from London, very big with child, and greatly afraid that she should die in labour. When we went to prayers, I enlarged in prayer for her in particular. Within five minutes after we went away her pangs began, and soon after she was delivered of a fine boy.

*Fri.* 30.—I rode across the country to Bedford, and preached in the evening to a civil, heavy congregation.

*Sat.* 31.—After preaching at Luton in the way, I returned to London.

Nov. 1, *Sun.*—Being All Saints' Day (a festival I dearly love), I could not but observe the admirable propriety with which the Collect, Epistle, and Gospel for the day are suited

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<sup>1</sup> The Royal Horse Guards (The Blues) was then quartered here, in which regiment Captain Scott was an officer. Wesley had granted him the

services of R. Blackwell, whose preaching had been much blessed. The riding-school stood at the corner of Irish Lane.



to each other.<sup>1</sup> As I was to set out for Kent in the morning, Mr. B[lackwell] invited me to spend the evening with him at Lewisham. Soon after we took horse we found one of our horses lame. On inquiry, it appeared that five nails were driven into the quick; so we were at a full stop. But Mr. B. supplying us with another horse, we rode on, through heavy rain, to Staplehurst. In the evening I met with a young clergyman, who seemed to have no desire but to save his own soul and those that heard him. I advised him to expect crosses and persecution. But he was sure his rector would stand by him. Vain hope, that the children of the world should long stand by the children of God! Soon after, his rector told him, unless he kept away from this people he must leave his curacy.<sup>2</sup>

*Tues. 3.*—I rode to Rye, and preached in the evening. A poor prodigal, who was cut to the heart the first time I was there, was one of the audience, but exceeding drunk. He dined with us the next day, but was still so muddled that I could make no impression on him. He *was* almost persuaded to be a Christian; but, I doubt, is now further off than ever. In the evening I dealt once more exceeding plain with him and his fellow sinners. If they now perish in their iniquity, their blood is on their own head.

*Thur. 5.*—About noon I preached at Northiam. I was surprised, at one, to hear the Tower guns so plain at above fifty miles' distance. In the afternoon we rode through miserable roads to the pleasant village of Ewhurst,<sup>3</sup> where I found the most lively congregation that I have met with in the county.

*Sat. 7.*—I called at the house of mourning at Shoreham,

<sup>1</sup> Wesley always reverently kept All Saints' Day. The Collect is: 'O Almighty God, who hast knit together Thine elect in one communion and fellowship, in the mystical body of Thy Son, Christ our Lord: Grant us grace so to follow Thy blessed saints in all virtuous and godly living,' &c. The Epistle for the day is Rev. vii. 2-13, and the Gospel, St. Matt. v. 1-13.

<sup>2</sup> On Nov. 2 he wrote from Norwich to Miss A—— (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 360).

<sup>3</sup> Not far from Bodiam Castle. 'In a service at Ewhurst Cross it pleased God to visit Mr. Richardson, who was then curate of the parish. A few months after he came to London, and laboured as a clergyman with Mr. Wesley, and was a burning and a shining light. . . . From twelve to twenty persons in the two little societies of Northiam and Ewhurst were brought to the knowledge of God' (*Life of Thomas Rankin*, *E.M.P.* vol. v. p. 174; see above, p. 63).

where I found Mr. Perronet sorrowing, like a Christian, for his youngest son,<sup>1</sup> the staff of his age, the fourth that has been snatched from him in the bloom of youth. After spending a profitable hour here, I rode forward to London.

*Sun.* 8.—I buried the remains of that excellent young man, Benjamin Colley.<sup>2</sup> He did 'rejoice evermore,' and 'pray without ceasing'; and I believe his backsliding cost him his life. From the time he missed his way, by means of Mr. Maxfield, he went heavily all his days. God, indeed, restored his peace, but left him to be buffeted of Satan in an uncommon manner. And his trials did not end but with his life. However, some of his last words were, 'Tell all the society, tell all the world, I die without doubt or fear.'

*Thur.* 12.—I occasionally looked into a book which I had long thrown by as not worth reading, entitled, *Thoughts on God and Nature*.<sup>3</sup> But how agreeably was I surprised! It contains a treasure of ancient learning, delivered in clear and strong language, and is indeed a masterpiece in its kind, a thunderbolt to Lord Bolingbroke and all his admirers.

*Sun.* 15.—I buried the remains of Rebecca Mills. She found peace with God many years since, and, about five years ago, was entirely changed, and enabled to give her whole soul to God. From that hour she never found any decay, but loved and served Him with her whole heart. Pain and sickness, and various trials, succeeded almost without any intermission; but she was always the same, firm and unmoved as the rock on which she was built, in life and in death uniformly praising the God of her salvation. The attainableness of this great salvation is put beyond all reasonable doubt by the testimony of one such (were there but one) living and dying witness.

*Fri.* 20.<sup>4</sup>—I preached to the condemned felons in Newgate

<sup>1</sup> John; see *W.M. Mag.* 1902, p. 663.

<sup>2</sup> See above, vol. iv. p. 482; also below, p. 292. He was restored from the Bell-Maxfield delusion by John Manners. See letters by him to Wesley in *Arm. Mag.* 1782, pp. 157 and 386.

<sup>3</sup> See *W.H.S.* vol. iii. p. 56.

<sup>4</sup> He wrote to Miss A.: 'You are to obey your parent in the Lord only, not

in opposition to Him. If, therefore, any means should offer whereby you might enjoy that full liberty of conscience which every creature has a right to, I judge it would be not only lawful, but your bounden duty to accept of such an offer.' He then refers to Mrs. Wilberforce's charity as a 'good omen.' His (to us) unknown correspondent he calls in a

on 'To-day shalt thou be with Me in Paradise.' All of them were struck, and melted into tears: who knows but some of them may 'reap in joy'?

In the evening I preached at Leytonstone. How good would it be for me to be here, not twice in a year, but in a month! So it appears to me; but God is wiser than man. When it is really best, will He not bring it to pass?

About this time I received two or three remarkable letters, extracts from which I here subjoin:

REVEREND SIR,

Lately I was requested to read Mr. Marshall's *Gospel-mystery of Sanctification*.<sup>1</sup> It was represented to me as the most excellent piece ever published on that subject. I have read it, and, lest I should be mistaken, submit to you the following short remarks:

It must be acknowledged, he is, on the one hand, copious in showing the impracticability of real, genuine holiness, or of doing any works acceptable to God, till we 'repent and believe the gospel.' On the other hand, he shows the deadly consequences of that faith which sets aside our obligations to observe God's holy law.

I rejoice, likewise, to find him showing how well able a believer is to keep this law; and proving that this faith implies a divine assurance of our belonging to Christ; but, most of all, to observe him speaking so excellently of the growth of a believer in holiness. 'We are always,' says he, 'to resist the devil, to quench all his fiery darts, and to *perfect holiness in the fear of God*. We are to be built up in Christ, *until we come to a perfect man, to the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ*.'

But how does this agree with his asserting, 'our natural state doth remain, in a measure, with all its corrupt principles and practices, as long as we live in the present world? You may as well wash a

previous letter 'Nancy' (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 36.) William Wilberforce's father died in 1768. His uncle, Mr. W. of Wimbledon, became his guardian. He had married a sister of John Thornton of Clapham. She trained William Wilberforce in love for the Bible and in habits of devotion. Miss Thornton was a friend and disciple of Whitefield. It seems not improbable, as Mr. Telford suggests, that in this circle we may hope to find Wesley's friend, 'Miss A.' She was young, in London and in Newcastle,

knew Hannah Harrison (a friend of Mrs. Crosby's) and was about to marry. See Telford's *A Sect that Moved the World*, p. 91.

<sup>1</sup> Walter Marshall. Published in 1692, and frequently reprinted. James Hervey thought highly of this author and wrote a 'recommendatory letter' to the 1756 edition. The poet Cowper wrote: 'I think Marshall one of the best writers, and the most spiritual expositor of the Scriptures I ever read' (*Life of the Countess of Huntingdon*, vol. i. p. 159).

Blackamoor white as purge the flesh from its evil lusts. It will lust against the Spirit in the best saints upon earth.' How, then, am I to come 'to a perfect man, to the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ'? Is there a reconciliation between the 'fullness of Christ' in a believer, and all his 'corrupt principles and practices'? Is it thus that the strong man armed is to be cast out, with the spoiling of his goods? Does he tell me, I am to quench all 'the fiery darts of the devil,' and in the same breath that I 'may as well wash a Blackamoor white'; that I 'can do all things through Christ strengthening me,' and yet, that the flesh shall never be purged from its evil lusts—no, not in the best saints on earth, so long as they live in the present world? What a wonderful communion is here between light and darkness! What strange fellowship between Christ and Belial!

What can we infer from hence but that Mr. Marshall's book, containing so much poison mixed with food, is an exceeding dangerous one, and not fit to be recommended to any but experienced Christians?

The following letter is of a very different kind :

SIR,

I was yesterday led to hear what God would say to me by your mouth. You exhorted us to 'strive to enter in at the strait gate.' I am willing so to do. But I find one chief part of my striving must be, to feed the hungry, to clothe the naked, to instruct the ignorant, to visit the sick and such as are in prison, bound in misery and iron.

But if you purge out all who scorn such practices, or at least are not found in them, how many will remain in your society? I fear scarce enough to carry your body to the grave! Alas, how many, even among those who are called believers, have plenty of all the necessities of life, and yet complain of poverty! How many have houses and lands, or bags of money, and yet cannot find in their hearts to spare now and then to God's poor a little piece of gold! How many have linen in plenty, with three or four suits of clothes, and can see the poor go naked! They will change them away for painted clay, or let the moths devour them, before they will give them to cover the nakedness of their poor brethren, many of whose souls are clothed with glorious robes, though their bodies are covered with rags. Pray, sir, tell these, you cannot believe they are Christians, unless they imitate Christ in doing good to all men, and hate covetousness, which is idolatry.

I do tell them so : and I tell them it will be more tolerable in the day of judgement for Sodom and Gomorrah than for them. I tell them, the Methodists that do not fulfil all righteousness will have the hottest place in the lake of fire!

To awaken, if possible, these sleepers, I add one extract more :

REVEREND AND DEAR SIR,

Some time ago I acquainted you how graciously the Lord had dealt with me in delivering me out of all my troubles. For some time past I have been amazed at my speech, memory, and understanding, in all which I was remarkably defective. I have had power to explain the Scriptures to my friends that meet here in a manner that astonished me. But I immediately saw from whence these blessings came, and, with an overflow of love and joy, worshipped the great Fountain of all goodness. I never was so sensible of my unprofitableness, never so abhorred myself as I do now. And yet I feel no condemnation, nor any withdrawing of my Redeemer's love. He is my shield and buckler, my God and my all. Glory be to God and the Lamb for ever ! Praise Him for me, and praise Him for ever ! Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord.

Since the Lord has not only been gracious to my soul, but has entrusted me with a share of this world's good, I am under an equal obligation to be faithful in this as in the other gifts of God. Now especially, when help is so much wanted, I ought to be the more careful. Suffer me, sir, to speak freely of myself : I have about forty-seven pounds a year. As to my disbursements, for apparel I buy the most lasting and, in general, the plainest I can. I buy no furniture but what is necessary and cheap. I make my own fire, and get my own breakfast and supper. I pay sixpence to one of our friends for my dinner. I drink herb-tea, and thereby save at least a shilling a week. I seldom drink tea in an afternoon, but sup at six, on bread and cheese, with milk and water ; so I save at least eightpence by dropping tea in the afternoon. I fasted much, till my health was greatly impaired. Then I used abstinence on Wednesdays, Fridays, and other fast-days, till I was obliged to leave this off too ; but not till I was quite indifferent as to what I eat. So I determined, if I cannot retrench a meal, I can retrench the expense of a meal twice a week, as on other fast-days, using potatoes, milk, or some other cheap thing. Thus I have fourpence per dinner twice a week, which, with the one shilling and eightpence, makes two shillings and fourpence per week, without retrenching one necessary meal. Now this two shillings and fourpence would buy as much meat as, made into broth, would nearly suffice for a small family. To be short, the expense for myself—meat, drink, clothes, and washing—is not twenty-eight pounds per annum ; so that I have near twenty pounds to return to God in the poor. Now, if every Christian family, while in health, would thus far deny themselves, would twice a week dine on the cheapest food, drink in general herb-

tea, faithfully calculate the money saved thereby, and give it to the poor over and above their usual donations, we should then hear no complaining in our streets, but the poor would eat and be satisfied. He that gathered much would have nothing over, and he that gathered little would have no lack. Oh how happy we should be if this was the case with us! I mentioned this some time ago in a meeting at London, when a brother said, 'These are but little things.' As I went home I thought of his words, 'Little things'! Is the want of fire in frost and snow a little thing? Or the want of food in a distressed, helpless family? Gracious God! 'Feed me with food convenient for me! Give me not poverty; lest I steal, and take the name of my God in vain'!

Dear sir, I know what you feel for the poor, and I also sympathize with you. Here is a hard season coming on, and everything very dear; thousands of poor souls, yea, Christians, dread the approaching calamities. Oh that God would stir up the hearts of all that believe themselves His children to evidence it by showing mercy to the poor, as God has shown them mercy! Surely the real children of God will do it for themselves, for it is the natural fruit of a branch in Christ. I would not desire them to lose one meal in a week, but to use as cheap food, clothes, &c., as possible. And I think the poor themselves ought to be questioned with regard to drinking tea and beer. For I cannot think it right for them to indulge themselves in those things which I refrain from to help them. My earnest prayers shall accompany yours, that God would give us all, in this our day, to know the things which belong unto our peace, and to acknowledge the blessings which are freely given to us of God!

Mon. 23.—I went to Canterbury. Here I met with the *Life of Mahomet*, wrote, I suppose, by the Count de Boulanvilliers.<sup>1</sup> Whoever the author is, he is a very pert, shallow, self-conceited coxcomb, remarkable for nothing but his immense assurance and thorough contempt of Christianity. And the book is a dull, ill-digested romance, supported by no authorities at all; whereas Dean Prideaux<sup>2</sup> (a writer of

<sup>1</sup> Henri de Boulanvilliers, Count de St. Saire, who wrote a *History of the Arabians* and *History of the Peerage of France*, as well as a *History of Mahomet*. He died in 1722. At Canterbury Wesley dined by invitation with Mr. Belchier, of Brompton, a shipwright connected with Whitefield's congregation, and preached

at the Barracks in Sergeant Cole's quarters (*W.M. Mag.* 1880, p. 447).

<sup>2</sup> Humphrey Prideaux, Dean of Norwich. He wrote the *True Nature of Imposture displayed in the Life of Mahomet*, with a Discourse offered to the Consideration of the Deists. London, 1697.

ten times his sense) cites his authorities for everything he advances.<sup>1</sup>

In the afternoon I rode to Dover, but the gentleman I was to lodge with was gone a long journey. He went to bed well, but was dead in the morning. Such a vapour is life! At six I preached, but the house would by no means contain the congregation. Most of the officers of the garrison were there. I have not found so much life here for some years. After preaching at Sandwich and Margate, and spending a comfortable day at Canterbury, on *Saturday* I returned to London.

*Mon. 30.*—I took coach for Norwich, and in the evening came to Newmarket.

*DEC. 1, Tues.*—Being alone in the coach, I was considering several points of importance. And thus much appeared clear as the day :

That a man may be saved who cannot express himself properly concerning Imputed Righteousness. Therefore, to do this is not necessary to salvation.

That a man may be saved who has not clear conceptions of it. (Yea, that never heard the phrase.) Therefore, clear conceptions

<sup>1</sup> On Nov. 24 he wrote from London to the 'Assistants' (*W.M. Mag.* 1860, p. 316). On the same day he wrote to Mr. Robert Costerdine, at that date acting as 'Assistant' in Haworth Circuit. The letter was a circular signed by Wesley, and sent in some instances, under the same cover, with a special note written by Wesley himself to the Assistants. The circular was the substance of a letter, with a few alterations, written by 'a gentleman' who signed himself 'A. H.' It deals with 'the debt of the Methodists,' reported in the Leeds Conference *Minutes* as £11,338, and suggests that one-fourth of the members (then numbering twenty-four thousand) might, by a scheme of *pro rata* subscriptions, pay the debt in two years. Wesley warmly approved the principle, though he doubted the willingness of the people to undertake and complete an operation which at that time seemed prodigious.

Some of the notes he wrote—chiefly to Assistants, urging them to do their utmost in the matter—have survived. Two examples follow :

My dear Brother, I have wrote to T. Colbeck, Jam. Greenwood, Jo. Greenwood, Sutcliffe, Southwell, Garforth, and Little-dale. The rest in your circuit I leave to you. Leave no stone unturned. When you receive the printed letters, seal, superscribe, and deliver them in my name to whom you please. Be active. Adieu. (*W.M. Mag.* 1845, pp. 576, 577.)

From the note written to Christopher Hopper we may infer that *he* was the 'A. H.' (Assistant Hopper?) who formulated the scheme :

See how nearly we have adopted your scheme, before we saw it. I am glad you enter on the work with such spirit. And I do constitute you collector-general for the counties of Durham and Northumberland. Go to work in God's name! Do all you can! Push every stone! And the Lord be with you!

of it are not necessary to salvation. Yea, it is not necessary to salvation to use the phrase at all.

That a pious churchman who has not clear conceptions even of Justification by Faith may be saved. Therefore, clear conceptions even of this are not necessary to salvation.

That a Mystic, who denies Justification by Faith (Mr. Law, for instance) may be saved. But, if so, what becomes of *articulus stantis vel cadentis ecclesiae*.<sup>1</sup> If so, is it not high time for us—

Projicere ampullas et sesquipedalia verba<sup>2</sup>;

and to return to the plain word, 'He that feareth God, and worketh righteousness, is accepted with Him'?

Every evening this week I preached at Norwich, to a quiet, well-behaved congregation. Our friends the mob seem to have taken their leave; and so have triflers: all that remain seem to be deeply serious. But how easily are even these turned out of the way! One of our old members, about a year ago, left the society, and never heard the preaching since, because Mr. Lincoln said, 'Mr. Wesley and all his followers would go to hell together!' However, on Tuesday night he ventured to the house once more; and God met him there, and revealed His Son in his heart.

Sat. 5.—Believing it was my duty to search to the bottom some reports which I had heard concerning Mr. B——, I went to his old friend Mr. G——, an Israelite indeed, but worn almost to a skeleton. After I had explained to him the motives

<sup>1</sup> 'The grand doctrine by which a church stands or falls.' This was the watchword of the Churches of the Reformation. Bishop Harold Browne, writing on Article XI, says: 'Luther . . . put orth in its strongest form as the *articulus stantis aut cadentis ecclesiae*, the statement that justification is by faith only.' The doctrine was known as 'The Article of the standing or falling church, the one upon which hung the very existence of evangelical Christianity' (A. Schaff-Herzog). It has been remarked that Wesley's use of this phrase shows greater

breadth of view than appears in, e.g. 'The Almost Christian' Sermon (Wesley's University Sermon, 1741). Charles Wesley, in his 'Scripture Hymn' on Acts xv. 2, has this couplet:

And the whole Church the doctrine calls  
The truth by which she stands or falls.

(*Poetical Works*, J. and C. Wesley, vol. xii. p. 296; *W.H.S.* vol. v. p. 51.)

<sup>2</sup> The original in Horace, *De Arte P.* 97, is 'projicit.' 'He rejects bombast and words (literally) half a yard long. (*W.H.S.* vol. v. p. 51.)



of my inquiry, he spoke without reserve; and, if his account be true, that hot, sour man does well to hold 'fast his opinion, for it is all the religion he has.<sup>1</sup>

*Mon. 7.*—I went on to Yarmouth, and found confusion worse confounded. Not only B[enjamin] W[orship]'s<sup>2</sup> society was come to nothing, but ours seemed to be swiftly following. They had almost all left the Church again, being full of prejudice against the clergy, and against one another. However, as two or three retained their humble, simple love, I doubted not that there would be a blessing in the remnant. My first business was to reconcile them to each other; and this was effectually done by hearing the contending parties, first separately, and afterwards face to face. It remained to reconcile them to the Church; and this was done partly by arguments, partly by persuasion.

*Fri. 11.*—We set out at three in the morning, but did not reach Bury [St. Edmunds] till past seven in the evening. The people being ready, I began preaching immediately. Many seemed really desirous to save their souls. The next day we went on to London.

*Sun. 13.*—I was desired to preach a funeral sermon for William Osgood.<sup>3</sup> He came to London near thirty years ago, and, from nothing, increased more and more, till he was worth several thousand pounds. He was a good man, and died in peace. Nevertheless, I believe his money was a great clog to him, and kept him in a poor, low state all his days, making no such advance as he might have done, either in holiness or happiness.

To-day I found a little soreness on the edge of my tongue, which the next day spread to my gums, then to my lips, which inflamed, swelled, and, the skin bursting, bled considerably. Afterward, the roof of my mouth was extremely sore, so that I could chew nothing. To this was added a continual spitting. I knew a little rest would cure all. But this was not to be had;

<sup>1</sup> On Dec. 6 he wrote to Mrs. Moon of Yarm, referring in warm terms to the friendship of Whitefield (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 272).

<sup>2</sup> See above, p. 153.

<sup>3</sup> In 1764 Charles Wesley, writing to his wife, says: 'I called on my beloved son Osgood, who is swiftly declining, and ripening for glory' (*Journal*, vol. ii. p. 242).

for I had appointed to be at Sheerness on *Wednesday* the 16th.<sup>1</sup> Accordingly, I took horse between five and six, and came thither between five and six in the evening. At half an hour after six, I began reading prayers (the Governor of the fort having given me the use of the chapel), and afterwards preached, though not without difficulty, to a large and serious congregation. The next evening it was considerably increased, so that the chapel was as hot as an oven. In coming out, the air, being exceeding sharp, quite took away my voice, so that I knew not how I should be able the next day to read prayers or preach to so large a congregation. But in the afternoon the good governor cut the knot, sending word I must preach in the chapel no more. A room being offered, which held full as many people as I was able to preach to, we had a comfortable hour; and many seemed resolved to 'seek the Lord while He may be found.'

Examining the society, consisting of four or five and thirty members, I had the comfort to find many of them knew in whom they had believed, and all of them seemed really desirous to adorn the doctrine of God their Saviour.

Such a town as many of these live in is scarce to be found again in England. In the dock adjoining to the fort there are six old men-of-war. These are divided into small tenements, forty, fifty, or sixty in a ship, with little chimneys and windows; and each of these contains a family. In one of them, where we called, a man and his wife and six little children lived. And yet all the ship was sweet and tolerably clean; sweeter than

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<sup>1</sup> At Sheerness, during this visit, Wesley's carriage could not cross the Ferry, it being frozen over. Several friends went to meet him. Midway between the 'Halfway House' and Sheerness a bull came towards them, foaming at the mouth. Men ran to warn the party to get out of the way. This was impossible, there being a wide moat on either side of the road. As the bull approached, Wesley took off his hat, knelt down and said, 'Let us pray.' The bull, coming up, made a dead stand, and looked at Wesley, awed and restrained

by a supernatural power. Mr. Thomas Greathead writes: 'Mr. Wesley was at the head of the party and nearest to the bull, my grandfather and his son Thomas next. The men came up, and the bull, making a rush, passed by them without injuring any one. Mr. Wesley then gave out a hymn, in which all heartily joined. He preached in the Garrison Church that evening, the Rev. Mr. Fox, curate, reading prayers. This was before the present chapel was built. (*Meth. Rec.* Nov. 22, 1878.)

most sailing-ships I have been in. *Saturday* the 19th I returned to London.

*Sat.* 26.—I visited poor Mrs. H., whose wild husband has very near murdered her, by vehemently affirming it was revealed to him that she should die before such a day. Indeed the day is past ; but her weak, nervous constitution is so deeply shocked by it that she still keeps her bed, and perhaps will feel it all the days of her life.<sup>1</sup>

1768. JAN. 2, *Sat.*—I called on a poor man in the Marshalsea whose case appeared to be uncommon. He is by birth a Dutchman, a chemist by profession. Being but half-employed at home, he was advised to come to London, where he doubted not of having full employment. He was recommended to a countryman of his to lodge, who after six weeks arrested him for much more than he owed, and hurried him away to prison, having a wife near her time, without money, friend, or a word of English to speak. I wrote the case to Mr. T——<sup>2</sup>, who immediately gave fifteen pounds ; by means of which, with a little addition, he was set at liberty, and put in a way of living. But I never saw him since : and reason good ; for he could now live without me.

*Mon.* 4.<sup>3</sup>—At my leisure hours this week, I read Dr. Priestley's ingenious book on Electricity.<sup>4</sup> He seems to have accurately collected and well digested all that is known on that curious subject. But how little is that all ! Indeed the use of it we know ; at least, in some good degree. We know it is a thousand medicines in one, in particular, that it is the most efficacious medicine, in nervous disorders of every kind, which has ever yet been discovered. But if we aim at theory, we know nothing. We are soon

Lost and bewildered in the fruitless search.<sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> On Dec. 28 he wrote to Mr. Merryweather of Yarm respecting the subscription for the connexional debt, giving the names of a few large donors (Tyerman's *Life of Wesley*, vol. ii. p. 612).

<sup>2</sup> Possibly Mr. Thornton.

<sup>3</sup> On Jan. 4 (according to *W.M. Mag.* 1857, p. 693 ; but on June 4, according to *L. of C. of Huntingdon*, vol. i.

p. 247), he wrote to Lady Huntingdon.

<sup>4</sup> Dr. Joseph Priestley, *History and Present State of Electricity, with original experiments*. London 1767. As a therapeutic Wesley believed in electricity, but did not know it as an illuminating and propelling power.

<sup>5</sup> See an ingenious conjecture, *W.H.S.* vol. v. p. 119.

*Mon. 11.*<sup>1</sup>—This week I spent my scraps of time in reading Mr. Wodrow's *History of the Sufferings of the Church of Scotland*.<sup>2</sup> It would transcend belief, but that the vouchers are too authentic to admit of any exception. Oh what a blessed governor was that *good-natured* man, so called, King Charles the Second! Bloody Queen Mary was a lamb, a mere dove, in comparison of him!<sup>3</sup>

*Monday* the 25th, and the following days, in the intervals of more important work, I carefully read the pleadings at Edinburgh in the famous Douglas cause.<sup>4</sup> So intricate a one I never heard, I never read of before. I cannot but believe the birth was real; but the objections are so numerous, and so strongly urged, I cannot at all wonder that many should believe otherwise.

*FEB. 8, Mon.*—I met with a surprising poem, entitled, *Chokeleth; or, the Preacher*.<sup>5</sup> It is a paraphrase, in tolerable verse, on the Book of Ecclesiastes. I really think the author of it (a Turkey merchant) understands both the difficult expressions, and the connexion of the whole, better than any other either ancient or modern writer whom I have seen. He was at Lisbon during the great earthquake, just then sitting in his nightgown and slippers. Before he could dress himself, part of the house he was in fell and blocked him up. By this means his life was saved; for all who had run out were dashed in pieces by the falling houses.

*Thur. 18.*—Having been importunately pressed thereto, I rode (through a keen east wind) to Chatham.<sup>6</sup> About six in

<sup>1</sup> On Jan. 9 he wrote to Christopher Hopper (*Orphan House*, p. 118).

<sup>2</sup> See *W.H.S.* vol. iv. p. 139.

<sup>3</sup> On Jan. 15 he wrote to his brother Charles respecting the finance of the Connexion. The letter seems to be imperfect, but it contains an important biographical note:

It is highly probable one of the three will stand before the Lord. But, so far as I can learn, such a thing has scarce been for these thousand years before, as a son, father, grandfather, *atavus*, *trilavus*, preaching the gospel, nay, and the genuine gospel, in a line. You know Mr. White, sometime chairman of the Assembly of Divines, was my grandmother's father.

(*Works*, vol. xii. p. 134.) On the 24th he wrote to Mrs. Moon (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 272).

<sup>4</sup> This case turned on the legitimacy of the children of Lady Jane Stewart, the daughter of Archibald, Duke of Douglas. It was taken to the House of Lords in 1768. See *Gentleman's Mag.* 1767, p. 361.

<sup>5</sup> By N. Higgins. See Spurgeon's *Commenting and Commentaries*, p. 610; and Adam Clarke's *Commentary: Introduction to Ecclesiastes*. (*W.H.S.* vol. iv. p. 140.)

<sup>6</sup> This appears to have been his first visit to Chatham, but he was at Brompton, near Chatham, on Oct. 22, 1753.

the evening I preached at the barracks, in what they call the church. It is a large room, in which the chaplain reads prayers and preaches now and then. It was soon as hot as an oven, through the multitude of people, some hundreds of whom were soldiers; and they were 'all ear,' as Mr. Boston says, scarce allowing themselves to breathe. Even between five and six the next morning the room was warm enough. I suppose upwards of two hundred soldiers were a part of the audience. Many of these are already warring a good warfare, knowing in whom they have believed.

*Tues. 23.*—I rode to Shoreham, and preached at five in Mr. P[erronet's] house; but the next day I preached in the church, being St. Matthias's Day. I then rode back to a large room, which is taken at Redriff,<sup>1</sup> above three miles from London Bridge. Although the people were strangely squeezed together, yet they appeared to be all attention. Not a cough was to be heard. I strongly exhorted them to 'call upon the Lord while He is near.' And when I had concluded, no one offered to move, but every one stood still in his place till I had passed through them.

*Fri. 26.*—I translated from the French one of the most useful tracts I ever saw, for those who desire to be 'fervent in spirit.' How little does God regard men's opinions! What a multitude of wrong opinions are embraced by all the members of the Church of Rome! Yet how highly favoured have many of them been!

*Mon. 29.*—I dined at Mr. M——'s. His strangeness is now gone. He has drank of my cup. Reproach has at length found out him also. Afterwards I spent an hour at Mr. G——'s. I can trust myself about once a year in this warm sunshine; but not much oftener, or I should melt away.

MARCH 6, *Sun.*—In the evening I went to Brentford, and on *Tuesday* the 8th I reached Bristol, where I did not find any decay in the work of God, though it did not go on so vigorously as at Kingswood. Here the meetings for prayer had been exceedingly blessed; some were convinced or converted almost daily; and near seventy new members had been added to the society in about three months' time. The school likewise is

<sup>1</sup> Rotherhithe. The ancient 'Redriff' still survives.

in a flourishing condition. Several of the children continue serious; and all of them are in better order than they have been for some years.

*Mon.* 14.<sup>1</sup>—I set out on my northern journey, and preached at Stroud in the evening.

*Tues.* 15.—About noon I preached at Painswick, and in the evening at Gloucester. The mob here was for a considerable time both noisy and mischievous; but an honest magistrate, taking the matter in hand, quickly tamed the beasts of the people. So may any magistrate, if he will; so that wherever a mob continues any time, all they do is to be imputed not so much to the rabble as to the Justices.

*Wed.* 16.—About nine I preached at Cheltenham—a quiet, comfortable place; though it would not have been so, if either the rector or the Anabaptist minister<sup>2</sup> could have prevented it. Both these have blown the trumpet with their might; but the people had no ears to hear. In the afternoon I preached at Upton,<sup>3</sup> and then rode on to Worcester. But the difficulty was, where to preach. No room was large enough to contain the people; and it was too cold for them to stand abroad. At length we went to a friend's, near the town, whose barn<sup>4</sup> was larger than many churches. Here a numerous congregation soon assembled; and again at five, and at ten in the morning. Nothing is wanting here but a commodious house; and will not God provide this also?<sup>5</sup>

In the afternoon we rode to Evesham. As all was hurry and confusion on account of the election, I was glad Mr. D[avies]<sup>6</sup> asked me to preach in his church, where we had a large and exceeding quiet congregation. How long a winter has been at this place! Will not the spring at length return?

<sup>1</sup> He wrote to 'A Member of the Society' (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 283).

<sup>2</sup> The Rev. Samuel Duncombe, then minister of Bethel Chapel (*Methodism in Cheltenham*, p. 7).

<sup>3</sup> On Severn.

<sup>4</sup> The barn is supposed to have been the old Workhouse in the London Road, on the site of which afterwards stood the residence of Mr. George Chamberlain.

See *W.H.S.* vol. iii. p. 178, viii. p. 124.

<sup>5</sup> For the fulfilment of this forecast, see *Meth. Mag.* 1825, p. 122; 1829, p. 585; also Tyerman's *Wesley*, vol. iii. p. 7.

<sup>6</sup> The present vicar (1913), the Rev. J. M. Walker, informs us that there were two vicars in Evesham—the Rev. Edward Davies, vicar of Bengeworth, and the Rev. Evan Jones, vicar of Evesham.

*Fri.* 18.—The vicar of Peabworth had given notice in the church on Sunday that I was to preach there on Friday. But the squire of the parish said, 'It is contrary to the Canons' (wise squire!'), 'and it shall not be.' So I preached about a mile from it, at Broadmarston, by the side of Mr. Eden's house.<sup>2</sup> The congregation was exceeding large, and remarkably attentive. In the morning, the chapel (so it anciently was) was well filled at five. The simplicity and earnestness of the people promise a glorious harvest.

*Sat.* 19.—We rode to Birmingham. The tumults which subsisted here so many years are now wholly suppressed by a resolute magistrate.<sup>3</sup> After preaching I was pleased to see a venerable monument of antiquity, George Bridgins,<sup>4</sup> in the one hundred and seventh year of his age. He can still walk to the preaching, and retains his senses and understanding tolerably well. But what a dream will even a life of a hundred years appear to him the moment he awakes in eternity!

*Sun.* 20.<sup>5</sup>—About one I preached on West Bromwich Heath<sup>6</sup>; in the evening near the preaching-house in Wednes-

<sup>1</sup> The squire was Mr. Martin; see below, March 17, 1780.

<sup>2</sup> The Edens were for many years the hosts of the church; they built the chapel in which Wesley preached at Broadmarston. It is now a cottage. See *Meth. Rec.* Oct. 1, 1903. Mr. Henry Eden, a wealthy grazier, belonged to an ancient family of repute. Living in the Evesham area, he early came under the influence of the Methodists. His son, a clergyman, married a sister of Miss Ann Loxdale (a correspondent of Wesley's), and a grandson, Mr. Henry Loxdale Eden, entered the Wesleyan Methodist ministry in 1812. See *W.M. Mag.* 1851, p. 6, and 1870, p. 188. Henry Eden of the text was one of the first trustees of Cherry Street Chapel, Birmingham, and the name, 'Eden Place,' a thoroughfare off Colmore Row, in the heart of modern Birmingham, is explained by intermarriage of the family with that of the Colmores, one of the

ground landlords of the City. See *Wesley's Veterans*, vol. iv. p. 42, or *E.M.P.* vol. iv. p. 37; also below, p. 346.

<sup>3</sup> John Wyrley Birch. For an interesting account of this magistrate see *W.H.S.* vol. iv. p. 61; and *Early Methodism in Birmingham*, p. 22.

<sup>4</sup> See C. Wesley's *Journal*, vol. ii. p. 87, and (Letter XIV) p. 182; and *Early Methodism in Birmingham*, p. 17.

<sup>5</sup> He wrote to John Fletcher (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 161).

<sup>6</sup> Francis Asbury, who was a native of Hamstead, in the parish of Handsworth, from 1762 to 1766, when he was called out as an itinerant, had kept together a small society of about twenty persons. This appears to have been Wesley's first visit. It was a wild and desolate region of heath-land. A road had only lately been formed for the carrying of coal from Wednesbury to Birmingham, developing in 1752 into a coach road.

bury. The north wind cut like a razor; but the congregation, as well as me, had something else to think of.

*Tues. 22.*—I read over a small book, *Poems*, by Miss Whateley, a farmer's daughter. She had little advantage from education, but an astonishing genius. Some of her elegies I think quite equal to Mr. Gray's. If she had had proper helps for a few years I question whether she would not have excelled any female poet that has ever yet appeared in England.

*Wed. 23.*—After preaching at several other places, I rode on to Wolverhampton. Here, too, all was quiet: only those who could not get into the house<sup>1</sup> made a little noise for a time. And some hundreds attended me to my lodging; but it was with no other intent than to stare.

*Thur. 24.*—I rode to Newcastle-under-Lyme (a river so called), one of the prettiest towns in England. Many here already know themselves: not a few know Christ. The largeness of the congregation constrained me, though it was very cold, to preach in the open air on 'God commandeth all men everywhere to repent.' I scarce ever saw a more attentive or better-behaved congregation.

*Fri. 25.*—I turned aside a little to Burslem, and preached in the new house.<sup>2</sup> That at Congleton is about the same size, but better contrived and better finished. We had an elegant congregation at Congleton,<sup>3</sup> yet earnestly attentive. It seems the behaviour of the society in this town has convinced all the people in it but the curate, who still refuses to give the sacrament to any that will not promise to hear these preachers no more.

*Sat. 26.*—We rode to Macclesfield.

*Sun. 27.*—At eleven one of the ministers preached a useful sermon, as did the other in the afternoon. At five in the

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<sup>1</sup> For an account of the disturbances at Wolverhampton see *Life of Alexander Mather (Wesley's Veterans, vol. ii. pp. 104-6; or E.M.P. vol. ii. pp. 182-3)*. In 1763 Mr. Hayes, an attorney, had led the mob to destroy the preaching-house. Mather sought the intervention of Lord Dartmouth at the County Sessions, upon which Hayes, under threat of legal

process, promised, and duly fulfilled his promise, to rebuild. See *Meth. Rec.* Feb. 13, 1902.

<sup>2</sup> The site of which is described in *Meth. Rec.* Jan. 3, 1901.

<sup>3</sup> The chapel, seating four hundred persons, was built in 1766. It was replaced by a larger building on the same site in 1805.



evening we had thousands upon thousands ; and all were serious, while I enforced ' Now is the day of salvation.'

*Mon. 28.*<sup>1</sup>—I met the stewards of the several societies at Manchester. The times of outward distress are now over : God has given us plenty of all things. It remains only to give ourselves up to Him who 'giveth us all things richly to enjoy.'

*Tues. 29.*<sup>2</sup>—I preached in Stockport at noon, and Manchester in the evening.

*Wed. 30.*—I rode to a little town called New Mills, in the High Peak of Derbyshire. I preached at noon in their large new chapel,<sup>3</sup> which (in consideration that preaching-houses have need of air) has a casement in every window, three inches square ! That is the custom of the country !

In the evening and the following morning I brought strange things to the ears of many in Manchester concerning the government of their families and the education of their children. But some still made that very silly answer, 'Oh, he has no children of his own !' Neither had St. Paul, nor (that we know) any of the apostles. What then ? Were they, therefore, unable to instruct parents ? Not so. They were able to instruct every one that had a soul to be saved.

*APRIL 2, Sat.*—I preached at Little Leigh, and in the evening at Chester. At eight in the morning, *Easter Day*, I took my old stand, in the little square at St. Martin's Ash. The people were as quiet as in the house. While I stayed here I corrected Miss Gilbert's Journal,<sup>4</sup> a masterpiece in its kind. What a prodigy of a child ! Soon ripe, and soon gone !

*Tues. 5.*—About noon I preached at Warrington ; I am afraid, not to the taste of some of my hearers, as my subject

<sup>1</sup> He wrote to Dr. Rutherford replying to charges published five years earlier (*Works*, vol. xiv. p. 347).

<sup>2</sup> He wrote a letter to Christopher Hopper, which is in the Richmond interleaved Journal (unpublished), and the new edition of Wesley Letters.

<sup>3</sup> Built principally by Mr. and Mrs. Beard, the parents of Mrs. Holy of Sheffield. See *Meth. Mag.* 1812, p. 534 ; *W.M. Mag.* 1843, p. 89.

<sup>4</sup> Mary Gilbert was the daughter of Nathaniel Gilbert, Speaker of the House of Assembly, Antigua. She came to England with her uncle Francis in 1764. Wesley met her at Kendal and at Chester in the same year. She was a girl of singular promise, but died on Jan. 21 in this year, aged seventeen years. See Green's *Wesley Bibliography*, No. 250 ; and above, p. 110.

led me to speak strongly and explicitly on the Godhead of Christ. But that I cannot help, for on this I *must* insist as the foundation of all our hope.<sup>1</sup>

*Wed. 6.*—About eleven I preached at Wigan, in a place near the middle of the town, which I suppose was formerly a play-house. It was very full and very warm. Most of the congregation were wild as wild might be, yet none made the least disturbance. Afterwards, as I walked down the street, they stared sufficiently, but none said an uncivil word.

In the evening we had a huge congregation at Liverpool; but some pretty, gay, fluttering things did not behave with so much good manners as the mob at Wigan. The congregations in general were quite well behaved, as well as large, both morning and evening, and I found the society both more numerous and more lively than ever it was before.

*Sun. 10.*—I rode to Prescott, eight miles from Liverpool, and came thither just as the church began. The vicar preached an excellent sermon on 'Whatsoever is born of God overcometh the world. And this is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith.' After service many followed me to a vacant place, where we were tolerably sheltered from the cold wind. Fifty or sixty of our Liverpool friends also were there,<sup>2</sup> who had walked over; and God made it both a solemn and a comfortable opportunity to many souls.

*Mon. 11.*—I rode to Bolton; on *Wednesday* to Kendal. Seceders and mongrel Methodists have so surfeited the people here that there is small prospect of doing good; however, I

<sup>1</sup> There is probably a veiled reference here to John Seddon, who at this time was the minister of Cairo Street Chapel. His Unitarian teaching had strongly influenced both the Academy and the congregation (*W.H.S.* vol. viii. p. 59).

<sup>2</sup> Pawson and the Liverpool friends had visited it from 1766-7 every Sunday. The Earl of Derby, whose country seat was near, forbade any inn-keeper to entertain the Methodist preachers. He ordered the constables to take down the names of the hearers, who were to be fined 5s. each. The principal inn-keeper

in the town welcomed the preachers, and one of the constables was taken ill and died. The head gardener, ashamed of cowardice, avowed his Methodism. The earl, wishing to retain a good servant, proposed to his lady that they should not trouble about the man's religion; but the lady insisted upon his dismissal. Then her ladyship's maid, whom she had brought up from childhood, became a Methodist, and was also turned away. See Pawson's account of the introduction of Methodism into Prescott (*Meth. Mag.* 1808, pp. 365-6).

once more 'cast' my 'bread upon the waters,' and left the event to God.

*Thur. 14.*—I rode on, through continued rain, to Ambleside. It cleared up before we came to Keswick, and we set out thence in a fair day; but on the mountains the storm met us again, which beat on us so impetuously that our horses could scarce turn their faces against it. However, we made shift to reach Cockermouth; but there was no room for preaching, the town being in an uproar through the election for members of Parliament; so, after drying ourselves, we thought it best to go on to Whitehaven.

I found the society here more alive to God than it had been for several years; and God has chosen the weak to make them strong. The change has been wrought chiefly by means of Joseph G.<sup>1</sup> Many of the children likewise are serious and well-behaved, and some of them seem to be awakened.

*Sun. 17.*—I commended them to the grace of God, and rode to Cockermouth. I had designed to preach near the market-place, but the rain constrained us to go into the house, where I explained (out of the First Lesson) 'Let me die the death of the righteous.' In the evening I preached at Caldbeck, in the mountains,<sup>2</sup> to an exceeding serious congregation.

*Mon. 18.*—Taking horse at four, I reached Solway Firth before eight, and, finding a guide ready, crossed without delay, dined at Dumfries, and then went on to Drumlanrig.

*Tues. 19.*—I rode through heavy rain to Glasgow.<sup>3</sup> On *Thursday* and *Friday* I spoke to most of the members of the society. I doubt we have few societies in Scotland like this. The greater part of those I saw not only have found peace with God, but continue to walk in the light of His countenance. Indeed that wise and good man Mr. G[illies]<sup>4</sup> has been of great service to them, encouraging them, by all possible means, to abide in the grace of God.

<sup>1</sup> The possible names are: Joseph Guilford, who in 1768 was second preacher on the Haworth Round; Joseph Garnet, third preacher in the Dales.

<sup>2</sup> North of Skiddaw. Caldbeck was an important Quaker centre, which may account for the seriousness of the hearers.

<sup>3</sup> Three years before this, Thomas Taylor, travelling several hundreds of miles to his appointment, had formed a society here, his first congregation being two baker's boys and two old women (*E.M.P.* vol. v. p. 28).

<sup>4</sup> Author of the *Historical Collections*.

*Sat.* 23.—I rode over the mountains to Perth.<sup>1</sup> I had received magnificent accounts of the work of God in this place ; so that I expected to find a numerous and lively society. Instead of this, I found not above two believers, and scarce five awakened persons in it. Finding I had all to begin, I spoke exceeding plain in the evening to about a hundred persons at the room ; but, knowing this was doing nothing, on *Sunday* the 24th I preached about eight at the end of Watergate. A multitude of people were soon assembled, to whom I cried aloud, ' Seek ye the Lord while He may be found ; call ye upon Him while He is near.' All were deeply attentive, and I had a little hope that some were profited.

At the old kirk we had useful sermons, both in the morning and at five in the afternoon. Immediately after service I preached on ' God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ.' The congregation was so exceeding large that I doubt many could not hear. After preaching, I explained the nature of a Methodist society ; adding that I should not look on any persons at Perth as such unless they spoke to me before I left the city. Four men and four women did speak to me, two of whom I think were believers ; and one or two more seemed just awakening, and darkly feeling after God. In truth, the kingdom of God, among these, is as yet but as a grain of mustard-seed.

*Mon.* 25.—Mr. Fr[aser],<sup>2</sup> minister of a neighbouring parish, desired us to breakfast with him. I found him a serious, benevolent, sensible man, not bigoted to any opinions. I did not reach Brechin till it was too late to preach.

*Tues.* 26.—I came to Aberdeen. Here I found a society truly alive, knit together in peace and love. The congregations were large both morning and evening, and, as usual, deeply attentive ; but a company of strolling players, who have at length found place here also, stole away the gay part of the hearers. Poor Scotland ! Poor Aberdeen ! This only was wanting to make them as completely irreligious as England.<sup>3</sup>

*Fri.* 29.—I read over an extremely sensible book, but one

<sup>1</sup> See below, p. 456.

<sup>2</sup> See below, *ibid.*

<sup>3</sup> For a copy of the will which Wesley

made on April 27, 1768, and a comparison with his last will, see Tyerman's *Life of Wesley*, vol. iii. pp. 15-17.

that surprised me much. It is *An Inquiry into the Proofs of the Charges commonly advanced against Mary, Queen of Scotland*.<sup>1</sup> By means of original papers, he has made it more clear than one would imagine it possible at this distance (1) that she was altogether innocent of the murder of Lord Darnley, and no way privy to it; (2) that she married Lord Bothwell (then near seventy years old, herself but four-and-twenty) from the pressing instance of the nobility in a body, who at the same time assured her he was innocent of the king's murder; (3) that Murray, Morton, and [Maitland of] Lethington themselves contrived that murder in order to charge it upon her, as well as forged those vile letters and sonnets which they palmed upon the world for hers.

'But how, then, can we account for the quite contrary story, which has been almost universally received?' Most easily. It was penned and published in French, English, and Latin (by Queen Elizabeth's order), by George Buchanan,<sup>2</sup> who was secretary to Lord Murray, and in Queen Elizabeth's pay; so he was sure to throw dirt enough. Nor was she at liberty to answer for herself. 'But what, then, was Queen Elizabeth?' As just and merciful as Nero,<sup>3</sup> and as good a Christian as Mahomet.

MAY 1, *Sun*.—I preached at seven in the new room; in the afternoon at the college kirk, in Old Aberdeen. At six, knowing our house could not contain the congregation, I preached in the Castle-gate, on the paved stones. A large number of people were all attention; but there were many rude, stupid creatures round about them, who knew as little of reason as of religion; I never saw such brutes in Scotland before. One of them threw a potato, which fell on my arm. I turned to them; and some were ashamed.

<sup>1</sup> William Tytler, in 1760, published *An Historical and Critical Inquiry into the Evidence, &c., against Mary, Queen of Scots*. This acute and able vindication was reviewed by Dr. Johnson in the *Gentleman's Mag.* 1760, p. 453. After he read this book Wesley became a champion of Queen Mary's innocence. For an able and balanced discussion of Wesley's views on this and other historical

problems see article by Rev. R. Butterworth, in *W.H.S.* vol. ii. p. 111.

<sup>2</sup> See Whitehead's *Life of Wesley*, vol. ii. p. 199. In a long note, Whitehead sketches Buchanan's romantic career. See *Dict. of Nat. Biog.* vol. vii.

<sup>3</sup> Wesley refers to the Queen's treatment of Mary Stuart. But see Elizabeth's treatment of the sisters of Lady Jane Grey (Strickland's *Elizabeth*, p. 210).

*Mon. 2.*—I set out early from Aberdeen, and about noon preached in Brechin. After sermon the provost desired to see me, and said, 'Sir, my son had epileptic fits from his infancy: Dr. Ogilvie prescribed for him many times, and at length told me he could do no more. I desired Mr. Blair last Monday to speak to *you*. On Tuesday morning my son said to his mother he had just been dreaming that his fits were gone, and he was perfectly well. Soon after I gave him the drops you advised. He is perfectly well, and has not had one fit since.' In the evening I preached to a large congregation at Dundee. They heard attentively, but seemed to feel nothing. The next evening I spoke more strongly, and to their hearts rather than their understanding; and I believe a few felt the word of God sharp as a two-edged sword.

*Thur. 5.*—We rode through the pleasant and fruitful Carse of Gowrie, a plain, fifteen or sixteen miles long<sup>1</sup> between the river Tay and the mountains, very thick inhabited, to Perth. In the afternoon we walked over to the royal palace at Scone.<sup>2</sup> It is a large old house, delightfully situated, but swiftly running to ruin. Yet there are a few good pictures and some fine tapestry left in what they call the Queen's and the King's chambers. And what is far more curious, there is a bed and a set of hangings in the (once) royal apartment, which was wrought by poor Queen Mary while she was imprisoned in the castle of Lochleven. It is some of the finest needlework I ever saw, and plainly shows both her exquisite skill and unwearied industry.

About this time a remarkable work of God broke out<sup>3</sup> among the children at Kingwood School.<sup>4</sup> One of the masters sent me a short account of it as follows:

<sup>1</sup> Pennant says, 'fourteen miles in length and four in breadth.' 'Too much,' he adds, 'cannot be said in praise of its fertility.' 'About eighteen thousand acres, in general of an extremely rich and fertile soil.' See below, April 30 and May 1, 1784.

<sup>2</sup> See below, p. 263. This ancient seat of kings was replaced in the year 1808 by the fine castellated mansion now standing. An old abbey possessing the

'Stone of Destiny,' now in Westminster Abbey, once occupied this site. Pennant mentions the tapestry with admiration, and 'the elegant embroidered bed.'

<sup>3</sup> William Spencer, in a letter to Wesley dated Aug. 9, 1748, gave an account of an earlier, similar revival among the boys. See *Arm. Mag.* 1778, p. 533.

<sup>4</sup> Joseph Benson was at this time head classical master (1766-9).

REV. AND DEAR SIR,

April 27, 1768.

On Wednesday the 20th God broke in upon our boys in a surprising manner. A serious concern has been observable in some of them for some time past; but that night, while they were in their private apartments, the power of God came upon them, even like a mighty, rushing wind, which made them cry aloud for mercy. Last night, I hope, will never be forgotten, when about twenty were in the utmost distress. But God quickly spoke peace to two of them, J[ohn] G[lascoth], and T[homas] M[aurice].<sup>1</sup> A greater display of His love I never saw; they indeed rejoice with joy unspeakable. For my own part, I have not often felt the like power. We have no need to exhort them to pray, for that spirit runs through the whole school; so that this house may well be called 'an house of prayer.' While I am writing, the cries of the boys, from their several apartments, are sounding in my ears. There are many still lying at the pool, who wait every moment to be put in. They are come to this, 'Lord, I will not, I cannot, rest without Thy love.' Since I began to write, eight more are set at liberty, and now rejoice in God their Saviour. The names of these are John Coward, John Lyon,<sup>2</sup> John Maddern, John Boddily, John Thurgar, Charles Brown, William Higham, and Robert Hindmarsh.<sup>3</sup> Their age is from eight to fourteen. There are but few who withstand the work; nor is it likely they should do it long; for the prayers of those that believe in Christ seem to carry all before them. Among the colliers likewise the work of God increases greatly; two of the colliers' boys were justified this week. The number added to the society since the Conference is a hundred and thirty.

I had sealed my letter, but have opened it to inform you that two more of our children have found peace. Several others are under deep

<sup>1</sup> John Glascoth (1766-9), travelled from 1782 to 1783. Thomas Maurice was at the school from 1767 to 1769.

<sup>2</sup> John Lyon, 1765-9; John Maddern left in 1768. The records of all these boys are preserved in the *Kingswood Register*.

<sup>3</sup> Robert Hindmarsh, son of James Hindmarsh, born at Alnwick in 1759. His father, who is entered in the *Kingswood Register* John, circa 1770 was engaged as writing-master by Wesley. Robert's record in the *Kingswood Register* is as follows:

Left 1773, Printer. Formed the Theosophical Society, 1783, for the study of Swedenborg. Opened a chapel in Eastcheap,

1788. Swedenborgian Minister at Manchester in 1811, and (1813-24) in 'The Temple,' which was built for him at Salford. Author: *The Birth of Immanuel; The Trial of the Spirits; Reflections on the Unitarian and Trinitarian Doctrines; Rise and Progress of the New Church; A Compendium of Chief Doctrines; A Vindication of Swedenborg, &c.* Edited the *New Jerusalem Magazine*.

He carried on business at Clerkenwell Close; his first Swedenborg Society consisted of five members. He died in his daughter's house at Gravesend on Jan. 2, 1835, and was buried in the churchyard of Milton-next-Gravesend. See *Kingswood Register; Dict. of Nat. Biog.* vol. xxvii.; *W.H.S.* vol. vii. p. 67.

conviction. Some of our friends from Bristol are here, who are thunderstruck. This is the day we have wished for so long; the day you have had in view, which has made you go through so much opposition for the good of these poor children.

JAMES HINDMARSH.<sup>1</sup>

A few days after, one wrote thus :

I cannot help congratulating you on the happy situation of your family here. The power of God continues to work with almost irresistible force ; and there is good reason to hope it will not be withdrawn, till every soul is converted to God. I have had frequent opportunities of conversing alone with the boys, and find the work has taken deep root in many hearts. The house rings with praise and prayer, and the whole behaviour of the children strongly speaks for God. The number of the new-born is increased since you received your last information. I have been a witness of part ; but the whole exceeds all that language can paint.

Another writes, May 18 :

The work of God still goes on at Kingswood. Of the hundred and thirty members who have been added to the society since the last Conference, the greater part have received justifying faith, and are still rejoicing in God their Saviour ; and (what is the most remarkable) I do not know of one backslider in the place. The outpouring of the Spirit on the children in the school has been exceeding great. I believe there is not one among them who has not been affected more or less. Twelve of them have found peace with God, and some in a very remarkable manner. These have no more doubt of the favour of God than of their own existence : and the Lord is still with them, though not so powerfully as He was two or three weeks since.

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<sup>1</sup> For James Hindmarsh see *W.H.S.* vol. vii. pp. 66-7.



PART THE FIFTEENTH  
THE JOURNAL

FROM MAY 14, 1768, TO SEPTEMBER 1, 1770

*From the hour when William Morgan led John Wesley and his brother to the Castle at Oxford (2.30 p.m., Monday, August 24, 1730; see above, vol. i. p. 90, note 2), in the dawn of the philanthropic and evangelistic work of Methodism, Wesley's mission to the children began. It continued not only without intermission, but with ever-growing intensity of purpose and ever-widening breadth of view, until wherever possible Methodism had its Preachers' classes for children, its Sunday Schools, and at least the beginning of that elementary and higher education which became one of the striking features of more recent times. The earliest tentative experiments of Wesley's relations to children may be studied in the successive volumes of the Standard Edition of the Journal. It was the example of William Morgan's work in Holt which awoke his conscience and kindled his imagination (vol. i. p. 88).*

*One of the serious functions of the Holy Club was the religious instruction of children (Questions 5 and 6 of iii, vol. i. p. 97). On board the 'Simmonds,' in Savannah and Frederica, Wesley ceaselessly cared for the children, teaching, catechizing, and preparing them for Confirmation or Holy Communion. At one time the parsonage at Savannah became an Orphanage. In each of his first centres, the Foundery, the New Room in Bristol, and the Orphan House in Newcastle, children were taught and to some extent housed. Upon no part of his work did he bestow more thought than upon Kingswood School. The more it disappointed him, the more passionately he clung to the shattered fragments of a great ideal. Miss Bosanquet's work for girls at Leytonstone, Hannah Ball's Sunday school at Wycombe, and Miss Owen's boarding-school at Publow and Pensford gave him intense satisfaction. Of some of his ideas and methods we may disapprove. But, however unpopular the John Wesley régime may be in our twentieth-century child-life, there can be no question as to the affection and reverence with which the children of his own century regarded him, or as to the appeal to them of his presence and preaching.*

## THE JOURNAL

*From May 14, 1768, to September 1, 1770*

1768. MAY 14, *Sat.*—I walked once more through Holyrood House,<sup>1</sup> a noble pile of building ; but the greatest part of it left to itself, and so (like the palace at Scone) swiftly running to ruin. The tapestry is dirty, and quite faded ; the fine ceilings dropping down ; and many of the pictures in the gallery torn or cut through. This was the work of good General Hawley's<sup>2</sup> soldiers (like general, like men !), who, after running away from the Scots at Falkirk, revenged themselves on the harmless canvas !<sup>3</sup>

*Sun.* 15.—At eight I preached in the High School yard ; and I believe not a few of the hearers were cut to the heart. Between twelve and one a far larger congregation assembled on the Castle Hill ; and I believe my voice commanded them all, while I opened and enforced those awful words, 'I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God.' In the evening our house was sufficiently crowded, even with the rich and honourable. 'Who hath warned' these 'to flee from the wrath to come ?' Oh may they at length awake and 'arise from the dead' !

<sup>1</sup> A few years later Boswell wrote : 'I spoke with peculiar feeling of the miserable neglect of the chapel belonging to the palace of Holyrood House, in which are deposited the remains of many of the kings of Scotland, and of many of our nobility' (*Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides*, p. 641).

<sup>2</sup> He was known as 'The Military Jeffreys.' His incompetence and negligence lost the battle of Falkirk in 1746. See Mrs. Delany's *Life and Letters*, vol. ii. p. 419 : First Series.

<sup>3</sup> A letter written the same day to his brother Charles shows some of the

anxieties which at this time pressed him sorely :

I am glad Mr. Fletcher has been with you. But if the tutor fails, what will become of our College at Trevecca ? Did you ever see anything more queer than their plan of institution ? Pray who penned it, man or woman ?

He adds :

I am at my wits' end with regard to two things—the Church, and Christian Perfection. Unless both you and I stand in the gap in good earnest, the Methodists will drop them both.

(*Works*, vol. xii. p. 135.)

*Mon.* 16.—I preached in the evening at Dunbar, near the shore, to an unusually large congregation.

*Tues.* 17.—I looked over Dr. Shaw's *Travels*.<sup>1</sup> Great part of them is very dull and unentertaining; but some remarks are extremely curious. I was a little surprised at one of them; namely, that the celebrated Mount Atlas is not higher than many of our English mountains, and nothing near so high as the Alps. But it was much farther from Rome: so travellers might make it as high as the moon; and few in Italy could contradict them.

*Wed.* 18.—I came to poor dead Berwick. However, I found a few living souls even here. At seven I preached in the town-hall, to an exceeding serious, though not numerous, congregation. The next evening I preached in the market-place at Alnwick.

*Fri.* 20.—I went on in reading that fine book, Bishop Butler's *Analogy*.<sup>2</sup> But I doubt it is too hard for most of those for whom it is chiefly intended. *Freethinkers*, so called, are seldom *close thinkers*. They will not be at the pains of reading such a book as this. One that would profit them must dilute his sense, or they will neither swallow nor digest it.

*Sat.* 21.—About noon I preached at Morpeth, and in the evening at Newcastle, in the old custom-house, a large commodious room near the quay-side, the grand resort of publicans and sinners.

*Sun.* 22.—I preached in the morning under the trees in Gateshead, to a large and serious multitude; and at two, on the Fell, to a much larger. But the largest of all attended at the Garth Heads in the evening; and great part of them were not curious hearers, but well acquainted with the things of the kingdom of God.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Or, *Observations relating to several parts of Barbary and the Levant, with Supplement*. Oxford, 1738. Folio, translated into French, La Haye, 1743. These travels have been universally esteemed for their fidelity and their illustrations of natural history, &c.

<sup>2</sup> His second notice of this 'fine book.' See above, vol. iii. p. 232; *W.H.S.* vol. iv. p. 50.

<sup>3</sup> On May 23 he wrote to the Rev.

Mr. Plenderlieth. A report had been circulated that Wesley recommended the use of a crucifix to a man under sentence of death. 'I trace this up to its author, Dr. Stennett, an Anabaptist teacher. He was charged with it. He answered, "Why, I saw a crucifix in his cell; and I knew Mr. Wesley used to visit him; so I supposed he had brought it." This is the whole of the matter' (*Works*, vol. xii. pp. 245-7).

*Wednesday* the 25th and the two following days, being at Sunderland, I took down, from one who had feared God from her infancy, one of the strangest accounts I ever read ; and yet I can find no pretence to disbelieve it. The well-known character of the person excludes all suspicion of fraud ; and the nature of the circumstances themselves excludes the possibility of a delusion.

It is true there are several of them which I do not comprehend ; but this is, with me, a very slender objection. For what is it which I do comprehend, even of the things I see daily ? Truly not—

The smallest grain of sand, or spire of grass.<sup>1</sup>

I know not how the one grows, or how the particles of the other cohere together. What pretence have I, then, to deny well-attested facts, because I cannot comprehend them ?

It is true, likewise, that the English in general, and indeed most of the men of learning in Europe, have given up all accounts of witches and apparitions, as mere old wives' fables. I am sorry for it ; and I willingly take this opportunity of entering my solemn protest against this violent compliment which so many that believe the Bible pay to those who do not believe it. I owe them no such service. I take knowledge these are at the bottom of the outcry which has been raised, and with such insolence spread throughout the nation, in direct opposition not only to the Bible, but to the suffrage of the wisest and best of men in all ages and nations. They well know (whether Christians know it or not), that the giving up witchcraft is, in effect, giving up the Bible ; and they know, on the other hand, that if but one account of the intercourse of men with separate spirits be admitted, their whole castle in the air (Deism, Atheism, Materialism) falls to the ground. I know no reason, therefore, why we should suffer even this weapon to be wrested out of our hands. Indeed there are numerous arguments besides, which abundantly confute their vain imaginations. But we need not be hooted out of one ; neither reason nor religion require this.

<sup>1</sup> *Poems on Several Occasions*, by Samuel Wesley, jun., 1736, p. 104 :

*All matter thinks as such*, he gravely says,  
The smallest grain of sand, and spire of  
grass.

One of the capital objections to all these accounts, which I have known urged over and over, is this, 'Did you ever see an apparition yourself?' No; nor did I ever see a murder; yet I believe there is such a thing; yea, and that in one place or another murder is committed every day. Therefore I cannot, as a reasonable man, deny the fact, although I never saw it, and perhaps never may. The testimony of unexceptionable witnesses fully convinces me both of the one and the other.

But to set this aside, it has been confidently alleged that many of these have seen their error, and have been clearly convinced that the supposed preternatural operation was the mere contrivance of artful men. The famous instance of this, which has been spread far and wide, was the drumming in Mr. Mompesson's<sup>1</sup> house at Tedworth; who, it was said, acknowledged it was all a trick, and that he had found out the whole contrivance. Not so: my eldest brother, then at Christ Church, Oxon, inquired of Mr. Mompesson, his fellow collegian, whether his father had acknowledged this or not. He answered, 'The resort of gentlemen to my father's house was so great, he could not bear the expense. He therefore took no pains to confute the report that he had found out the cheat; although he, and I, and all the family, knew the account which was published to be punctually true.'<sup>2</sup>

This premised, I proceed to as remarkable a narrative as any that has fallen under my notice. The reader may believe it if he pleases; or may disbelieve it, without any offence to me. Meantime, let him not be offended if I believe it, till I see

<sup>1</sup> Mompesson, William, of Peter Coll., Cambridge, B.A., 1719 (*Alumni Oxon*), grandson of 'Mr. Mompesson, of Wilts (1661)'; possibly kinsman of the Rev. William Mompesson, hero of the Eyam plague. See *Arm. Mag.* 1783, p. 587.

<sup>2</sup> In Glanvill's *Sadducismus Triumphatus* (see below, p. 311). Append. to edition 1688, is given the enlarged 'Narrative of the Demon of Tedworth; or, of the disturbances at Mr. Mompesson's house, caused by witchcraft and the villany of the Drummer.' See *Notes and Queries*, Third Series, vol. ix. p. 147. This sug-

gested Addison's comedy, *The Drummer*, and is also found in Hogarth's print, 'Credulity, Superstition, and Fanaticism; a Medley.' In this a thermometer rises from a Methodist's brain, and at the top has 'Tedworth' and a drummer small over 'Cock Lane Ghost.' For Mr. Mompesson's experiences see *Arm. Mag.* 1785, pp. 155, 202, 250. See above, vol. iii. p. 537. For Johnson on Ghosts and his action in relation to the 'Cock Lane Ghost' see Boswell's *Johnson*, pp. 99-100, Fitzgerald's Ed.

better reason to the contrary. I have added a few short remarks, which may make some passages a little more intelligible.<sup>1</sup>

1. Elizabeth Hobson was born in Sunderland, in the year 1744. Her father dying when she was three or four years old, her uncle, Thomas Rea, a pious man, brought her up as his own daughter. She was serious from a child, and grew up in the fear of God. Yet she had deep and sharp convictions of sin, till she was about sixteen years of age, when she found peace with God, and from that time the whole tenor of her behaviour was suitable to her profession.

On Wednesday, May 25, 1768, and the three following days, I talked with her at large; but it was with great difficulty I prevailed on her to speak. The substance of what she said was as follows:

'2. From my childhood, when any of our neighbours died, whether men, women, or children, I used to see them, either just when they died, or a little before; and I was not frightened at all, it was so common. Indeed many times I did not then know they were dead. I saw many of them by day, many by night. Those that came when it was dark brought light with them. I observed all little children, and many grown persons, had a bright, glorious light round them; but many had a gloomy, dismal light, and a dusky cloud over them.

'3. When I told my uncle this he did not seem to be at all surprised at it\*; but at several times he said, "Be not afraid, only take care to fear and serve God. As long as He is on your side, none will be able to hurt you." At other times he said (dropping a word now and then, but seldom answering me any questions about it), "Evil spirits very seldom appear but between eleven at night and two in the morning; but after they have appeared to a person a year, they frequently come in the day-time. Whatever spirits, good or bad, come in the day, they come at sunrise, at noon, or at sunset."†

'4. When I was between twelve and thirteen my uncle had a lodger, who was a very wicked man. One night I was sitting in my chamber, about half-hour after ten, having by accident put out my candle, when he came in, all over in a flame. I cried out, "William, why do you come in so to fright me?" He said nothing, but went away. I went after him into his room, but found he was fast asleep in bed. A day or two after he fell ill, and, within the week, died in raging despair.

'5. I was between fourteen and fifteen, when I went very early one

<sup>1</sup> The footnotes throughout the narrative are by Wesley.

\* It appears highly probable that he was himself experimentally acquainted

with these things.

† How strange is this! But how little do we know concerning the laws of the invisible world!

morning to fetch up the kine. I had two fields to cross, into a low ground which was said to be haunted. Many persons had been frightened there, and I had myself often seen men and women (so many, at times, that they are out of count) go just by me, and vanish away. This morning, as I came toward it, I heard a confused noise, as of many people quarrelling. But I did not mind it, and went on till I came near the gate. I then saw, on the other side, a young man dressed in purple, who said, "It is too early; go back from whence you came. The Lord be with you, and bless you"; and presently he was gone.

'6. When I was about sixteen my uncle fell ill, and grew worse and worse for three months. One day, having been sent out on an errand, I was coming home through a lane, when I saw him in the field, coming swiftly toward me. I ran to meet him; but he was gone. When I came home, I found him calling for me. As soon as I came to his bedside, he clasped his arms round my neck, and, bursting into tears, earnestly exhorted me to continue in the ways of God. He kept his hold till he sunk down and died; and even then they could hardly unclasp his fingers. I would fain have died with him, and wished to be buried with him, dead or alive.

'7. From that time I was crying from morning to night, and praying that I might see him. I grew weaker and weaker, till one morning, about one o'clock, as I was lying crying, as usual, I heard some noise, and, rising up, saw him come to the bedside. He looked much displeased, shook his head at me, and in a minute or two went away.

'8. About a week after, I took my bed, and grew worse and worse; till, in six or seven days, my life was despaired of. Then, about eleven at night, my uncle came in, looked well pleased, and sat down on the bedside. He came every night after, at the same time, and stayed till cock-crowing. I was exceeding glad, and kept my eyes fixed upon him all the time he stayed. If I wanted drink or anything, though I did not speak or stir,\* he fetched it, and set it on the chair by the bedside. Indeed I could not speak †; many times I strove, but could not move my tongue. Every morning, when he went away, he waved his hand to me, and I heard delightful music, as if many persons were singing together.

'9. In about six weeks I grew better. I was then musing, one night, whether I did well in desiring he might come; and I was praying that God would do His own will, when he came in, and stood by the bedside. But he was not in his usual dress; he had on a white robe,

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\* So it is plain, he knew her thoughts. But this is widely distant from knowing the hearts of all men.

† Such an impression, even though she felt no fear, did the presence of a superior nature make upon her!



which reached down to his feet. He looked quite pleased. About one, there stood by him a person in white, taller than him, and exceeding beautiful. He came with the singing as of many voices, and continued till near cock-crowing. Then my uncle smiled, and waved his hand toward me twice or thrice. They went away with inexpressibly sweet music, and I saw him no more.

'10. In a year after this a young man courted me, and in some months we agreed to be married. But he purposed to take another voyage first, and one evening went aboard his ship. About eleven o'clock, going out to look for my mother, I saw him standing at his mother's door, with his hands in his pockets, and his hat pulled over his eyes. I went to him, and reached my hand to put up his hat; but he went swiftly by me, and I saw the wall, on the other side of the lane, part as he went through, and then immediately close after him. At ten the next morning he died.

'11. A few days after, John Simpson, one of our neighbours, a man that truly feared God, and one with whom I was particularly acquainted, went to sea, as usual. He sailed out on a Tuesday. The Friday night following, between eleven and twelve o'clock, I heard one walking in my room; and every step sounded as if he was stepping in water. He then came to the bedside, in his sea-jacket, all wet, and stretched his hand over me. Three drops of water fell on my breast,\* and felt as cold as ice. I strove to wake his wife, who lay with me; but I could not, any more than if she was dead. Afterward I heard he was cast away that night. In less than a minute he went away; but he came to me every night, for six or seven nights following, between eleven and two. Before he came, and when he went away, I always heard sweet music.† Afterwards he came both day and night; every night about twelve, with the music at his coming and going, and every day at sunrise, noon, and sunset. He came, whatever company I was in; at church, in the preaching-house, at my class; and was always just before me, changing his posture as I changed mine. When I sat, he sat; when I kneeled, he kneeled; when I stood, he stood likewise. I would fain have spoke to him, but I could not; when I tried, my heart sunk within me. Meantime it affected me more and more, so that I lost both my stomach, my colour, and my strength. This continued ten weeks, while I pined away, not daring to tell any one. At last, he came four or five nights without any music, and looked exceeding sad. On the fifth night he drew the curtains of the bed violently to and fro, still looking wistfully at me, and as one quite

\* Was this real, or did he only raise such a sensation in her?

† Was this a real modulation of the

air? Was it designed to show that he was happy, and to encourage her to speak?

distressed. This he did two nights. On the third, I lay down, about eleven, on the side of the bed. I quickly saw him walking up and down the room. Being resolved to speak to him, but unwilling any should hear, I rose and went up into the garret. When I opened the door, I saw him walking toward me, and shrunk back; on which he stopped, and stood at a distance. I said, "In the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, what is your business with me?" He answered, "Betsy, God forgive you for keeping me so long from my rest.\* Have you forgot what you promised before I went to sea—to look to my children, if I was drowned? You must stand to your word, or I cannot rest." I said, "I wish I was dead." He said, "Say not so; you have more to go through before then: and yet, if you knew as much as I do, you would not care how soon you died. You may bring the children on in their learning, while they live; they have but a short time."† I said, "I will take all the care I can." He added, "Your brother has wrote for you to come to Jamaica; but if you go, it will hurt your soul. You have also thoughts of altering your condition‡; but, if you marry him you think of, it will draw you from God, and you will neither be happy here nor hereafter. Keep close to God, and go on in the way wherein you have been brought up." I asked, "How do you spend your time?" He answered, "In songs of praise. But of this you will know more by and by; for where I am, you will surely be. I have lost much happiness by coming to you.§ And I should not have stayed so long without using other means to make you speak; but the Lord would not suffer me to fright you. Have you anything more to say? It draws near two, and after that I cannot stay. I shall only come to you twice more before the death of my two children. God bless you." Immediately I heard such singing, as if a thousand voices joined together. He then went down stairs, and I followed him to the first landing. He smiled, and I said, "I desire you will come back." He stood still till I came to him. I asked him one or two questions, which he immediately answered; but added, "I wish you had not called me back, for now I must take something from you."|| He paused a little, and said, "I think you can best part with the hearing of your left ear." He laid his hand upon it, and in the instant it was deaf as a stone; and it was several years before I recovered the least hearing of it. The cock crowed as he went out of the door, and then the music ceased. The eldest of his children died at about three years and a half, the younger before he was five years old. He

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\* Who can account for this?

† By what means could he know this?

‡ So he likewise knew her thoughts.

§ I do not understand this.

|| Another instance like this we shall see by and by; but the reason of it we cannot so much as conjecture.

appeared before the death of each, but without speaking : after that I saw him no more.

'12. A little before Michaelmas, 1763, my brother George, who was a good young man, went to sea. The day after Michaelmas Day, about midnight, I saw him standing by my bedside, surrounded with a glorious light, and looking earnestly at me. He was wet all over. That night the ship in which he sailed split upon a rock, and all the crew were drowned.

'13. On April 9, 1767, about midnight, I was lying awake, and I saw my brother John standing by my bedside.\* Just at that time he died in Jamaica.

'14. By his death I became entitled to a house in Sunderland, which was left us by my grandfather, John Hobson, an exceeding wicked man, who was drowned fourteen years ago. I employed an attorney to recover it from my aunts, who kept possession of it ; but, finding more difficulty than I expected, in the beginning of December I gave it up. Three or four nights after, as I rose from prayer, a little before eleven, I saw him standing at a small distance. I cried out, "Lord, bless me ! what brings you here ?" He answered, "You have given up the house : Mr. Parker advised you so to do † ; but if you do, I shall have no rest ‡ : indeed, Mr. Dunn, § whom you have hitherto employed, will do nothing for you. Go to Durham, employ an attorney there, and it will be recovered." || His voice was loud, ¶ and so hollow and deep that every word went through me. His lips did not move at all (nor his eyes), but the sound seemed to rise out of the floor. When he had done speaking he turned about and walked out of the room.\*\*

'15. In January, as I was sitting on the bedside, a quarter before twelve, he came in, stood before me, looked earnestly at me, then walked up and down and stood and looked again. This he did for half an hour, and thus he came every other night †† for about three weeks. All this time he seemed angry, ‡‡ and sometimes his look was quite horrid and furious. One night I was sitting up in bed crying,

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\* So a spirit finds no difficulty in travelling three or four thousand miles in a moment !

† How often are spirits present when we do not think of it !

‡ Why not ? What had he to do with the things under the sun ?

§ Did he, then, know Mr. Dunn's thoughts ?

|| Was he sure of this ? Or did he

only conjecture ?

¶ What a picture ! Far beyond her invention !

\*\* That he might not fright her by vanishing away.

†† Surely God saw this was as much as she could bear.

‡‡ At her not speaking. But why could not he speak first ? Is this contrary to a law of the invisible world ?

when he came and began to pull off the clothes. I strove to touch his hand, but could not; on which he shrank back and smiled.\*

'16. The next night but one, about twelve, I was again sitting up and crying, when he came and stood at the bedside. As I was looking for a handkerchief, he walked to the table, took one up,† brought and dropped it upon the bed. After this he came three or four nights and pulled the clothes off, throwing them on the other side of the bed.

'17. Two nights after he came as I was sitting on the bedside, and, after walking to and fro, snatched the handkerchief from my neck. I fell into a swoon. When I came to myself he was standing just before me. Presently he came close to me, dropped it on the bed, and went away.

'18. Having had a long illness the year before, having taken much cold by his frequent pulling off the clothes, and being worn out by these appearances, I was now mostly confined to my bed. The next night, soon after eleven, he came again: I asked, "In God's name, why do you torment me thus? You know it is impossible for me to go to Durham now. But I have a fear that you are not happy, and beg to know whether you are or not." He answered, after a little pause, "That is a bold question for you to ask. So far as you knew me to do amiss in my lifetime, do you take care to do better." I said, "It is a shocking affair to live and die after that manner." He replied, "It is no time for reflections now: what is done cannot be undone." I said, "It must be a great happiness to die in the Lord!" He said, "Hold your tongue!‡ Hold your tongue! At your peril, never mention such a word before me again!" I was frightened, and strove to lift up my heart to God. He gave a shriek, and sunk down at three times, with a loud groan at each time. Just as he disappeared there was a large flash of fire, and I fainted away.

'19. Three days after, I went to Durham and put the affair into Mr. Hugill the attorney's hands. The next night, about one, he came in; but, on my taking up the Bible, went away. A month after, he came about eleven. I said, "Lord bless me! What has brought you here again?" He said, "Mr. Hugill§ has done nothing but write one letter: you must write or go to Durham again. It may be decided in a few days." I asked, "Why do not you go to my aunts, who keep me out of it?" He answered, "I have no power

\* Poor ghost! Did this divert thee for a moment from attending to the worm that never dieth?

† So he saw her thought! But did he not pity her too?

‡ This seems to have been peculiarly intolerable to him, the thought of what he had lost.

§ So he had observed him narrowly, though unseen.

to go to them : and they cannot bear it. If I could, I would go to them, were it only to warn them \*; for I doubt, where I am I shall get too many to bear me company." He added, "Take care †: there is mischief laid in Peggy's ‡ hands: she will strive to meet you coming from your class. I do not speak to hinder you from going to it, but that you may be cautious. Let some one go with you, and come back with you; though whether you will escape or no, I cannot tell." I said, "She can do no more than God will let her." He answered, "We have all too little to do with Him. Mention that word no more. As soon as this is decided, meet me at Boyldon Hill, § between twelve and one at night." I said, "That is a lone place for a woman to go to at that time of night. I am willing to meet you at the Ballast Hills, or in the churchyard." He said, "That will not do. But what are you afraid of?" I answered, "I am not afraid of you, || but of rude men." He said, "I will set you safe, both thither and back again." I asked, "May I not bring a minister with me?" He replied, "Are you thereabouts? I will not be seen by any but you. You have plagued me sore enough already. If you bring any with you, take what follows."

'20. From this time he appeared every night, between eleven and two. If I put out the fire and candle, in hopes I should not see him, it did not avail. For, as soon as he came, all the room was light, but with a dismal light, like that of flaming brimstone. But whenever I took up the Bible, or kneeled down, yea, or prayed in my heart, he was gone.

'21. On Thursday, May 12, he came about eleven, as I was sitting by the fire. I asked, "In God's name, what do you want?" He said, "You must either go or write to Durham. I cannot stay from you till this is decided ¶; and I cannot stay where I am."\*\* When he went away I fell into a violent passion of crying, seeing no end of my trouble. In this agony I continued till after one, and then fell into a fit. About two I came to myself, and saw standing, at the bedside, one in a white robe, which reached down to his feet. I cried, "In the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost——" He said, "The Lord is with you; I am come to comfort you. What cause have you to complain and murmur thus? Why do you mourn thus for your friends? Pray for them, and leave them to God. Arise, and pray."

\* Is not this like the concern of Dives for his five brethren? Luke xvi. 28.

† Here, at least, he shows some remains of real affection.

‡ Her aunt.

§ About half a mile from the town.

|| No! Not though she knew him to be a damned spirit.

¶ Why not? Who can tell?

\*\* And where canst thou stay with any comfort? Dost thou not carry with thee thy own hell?

I said, "I can pray none." He said, "But God will help you; only keep close to God. You are backward likewise in praying with others, and afraid to receive the Lord's Supper. Break through that backwardness and that fear. The Lord bless you, and be ever with you!" As he went away, I heard many voices singing Hallelujah, with such melody as I never heard before. All my trouble was gone, and I wanted nothing but to fly away with them.

'22. Sat. 28.—About twelve, my grandfather stood at the bedside. I said, "In God's name what do you want?" He said, "You do not make an end of this thing: get it decided as soon as possible. My coming is as uneasy to myself as it can be to you." Before he came there was a strong smell of burning, and the room was full of smoke, which got into my eyes, and almost blinded me for some time after.

'23. June 21, Wed.—About sunset I was coming up stairs at Mrs. Knot's, and I saw him coming toward me out of the opposite room. He went close by me on the stair-head. Before I saw him I smelt a strong smell of burning, and so did Miss Hosmer.<sup>1</sup> It got into my throat, and almost stifled me. I sat down, and fainted away.

'24. On Friday, July 3, I was sitting at dinner, when I thought I heard one come along the passage. I looked about, and saw my aunt, Margaret Scot, of Newcastle, standing at my back. On Saturday I had a letter informing me that she died on that day.'

Thus far Elizabeth Hobson.

On *Sunday*, July 10, I received the following letter from a friend, to whom I had recommended her:

SUNDERLAND, *July 6, 1768.*

I wrote you word before that Elizabeth Hobson was put into possession of the house. The same night her old visitant, who had not troubled her for some time, came again, and said, 'You must meet me at Boyldon Hill, on Thursday night, a little before twelve. You will see many appearances,\* who will call you to come to them; but do not stir, neither give them any answer. A quarter after twelve, I shall come and call you; but still do not answer, nor stir.' She said, 'It is a hardship upon me for you to desire me to meet you there. Why cannot you take your leave now?' He answered, 'It is for your good that I desire it. I can take my leave of you now; but if I do, I must take something from you, which you would not like to part with.' She said, 'May not a few friends come with me?' He said, 'They may; but they must not be present when I come.'

<sup>1</sup> A relative of the Mr. Hosmer to whom Wesley wrote on June 7, 1761 (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 238).

\* How strange is this? Who can account for it?

That night twelve of us met at Mr. Davison's,\* and spent some time in prayer. God was with us of a truth. Then six of us went with her to the place, leaving the rest to pray for us. We came thither a little before twelve, and then stood at a small distance from her. It being a fine night we kept her in our sight, and spent the time in prayer. She stood there till a few minutes after one. When we saw her move, we went to meet her. She said, 'Thank God, it is all over and done. I found everything as he told me. I saw many appearances, who called me to them; but I did not answer or stir. Then he came and called me at a distance; but I took no notice. Soon after, he came up to me, and said, "You are come well fortified."' He then gave her the reasons why he required her to meet him at that place, and why he could take his leave there, and not in the house, without taking something from her. But withal he charged her to tell this to no one; adding, 'If you disclose this to any creature, I shall be under a necessity of troubling you as long as you live. If you do not, I shall never trouble you, nor see you any more, either in time or eternity.' He then bid her farewell, waved his hand, and disappeared.<sup>1</sup>

*Tues. 31.*—I made a little excursion into Weardale, and found a people ready prepared for the Lord. I had designed to preach abroad, but had scarce done singing when a storm of rain drove us into the house. We had a blessed opportunity there, particularly for healing the backsliders.

*JUNE 1, Wed.*—I preached in Teesdale. The sun was scorching hot when I began, but was soon covered with clouds. Many of the militia were present at Barnard Castle in the evening, and behaved with decency. I was well pleased to lodge at a gentleman's, an old schoolfellow, half a mile from the

\* About a quarter of a mile from the hill.

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Johnson heard this story in London, and conversed with Boswell about it. He was incredulous, and wished to have an interview with Wesley on the subject. Boswell also 'was desirous to examine the question closely, and wished to be made acquainted with Mr. John Wesley; for though I differed from him in some points, I admired his various talents and loved his pious zeal.' The result was a letter of introduction from Dr. Johnson which Boswell duly presented in Edinburgh: 'I presented this letter to him and was very politely re-

ceived. . . . His statement of the evidence as to the ghost did not satisfy me. Some years later a Quaker inquired into the case, reported the woman to be of a very indifferent character, that the story she told was purely her own invention, and that John Wesley himself was now fully convinced that there was no truth in it.' In reply to this attack Wesley wrote, in 1782, a trenchant letter declaring that Elizabeth Hobson was an eminently pious woman, that there were many witnesses to the truth of her story, and that he himself was fully persuaded of its literal truth (*Arm. Mag.* 1782, p. 651; Boswell's *Johnson*, p. 372, Fitzg. ed.).

town. What a dream are the fifty or sixty years that have slipped away since we were at the Charterhouse !

*Thur. 2.*—I preached, at noon, at a farmer's house, near Brough, in Westmorland. The sun was hot enough, but some shady trees covered both me and most of the congregation. A little bird perched on one of them, and sung without intermission, from the beginning of the service unto the end. Many of the people came from far ; but I believe none of them regretted their labour.

The evening congregation in Swaledale was far larger, and equally attentive ; and the society was one of the most lively which I have met with in England. Many of them do rejoice in the pure love of God, and many more are earnestly seeking it.

*Fri. 3.*—I rode to Richmond,<sup>1</sup> intending to preach near the house of one of our friends ; but some of the chief of the town sent to desire me to preach in the market-place. The Yorkshire militia were all there, just returned from their exercise : and a more rude rabble-rout I never saw ; without sense, decency, or good manners.

In running down one of the mountains yesterday, I had got a sprain in my thigh. It was rather worse to-day ; but, as I rode to Barnard Castle, the sun shone so hot upon it that, before I came to the town, it was quite well. In the evening the commanding officer gave orders there should be no exercise, that all the Durham militia (what a contrast !) might be at liberty to attend the preaching. Accordingly, we had a little army of officers as well as soldiers ; and all behaved well. A large number of them were present at five in the morning. I have not found so deep and lively a work in any other part of the kingdom as runs through the whole circuit,<sup>2</sup> particularly in the vales that wind between these horrid mountains. I returned to Newcastle in the evening.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> In *Romantic Richmondshire*, p. 62, Mr. H. Speight has the following note :

Next turn in Rosemary Lane, past Finkle Street into Newbiggin. Here John Wesley preached to a great multitude from the steps of the house now [1897] occupied by Mr. Joseph Raine ; and here the Protestant martyr Snell suffered death by drowning on account of his religion.

<sup>2</sup> The Barnard Castle circuit at that time included most of the Dales.

<sup>3</sup> In *The Life of the Countess of Huntingdon*, vol. i. p. 427, Wesley seems to be appointed, with Venn and Berridge, chaplain to 'the young Earl' of Buchan, after the death of his father, an honour which Wesley apparently acknowledges



*Sun. 5.*—I preached in the morning at Plessey, to some of the most lively colliers in England; and about two at Hartley, to a still larger congregation; but to the largest of all, in the Castlegarth at Newcastle.

*Tues. 7.*—I went down by water to South Shields, and preached at noon to far more than could hear.<sup>1</sup> We went, after dinner, to Tynemouth Castle, a magnificent heap of ruins. Within the walls are the remains of a very large church, which seems to have been of exquisite workmanship; and the stones are joined by so strong a cement that, but for Cromwell's cannon, they might have stood a thousand years.

*Mon. 13.*—I left Newcastle, and in the residue of the month visited most of the societies in Yorkshire.<sup>2</sup>

in a letter to Lady Huntingdon, dated London, June 4, 1768. In vol. ii. p. 18, 'acting under the advice of Lady Huntingdon,' the young Earl appoints Mr. Venn, Mr. Fletcher, and Mr. Berridge as his chaplains. Tyerman, in his *Life of Wesley*, says that the Countess Dowager appointed Venn, Berridge, and Wesley her domestic chaplains. He attributes the appointment to the intervention of Lady Huntingdon, and quotes the above-named letter, but dates (or misdates) it 'London, Jan. 4, 1768.' See also Green's *Wesley Bibliography*, No. 249, where Wesley is described by his publisher as 'Chaplain to the Right Hon. the Countess Dowager of Buchan.'

<sup>1</sup> Everett, writing to the *Meth. Mag.* 1813, p. 440, tells the story of how Richard Sellars, 'whose wife was in connexion with the Methodists,' was appealed to for a building in which they might worship. Being in doubt, he asked for a sign. 'If the Lord,' he prayed, 'will remove the violent pain at my heart before twelve o'clock this night, I will take it as a sign that this people are the people of God, and will furnish them with a house for divine service.' Within five minutes of the appointed time, he was still racked with pain; but, as the clock began to strike twelve, the pain ceased. He transformed a cock-pit into

a chapel, and himself joined the society. The 'cock-pit' was the Methodist chapel for many years.

<sup>2</sup> On June 14 he wrote from Norton, near Stockton, to his brother Charles, rejoicing in reports of successful work in London, and in the fruit he now saw of his brother's earlier work in the north. He deprecates the influence upon himself of 'fashionable Methodists.' (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 136.)

The Osmotherley Steward's Book enables us to fill one date in this gap: 'June y<sup>e</sup> 17, 1768, Mr. John Wesley preached here' (*W.H.S.* vol. iii. p. 93).

On June 25 he wrote to Miss Hilton from York (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 370). The day following he was still in York. The *Courant* of June 28, 1768, has the following paragraph:

Last Sunday the Rev. John Wesley preached at Acomb, at five o'clock in the morning; in the forenoon at Castlegate Church; in the afternoon at Spurriergate Church; and in the evening at the Methodist meeting-house, Peaseholme Green, where he administered the sacrament to about five hundred persons.

(*Lyth's Meth. in York*, pp. 104, 105.)

On July 1 he was at Guiseley, writing a friendly letter to Miss Jane Hilton, and telling her to 'direct to me at Epworth, near Thorne, Yorkshire' (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 370). On the 5th

JULY 14, *Thur.*—I crossed over into Lincolnshire, and, after spending about ten days there, returned by Doncaster, Rotherham, and Sheffield, and thence crossed over to Madeley.

On *Tuesday* the 19th I wrote the following letter :

SWINFLEET, *July* 19, 1768.

REV. AND DEAR SIR,<sup>1</sup>

One of Wintringham informed me yesterday that you said no sensible and well-meaning man could hear, and much less join, the Methodists ; because they all *acted under a lie*, professing themselves members of the Church of England, while they licensed themselves as Dissenters. You are a little misinformed. The greater part of the Methodist preachers are not licensed at all ; and several that are, are not licensed as Dissenters. I instance particularly in Thomas Adams and Thomas Brisco. When Thomas Adams desired a licence, one of the Justices said, 'Mr. Adams, are not you of the Church of England ? Why, then, do you desire a licence ?' He answered, 'Sir, I am of the Church of England ; yet I desire a licence, that I may legally defend myself from the illegal violence of oppressive men.' T. Brisco being asked the same question, in London, and the Justice adding, 'We will not grant you a licence,' his lawyer replied, 'Gentlemen, you cannot refuse it: the Act is a mandatory act. You have no choice.' One asked the chairman, 'Is this true ?' He shook his head, and said, 'He is in the right.' The objection, therefore, does not lie at all against the greater part of the Methodist preachers ; because they are either licensed in this form, or not licensed at all.

When others applied for a licence, the Clerk or Justice said, 'I will not license you but as Protestant Dissenters.' They replied, 'We are

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he wrote to 'A Member of the Society' (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 283) ; on the 9th from Wakefield to the Rev. W. Sellon (*Works*, vol. xiii. p. 44) ; and on the 13th from Epworth to Miss Hiltton (*Works*, vol. xiii. p. 371). These letters and notices sufficiently fill the present gap in the Journal.

<sup>1</sup> It is assumed that this letter was written to the Rev. Thomas Adam, rector of Wintringham, one of the 'serious clergymen' to whom Wesley sent the invitation of April 19, 1764. Adam, like many others, did not reply. In 1755 Wesley, on the advice of Mr. Walker, rector of Truro, had written confidentially consulting him on the

question, at that time under discussion among the preachers, as to whether it was lawful or expedient for the Methodists to separate from the Church (see above, vol. iv. pp. 137, 139 ; *Arm. Mag.* 1779, p. 371). Notwithstanding the adhesion of John and Charles Wesley, and the Conference, to the Church, Adam took offence at some of their opinions, and opposed, where he had formerly befriended, the Methodists. Thomas Adam of Wintringham must not be confounded with Thomas Adams of Rodborough, who so frequently appears in Tyerman's *Life of Whitefield*, and occasionally in the *Life of the Countess of Huntingdon*.

of the Church ; we are not Dissenters : but if you will call us so, we cannot help it.' They did *call* them so in their certificates, but this did not *make* them so. They still *call themselves* members of the Church of England ; and they believe themselves so to be. Therefore neither do these act under a lie. They speak no more than they verily believe. Surely, then, unless there are stronger objections than this, both well-meaning and sensible men may, in perfect consistence with their sense and sincerity, not only hear, but join the Methodists.

We are in truth so far from being enemies to the Church, that we are rather bigots to it. I dare not, like Mr. Venn,<sup>1</sup> leave the parish church where I am to go to an Independent meeting. I dare not advise others to go thither, rather than to church. I advise all over whom I have any influence steadily to keep to the Church. Meantime, I advise them to see that the kingdom of God is within them ; that their hearts be full of love to God and man ; and to look upon all, of whatever opinion, who are like-minded, as their 'brother, and sister, and mother.' O sir, what art of men or devils is this, which makes you so studiously stand aloof from those who are thus minded ? I cannot but say to you, as I did to Mr. Walker (and I say it the more freely, because *Quid mea refert?*<sup>2</sup> I am neither better nor worse, whether you hear or forbear), 'The Methodists do not want you ; but you want them.' You want the life, the spirit, the power which they have ; not of themselves, but by the free grace of God : else how could it be (let me speak without reserve), that so good a man, and so good a preacher, should have so little fruit of his labour—his unwearied labour—for so many years ? Have your parishioners the life of religion in their souls ? Have they so much as the form of it ? Are the people of Wintringham in general any better than those of Winterton, or Horton ? Alas ! sir, what is it that hinders your reaping the fruit of so much pains and so many prayers ?

Is it not possible this may be the very thing, your setting yourself against those whom God owns by the continual conviction and conversion of sinners ?

I fear, as long as you in anywise oppose these, your rod will not

<sup>1</sup> Later (in 1771), after Venn had resigned the living of Huddersfield, the people disapproved the ministrations of his successor. Some moved for the erection of a chapel in which they might remain with a pastor of their own choice. 'Mr. Venn,' says his biographer, 'gave his sanction and assistance to the plan, and advised people to attend the chapel

after it was built.' This was the origin of Highfield Independent Chapel. Venn's name is on the subscription list for the secession chapel. His curate, Rev. John Riland (see above, p. 63), disapproved. See D. F. E. Sykes, LL.B., *Huddersfield and its Vicinity*, pp. 345, 346 ; cf. *Life of the Countess of Huntingdon*, ii. 47.

<sup>2</sup> What is it to me ?

blossom,<sup>1</sup> neither will you see the desire of your soul, in the prosperity of the souls committed to your charge.

I pray God to give you a right judgement in all things, and am, dear sir,

Your affectionate brother,

JOHN WESLEY.

*Sun. 31.*—I preached for Mr. Fletcher in the morning,<sup>2</sup> and in the evening at Shrewsbury.<sup>3</sup>

*AUG. 1, Mon.*—I lodged at the Abbey in Cardiganshire, and on *Wednesday* morning reached Haverfordwest. Here abundance of people flocked together, and willingly ‘suffered the word of exhortation.’ Indeed, a more quiet, humane, courteous people I have scarce ever seen. But I fear they were surfeited with preaching before we set foot in the town.

*Sat. 6.*<sup>4</sup>—I went to Pembroke. We were here several times before we had any place in Haverfordwest. But we have reason to fear lest the first become last.

*Sun. 7.*—I took a good deal of pains to compose the little misunderstandings which have much obstructed the work of God. At ten I read prayers, preached, and administered the sacrament to a serious congregation at St. Daniel’s; and the next morning left the people full of good desires, and in tolerable good humour with each other.<sup>5</sup>

*Mon. 8.*—I rode to Llanelly, and preached to a small, earnest

<sup>1</sup> See below, p. 480.

<sup>2</sup> No doubt at Madeley. This was Wesley’s second visit to Fletcher in his own parish. The first was on July 22, 1764. Until his death Fletcher was Wesley’s staunchest friend among the clergy. He made his kitchen a Methodist chapel, in which Wesley’s itinerants and his own curate regularly preached. His study at Madeley was the place in which were penned the ablest defences of Wesley’s doctrines ever published (see *Tyerman’s Life of Wesley*, vol. iii. p. 19).

<sup>3</sup> The starting-point of this journey and the destination are the same as when he made the terrible journey of July 25–26, 1764, though clearly he now found a better route. It may be assumed that he preached on the way at Newtown

and Llanidloes, and at the Abbey Farm, near the ruins of the Abbey of Strata Florida, with Nathaniel Williams, who is believed to have been a minister at Pontrhydfendigaid, near the Abbey, and about a mile from Rhos Fawr.

<sup>4</sup> On Aug. 6 he wrote to the stewards of the Foundery. They were in difficulties. Some one had proposed to relieve the financial pressure by giving up the chapel in Spitalfields. Wesley, in reply, reminded them that it would be easy ‘to save money; but we are to consider how to save souls’ (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 384).

<sup>5</sup> For Thomas Taylor’s earlier work in Glamorganshire and Pembrokeshire, see *E.M.P.* vol. v. pp. 18–22; also *Meth. Rec.* Winter No., 1898, p. 81.

company on 'Ye are saved through faith.' Thence we found a kind of a way to Oxwich, where I pressed the one thing needful on a plain, simple people, right willing to hear, with great enlargement of heart.

*Tues. 9.*—I took a full view of the castle, situate on the top of a steep hill, and commanding a various and extensive prospect, both by sea and land. The building itself is far the loftiest which I have seen in Wales.<sup>1</sup> What a taste had they who removed from hence, to bury themselves in the hole at Margam!

When we came to Neath I was a little surprised to hear I was to preach in the church, of which the churchwardens had the disposal, the minister being just dead. I began reading prayers at six, but was greatly disgusted at the manner of singing: (1) twelve or fourteen persons kept it to themselves, and quite shut out the congregation; (2) these repeated the same words, contrary to all sense and reason, six or eight or ten times over; (3) according to the shocking custom of modern music, different persons sung different words at one and the same moment; an intolerable insult on common sense, and utterly incompatible with any devotion.

*Wed. 10.*—At five I had the pleasure of hearing the whole congregation at the room 'sing with the spirit and the understanding also'; and again, at one in the afternoon, at Cowbridge, where I found uncommon liberty of speech, while I was explaining to many of the rich and gay, as well as to the poor, 'The kingdom of God is within you.'

I did not reach Cardiff till after seven; where, finding the congregation waiting, I began immediately in the town hall, strongly exhorting them not to 'receive the grace of God in vain.'

*Fri. 12.*—I preached at that lovely place, Llanbradach<sup>2</sup>; *Saturday* the 13th about noon at Chepstow. Thence I hastened to the Passage, though every one told me I had time enough and to spare. I had so; for I waited six hours, the boat being just gone when we came. About nine we got over, and reached Bristol between eleven and twelve.

<sup>1</sup> Six stories high, built in 1530 by Sir Rice Mansell.

<sup>2</sup> See above, p. 231. Mr. Thomas, Squire Jones's son-in-law.

*Sun. 14.*—Hearing my wife was dangerously ill,<sup>1</sup> I took chaise immediately, and reached the Foundery before one in the morning. Finding the fever was turned, and the danger over, about two I set out again, and in the afternoon came (not at all tired) to Bristol.

Our Conference began on *Tuesday* the 16th, and ended on *Friday* the 19th. Oh what can we do for more labourers? We can only cry to 'the Lord of the harvest.'<sup>2</sup>

*Sun. 21.*—Thousands of hearers, rich and poor, received the word, near the new Square, with the deepest attention. This is the way to shake the trembling gates of hell. Still I see nothing can do this so effectually as field-preaching.

*Mon. 22.*—I rode through impetuous rain to Weston [Zoyland], a village near Bridgwater. A while ago the people here were lions; but now they are become lambs.

*Tues. 23.*—I saw a serious congregation at Taunton!<sup>3</sup> And shall we have fruit here also? In the evening I preached to the

<sup>1</sup> Mrs. Wesley was still living at the Foundery. The journey made from Bristol to London two days before the opening of the Conference, and when Wesley himself was not in robust health, needs no further words of emphasis. At whatever cost he would fulfil his duty. He arrived at the Foundery before one o'clock on the Monday morning, and an hour later set out on the return journey.

<sup>2</sup> At this Conference ministerial supply and maintenance stand out prominently. An appeal from New York for additional help could not be entertained. The continuous increase of the work at home led to an urgent outcry for more labourers. Probably the demand might have been supplied without much difficulty but for the financial perplexities of the Connexion. Wesley was constantly driven to send out his itinerant preachers almost literally without purse or scrip. As in the case of Thomas Taylor, they were often commissioned to take long and dangerous journeys on horseback or on foot into remote parts of the country where as yet there was no organized

Methodist society, no meeting-house, no certain lodging for the preacher, and no assured provision for the humblest fare and clothing. Some of the preachers with business instincts eked out a living by small trading ventures. Wesley and the Bristol Conference had to face this commonplace but serious difficulty. Wisely and boldly he claimed for his preachers those safeguards of ministerial living which belonged to the clergy of the Church of England. His itinerants must not engage in trade.

God, [says he] has called us to supply their [he refers to the ordained clergy] lack of service to the sheep that are without shepherds, and to spend and be spent therein. Every travelling preacher solemnly professes to have nothing else to do; and receives his little allowance for this very end, that he may not need to do anything else—that he may not be entangled in the things of this life, but may give himself wholly to these things.

Many other questions relating to the work of God were considered at this Conference. See the *Octavo Minutes*, pp. 75-82.

<sup>3</sup> See above, vol. iii. p. 95.

poor backsliders at Cullompton, on 'Will the Lord be no more entreated?'

*Wed. 24.*—I rode to Launceston, where both the seriousness and largeness of the congregation, evening and morning, gave us reason to hope that all our labour here will not be in vain.

*Fri. 26.*—I came to Camelford, where the society is once more shrunk from seventy to fourteen. I preached in the market-place on 'O that thou hadst known, at least in this thy day, the things that make for thy peace!' Many were moved for the present; as they were the next day while I was applying those awful words, 'The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved!'

*Sat. 27.*—I went on to Port Isaac, now the liveliest place in the circuit. I preached from a balcony in the middle of the town, a circumstance I could not but observe. Before I came to Port Isaac the first time, one Richard Scantlebury invited me to lodge at his house; but when I came, seeing a large mob at my heels, he fairly shut the door upon me. Yet in this very house I now lodged, Richard Scantlebury being gone to his fathers, and the present proprietor, Richard Wood, counting it all joy to receive the servants of God.

About this time I wrote to a friend as follows:

DEAR LAWRENCE [COUGHLAN],<sup>1</sup>

By a various train of providences you have been led to the very place where God intended you should be. And you have reason to praise Him, that He has not suffered your labour there to be in vain. In a short time how little will it signify whether we had lived in the Summer Islands, or beneath

The rage of Arctos and eternal frost!<sup>2</sup>

How soon will this dream of life be at an end! And when we are once landed in eternity, it will be all one whether we spent our time on earth in a palace, or had not where to lay our head.

You never learned, either from my conversation, or preaching, or writings, that 'holiness consisted in a flow of joy.' I constantly told

<sup>1</sup> For an account of this remarkable preacher see above, vol. iv. p. 297; also several references in the *Life of the Countess of Huntingdon*.

<sup>2</sup> Prior's *Solomon*, i. 266:  
If any suffer on the polar coast  
The rage of Arctos and eternal frost.  
(*W.H.S.* vol. v. p. 119.)

you quite the contrary: I told you it was love; the love of God and our neighbour; the image of God stamped on the heart; the life of God in the soul of man; the mind that was in Christ, enabling us to walk as Christ also walked. If Mr. Maxfield, or you, took it to be anything else, it was your own fault, not mine. And whenever you waked out of that dream, you ought not to have laid the blame of it upon me. It is true that joy is one part of 'the fruit of the Spirit,' of the kingdom of God within us. But this is first 'righteousness,' then 'peace,' and 'joy in the Holy Ghost.' It is true, farther, that if you love God with 'all your heart,' you may 'rejoice evermore.' Nay, it is true still farther, that many serious, humble, sober-minded believers, who do feel the love of God sometimes, and do then rejoice in God their Saviour, cannot be content with this; but pray continually, that He would enable them to love, and 'rejoice in the Lord always.' And no fact under heaven is more undeniable than that God does answer this prayer; that He does, for the sake of His Son, and through the power of His Spirit, enable one and another so to do. It is also a plain fact, that this power does commonly overshadow them in an instant; and that from that time they enjoy that inward and outward holiness, to which they were utter strangers before. Possibly you might be mistaken in this; perhaps you thought you had received what you had not. But pray do not measure all men by yourself; do not imagine you are the universal standard. If you deceived yourself (which yet I do not affirm), you should not infer that all others do. Many think they are justified, and are not; but we cannot infer that none are justified. So neither, if many think they are 'perfected in love,' and are not, will it follow that none are so. Blessed be God, though we set a hundred enthusiasts aside, we are still 'encompassed with a cloud of witnesses,' who have testified, and do testify, in life and in death, that perfection which I have taught these forty years! This perfection cannot be a delusion, unless the Bible be a delusion too; I mean, 'loving God with all our heart, and our neighbour as ourselves.' I pin down all its opposers to this definition of it. No evasion! No shifting the question! Where is the delusion of this? Either you received this love, or you did not; if you did, dare you call it a delusion? You will not call it so for all the world. If you received anything else, it does not at all affect the question. Be it as much a delusion as you please, it is nothing to them who have received quite another thing, namely, that deep communion with the Father and the Son, whereby they are enabled to give Him their whole heart, to love every man as their own soul, and to walk as Christ also walked.

O Lawrence, if sister Coughlan and you ever did enjoy this, humble yourselves before God for casting it away; if you did not, God grant you may!



*Mon. 29.*—I rode to St. Columb, intending to preach there ; but, finding no place that was tolerably convenient, I was going to take horse, when one offered me the use of his meadow, close to the town. A large congregation quickly assembled, to whom I explained the nature and pleasantness of religion. I have seldom seen a people behave so well the first time I have preached to them.

*Tues. 30.*—Calling at St. Agnes, I found a large congregation waiting ; so I preached without delay. At Redruth likewise I found the people gathered from all parts ; and God gave a loud call to the backsliders. Indeed there was need ; for T. Rankin left between three and four hundred members in the society, and I found a hundred and ten !

In the evening I preached in the meadow at St. Ives to a very numerous and deeply serious congregation.

*Wed. 31.*—I met the children, a work which will exercise the talents of the most able preachers in England.

*SEPT. 1, Thur.*—The grass being wet, we could not stand in the meadow ; but we found an open space, where I called a listening multitude to return to Him who ‘hath not forgotten to be gracious.’

*Fri. 2.*—I preached at noon to an earnest company at Zenor, and in the evening to a far larger at St. Just. Here being informed that one of our sisters in the next parish, Morvah, who entertained the preachers formerly, was now decrepit, and had not heard a sermon for many years, I went on *Saturday* the 3rd,<sup>1</sup> at noon, to Alice Daniel’s,<sup>2</sup> and preached near the house on ‘They who shall be accounted worthy to obtain that world, and the resurrection from the dead, are equal unto the angels,

<sup>1</sup> He wrote from ‘St. Just,’ probably in Alice Daniel’s house, to James Morgan, one of the Irish preachers and Walsh’s biographer. The letter illustrates Wesley’s concern for the doctrinal purity of his preachers. He feared when he saw the slightest sign of uncertainty in a preacher’s beliefs, and took pains to correct and instruct. James Morgan had been the victim of an attack by some unnamed reviler. Wesley encouraged him :

‘I doubt you did not see the hand of God in Shimei’s tongue. Unto you it was given to suffer a little of what you extremely wanted—obloquy and evil report. But you did not either acknowledge the gift, or the Giver. You saw only Mr. —, not God. O Jemmy, you do not know yourself. You cannot bear to be continually steeped poison—in the esteem and praise of men therefore I tremble at your stay in Dublin. It is the most dangerous place for you under heaven.’—*W.M. Mag.* 1847, p. 332.

<sup>2</sup> See above, p. 186.

and are the children of God, being the children of the resurrection.' I have always thought there is something venerable in persons worn out with age; especially when they retain their understanding and walk in the ways of God.

*Sun. 4.*—I went to Sancreed church, where I heard an excellent sermon.<sup>1</sup> Between one and two I confirmed it by explaining that happy religion which our Lord describes in the Eight Beatitudes. About five in the evening I preached at Newlyn; about nine the next morning at Penzance. Surely God will have a people even in this place, where we have so long seemed only to beat the air. At noon I preached in St. Hilary, and at St. John's this and the next evening. I believe the most senseless then felt the word of God sharp as a two-edged sword.

*Wed. 7.*—After the early preaching, the select society met; such a company of lively believers, full of faith and love, as I never found in this county before. This, and the three following days, I preached at as many places as I could, though I was at first in doubt whether I could preach eight days together, mostly in the open air, three or four times a day. But my strength was as my work; I hardly felt any weariness, first or last.

*Sun. 11.*—About nine I preached at St. Agnes, and again between one and two. At five I took my old stand at Gwennap, in the natural amphitheatre. I suppose no human voice could have commanded such an audience on plain ground: but the ground rising all round gave me such an advantage that I believe all could hear distinctly.

*Mon. 12.*—I preached about noon at Callestick,<sup>2</sup> and in the evening at Keisilgey.<sup>3</sup> It rained all the time; but that did not divert the attention of a large congregation. At noon, *Tuesday* the 13th, I preached in Truro, and in the evening, at Mevagissey. It was a season of solemn joy: I have not often found the like. Surely God's thoughts are not as our thoughts! Can any good be done at Mevagissey?

<sup>1</sup> Probably the preacher was the Rev. Edward Hobbs, the vicar, a man of 'exemplary virtue, piety, and integrity.' He died in 1772. (*W.H.S.* vol. iv. p. 193.)

<sup>2</sup> See *W.H.S.* vol. iv. p. 193. The name is variously spelt.

<sup>3</sup> Is this 'Crelley,' in the Helston Circuit?

*Wed.* 14.—After preaching at St. Austell and Medrose, I rode over to Roche,<sup>1</sup> and spent a comfortable evening with my old acquaintance, Mr. Furly.

*Thur.* 15.—We had our Quarterly Meeting at Medrose<sup>2</sup>; but it was not now as formerly,<sup>3</sup> when the whole society was in a flame: 'the love of many' is now 'waxed cold.'

*Fri.* 16.—I rode, through heavy rain, to Polperro.<sup>4</sup> Here the room over which we were to lodge,<sup>5</sup> being filled with pilchards and conger-eels, the perfume was too potent for me; so that I was not sorry when one of our friends invited me to lodge at her house. Soon after I began to preach heavy rain began; yet none went away till the whole service was ended.

*Sat.* 17.—When we came to Crimble Passage we were at a full stop. The boatmen told us the storm was so high that it was not possible to pass; however, at length we persuaded them to venture out, and we did not ship one sea till we got over.

*Sun.* 18.—Our room at the Dock contained the morning congregation tolerably well. Between one and two I began preaching on the quay in Plymouth. Notwithstanding the rain, abundance of people stood to hear. But one silly man talked without ceasing, till I desired the people to open to the right and left, and let me look him in the face. They did so. He pulled off his hat and quietly went away.

At five I preached in the square at the Dock to an exceeding large congregation; and the rain, though it prevented some from coming, did not cause any to go away.

*Mon.* 19.—In the evening I preached in what is vulgarly called Mr. Whitefield's room. Afterwards I met the society in our own, and exhorted them to 'stand fast in one mind and one

<sup>1</sup> To the living of which Samuel Furly had been presented by Mr. Thornton, of Clapham (*Life of the Countess of Huntingdon*, vol. ii. pp. 2, 3). He held the living from 1765 to 1795. (Tyerman, *Life of Wesley*, vol. ii. pp. 186, 450.)

<sup>2</sup> The eastern circuit extended from Launceston to St. Mawes—about eighty

miles, though, as 'the crow flies,' it cannot be more than forty-five or at most fifty miles.

<sup>3</sup> 'The last time I was here' (1st ed.).

<sup>4</sup> See above, vol. iv. p. 527.

<sup>5</sup> At Bedford and at Walsall the preaching-rooms were over hog-styes. See above, vol. iv. p. 359.

judgement.' I set out early in the morning, and in the evening preached at Tiverton.

*Thur. 22.*—I rode to Axminster. The rain prevented my preaching abroad, though the room would ill contain the congregation. Observing many there who seemed quite unawakened, I opened and strongly applied Ezekiel's vision of the dry bones. Lord, 'breathe upon these slain, that they may live'!

*Fri. 23.*—I rode across the country to Charlton, and found the congregation waiting. In the afternoon we went on to Lympham, but not without some difficulty. The waters were out, so that it was no easy matter either to ride or walk. My horse got into a ditch over his back in water, nor could I get to my lodgings the foot-way, till an honest man<sup>1</sup> took me on his shoulders, and so waded through.

*Sat. 24.*—I returned to Bristol.

*Tues. 27.*—I preached in Pensford at eight; in Shepton Mallet at one; and at Wincanton in the evening, with far greater freedom than I used to find among that dead people. About one, *Wednesday* the 28th, I preached at Stalbridge to a large and serious attentive congregation. Hence I went on to cold, uncomfortable Shaftesbury, and spoke exceeding strong words. All seriously attended; some seemed to understand, and a few to feel, what was spoken.

*Thur. 29.*—I rode to Frome.<sup>2</sup> The people here seem more alive than most I have seen in the circuit; and this is the more strange because in this town only there is such a mixture of men of all opinions—Anabaptists, Quakers, Presbyterians, Arians, Antinomians, Moravians, and what not. If any hold to the truth in the midst of all these, surely the power must be of God.

*Friday* the 30th we observed as a day of fasting and prayer,

<sup>1</sup> Local tradition remembers him as [William] Harkman (or Hickman), a plumber.

<sup>2</sup> In 1746 a pedlar from near Bristol brought the gossip to his customers in Frome concerning the preaching by Wesley and Whitefield. The man had learned one hymn and tune, which he sang:

Happy the man that finds the grace,  
The blessing of God's chosen race.

The men of Frome asked that a Methodist preacher might visit their town. Some unnamed hero came, preached in an orchard behind the Pack Horse Inn, bore insults and peltings with patience, and founded Methodism in the district. For the details of this story and of the after-history of the society, see Stephen Tuck's *Wes Meth. in Frome*, p. 10, &c.

and it was a good day for many, who no sooner called than God answered them in the joy of their heart.

OCT. 2, *Sun.*—I preached at Kingswood upon ‘Quench not the Spirit.’ Possibly this people may now have ears to hear, and may despise prophesyings no more. Hereby they have frequently quenched the Spirit, and destroyed His work in their hearts.

*Wed.* 5.—I rode over to Maiden Bradley,<sup>1</sup> and preached at a little distance from the town to as serious a congregation as I ever saw, many of whom were in tears. It is a wonder there should be room for the gospel here among so many lords and gentlemen! But indeed they neither meddle nor make; and this is all we desire of them.<sup>2</sup>

*Fri.* 7.—I spent an hour, much to my satisfaction, with the children at Kingswood. There is reason to hope that the grace of God is still working among them. Some are still alive to God; and all behave in such a manner that I have seen no other schoolboys like them.<sup>3</sup>

*Sun.* 9.—I began examining the society in Kingswood, much increased both in grace and number, chiefly by means of those meetings for prayer which God still blesses greatly. On *Monday* and *Tuesday* I examined the society at Bristol, and found cause to rejoice over these also; although there is still a heaviness of spirit upon many, indeed on all who are not going on to perfection.

*Wed.* 12.—In the evening I preached at Kingswood. I have not seen such a congregation there, on a week-day, for above

<sup>1</sup> The seat of the Duke of Tamworth was near. He and the Duchess heard Whitefield at Bath gladly.

<sup>2</sup> On Oct. 6 he wrote from Kingswood to his sister Patty (Mrs. Westley Hall). She had written asking his help, prompted to do so by the report that under Miss Lewen’s will her brother had inherited a sum of one thousand pounds. She had been deserted by her reprobate husband. Wesley’s reply to his sister was characteristic:

You do not consider, money never stays with me: it would burn me if it did. I throw it out of my hands as soon as possible, lest it

should find a way into my heart. Therefore, you should have spoken to me while I was in London, and before Miss Lewen’s money flew away. However, I know not but I may still spare you £5, provided you will not say, ‘I will never ask you again,’ because this is more than you can tell; and you must not promise more than you can perform. Oh how busy are mankind! and about what trifles! Things that pass away as a dream! Vanity of vanities, all is vanity, but to love and serve God. (Tyerman’s *Life of Wesley*, vol. ii. p. 590.)

<sup>3</sup> He wrote to Miss Hilton a letter of advice, apparently with regard to a proposed matrimonial engagement (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 372).

these twenty years. Nor have I seen such a congregation at Pill for many years as was present on *Thursday* in the afternoon. It is possible, even on this barren soil, we may see a little fruit of much labour.

*Fri. 14.*—I dined with Dr. Wrangel,<sup>1</sup> one of the King of Sweden's chaplains, who has spent several years in Pennsylvania. His heart seemed to be greatly united to the American Christians, and he strongly pleaded for our sending some of our preachers to help them, multitudes of whom are as sheep without a shepherd.

*Tues. 18.*—He preached at the new room to a crowded audience, and gave general satisfaction by the simplicity and life which accompanied his sound doctrine.

*Sat. 22.*—I was much surprised in reading an 'Essay on Music,' wrote by one who is a thorough master of the subject,<sup>2</sup> to find that the music of the ancients was as simple as that of the Methodists; that their music wholly consisted of melody, or the arrangement of single notes; that what is now called harmony, singing in parts, the whole of counterpoint and fugues, is quite novel, being never known in the world till the popedom of Leo the Tenth. He farther observes that, as the singing different words by different persons at the very same time necessarily prevents attention to the sense, so it frequently destroys melody for the sake of harmony; meantime it destroys the very end of music, which is to affect the passions.

<sup>1</sup> For letters from Dr. Wrangel to Wesley see *Arm. Mag.* 1784, pp. 330 and 614. In the first letter he describes his work as chaplain to the King, and gives details showing that, through correspondence, sermons, and books, Wesley was influencing public opinion in Sweden. He closes the letter thus: 'I beg of you, sir, to remember me kindly to all your friends, not forgetting dear Kingswood.' These letters were republished in the *W.M. Mag.* 1837, p. 532, by Dr. George Scott. It is interesting to remember that Dr. Wrangel had urged Wesley to send preachers

to America nearly twelve months before Boardman and Pilmoor were appointed. He was evidently an earnest preacher of the gospel, and had a reputation as a field-preacher before his appointment as chaplain to the King of Sweden. The seed sown by Wesley, Wrangel, and others bore fruit in the next century, especially under the remarkable ministry of George Scott. (*Tyerman's Life of Wesley*, vol. iii. pp. 66-8.)

<sup>2</sup> Avison—popular in Charles Wesley's family—on *Expression in Music*, 2nd ed. pp. 49, 63. See below, his letter to Charles on Dec. 17 (p. 295).

*Mon. 24.*—I left Bristol, and went, by Bath and Bradford, to Salisbury.<sup>1</sup>

*Wed. 26.*—At one I preached in Romsey to a very quiet, unaffected audience; and in the evening at Winchester, to a company of as poor people as I have seen for many years.

*Thur. 27.*—The scene was changed: at Portsmouth rich and poor flocked together from all parts. Abundance of them came again at five in the morning. In the evening the house ill contained them; and never did I see any receive the word with greater earnestness. The next day I returned to London.

*Mon. 31.*—I took horse at five, and just then found that my horse had scarce a shoe on his feet. However, I was obliged (not having a minute to spare) to ride on as far as Colney. There I procured one to shoe my horse all round, and lame him on both his fore-feet. However, he halted<sup>2</sup> on to Hockliffe, where an honest and skilful smith so altered and removed the shoes that he did not halt any more. But by this means we had lost so much time that the sun set before we reached Whittlebury Forest. We had then wonderful road<sup>3</sup>; some of the ridings (so-called) being belly-deep. However, between six and seven we came safe to Whittlebury.

James Glassbrook was so wearied out that he could scarce stir hand or foot; so I desired him to go to rest. I was weary enough myself, till I began to speak; but weariness then vanished away, and we all praised God with joyful lips.

<sup>1</sup> A little girl, nine years of age, named Elizabeth Bushell, at Wilton, near Salisbury, desired to take the sacrament of the Lord's Supper at the parish church with the other members of the Methodist society. She was refused on the ground of age. On Wesley's arrival, almost certainly at the time referred to in the text, the case was submitted to him. He took the child on his knee, 'conversed' with her, and then and there administered to her the sacrament of the Holy Communion. Elizabeth Bushell lived a consistent Christian life; her Journal and Letters have been preserved. (Dyson's *Meth. in the Isle of Wight*, p. 77.)

<sup>2</sup> See *Methodist Hymn-Book*, 1904, No. 450, ver. 6. Charlotte Brontë, in *Jane Eyre* (chap. xii.), uses the word in the same manner: 'For he halted to the stile whence I had just risen, and sat down.' Hockliffe, in S.E. Beds, is on the Watling Street, the main road between London Colney and Whittlebury.

<sup>3</sup> The marvel is that he does not make more frequent mention of the 'miserable roads,' as he called them on April 21 and 23, 1788, which still abounded in all parts of the country. The 'ridings' were clearings in the forest forming grass roads for equestrians. There were several such in that locality.

NOV. 1, *Tues.*—I preached at Weedon, and at five in the morning; about eleven at Towcester; and in the evening to many more than the house would hold at Northampton.

*Fri. 4.*—James Glassbrook (who had a fit of an ague at Whittlebury) undertook to conduct me to Bedford; but he was taken ill on the road. I preached there at seven on 'Awake, thou that sleepest.' And never was more need; for a more sleepy audience I have not often seen.

*Sat. 5.*—About noon I preached at Hertford, in the new room, to a large and serious congregation. The mayor's usage of Mr. Colley for preaching in the market-place, with Mr. Colley's firm and calm behaviour, was the means of convincing Mr. Andrews, who built this room at his own expense.<sup>1</sup>

*Mon. 7.*—I set out for Oxfordshire; preached at Wycombe in the evening, and on *Tuesday* and *Wednesday* at Witney. On *Thursday*, in my return, I was desired to preach at Oxford. The room was thoroughly filled, and not with curious, but deeply serious hearers. Many of these desired that our travelling preachers would take them in their turn, with which I willingly complied.

In the evening I preached in the chapel at Henley to a considerable number of serious people. One or two of the baser sort made some noise; but I reproved them, and, for once, they were ashamed.<sup>2</sup>

*Fri. 11.*—I returned to London. The next week I visited the classes, and at intervals read Mr. Boswell's *Account of Corsica*.<sup>3</sup> But what a scene is opened therein! How little did

<sup>1</sup> For Colley see above, p. 238, and vol. iv. p. 482; also Atmore's *Methodist Memorial*, pp. 78–80; and for Andrews see Tyerman's *Life of Wesley*, vol. iii. pp. 28, 29.

<sup>2</sup> On Nov. 7 he wrote to Joseph Benson respecting certain books in the library at Kingswood. He proposes to read logic with him and 'Peter'; asks for a catalogue of the library, that he may know the better what to buy; and closes with an aphorism: 'But beware you be not swallowed up in books; an ounce of love is worth a pound of knowledge' (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 409).

<sup>3</sup> Boswell's *Journal of a Tour to the Island of Corsica*, with Memoirs of General Paoli, Glasgow, 1768 (*W.H.S.* vol. iv. p. 173). For the history of the French acquisition of Corsica and its incidental influence on European politics as the birthplace of Napoleon Bonaparte, who thereby was made a French subject, see Lecky's *History of England in the Eighteenth Century*, ed. v. vol. iii. p. 153. See also *Wesley Studies*, p. 183; and below, p. 324. Mrs. Delany's *Life*, vol. i. p. 275 and vol. ii. p. 515, has an interesting account of Boswell and Paoli: see also Forster's *Life of Goldsmith*.



we know of that brave people! How much less were we acquainted with the character of their general, Pascal Paoli; as great a lover of his country as Epaminondas, and as great a general as Hannibal!

*Sat. 19.*—I read Dr. Nowell's answer to Mr. Hill, concerning the expulsion of the students at Oxford.<sup>1</sup> He has said all that could be said for that stretch of power, that instance of *summum jus*,<sup>2</sup> and he says quite enough to clear the Church of England from the charge of Predestination—a doctrine which he proves to be utterly inconsistent with the Common Prayer, the Communion Service, the Office of Baptism, the Articles, the Homilies, and the other writings of those that compiled them.

*Mon. 28.*—In the evening I preached in the barracks at Chatham. I spoke louder than I have done for years; yet the

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Thomas Nowell, *An Answer to a Pamphlet entitled 'Pietas Oxoniensis, or a Full and Impartial Account of the Expulsion of Six Students from St. Edmund's Hall, Oxford,'* Oxford, 1768, 8vo (*W.H.S.* vol. iv. p. 173; and Sir Richard Hill's *Life*, pp. 105–128). These students, Calvinistic Methodists, were named Kay, Jones, Grove, Matthews, Middleton, and Shipman. They were expelled the University by Dr. Durrell, the Vice-Chancellor, on March 11, 1768, being accused of 'attending conventicles, meeting, praying, expounding Scripture, and singing hymns, in private houses,' and were described as 'ignorant tradesmen.' Dr. Dixon, the Principal of St. Edmund's Hall, bore testimony to their excellent conduct, and to their belief in the doctrines of the Thirty-nine Articles of the Church of England. Some other Heads of Houses spoke approvingly of them. This expulsion raised a loud outcry. Lady Huntingdon wrote letters of complaint. Whitefield, Mr. Richard Hill, and others published indignant protests. Dr. Durrell wrote in his own defence, and Dr. Nowell, one of his three assessors, replied to Richard Hill's *Pietas Oxoniensis*. Wesley's notice deals more gently, and in one respect approvingly, with Nowell's pamphlet. The secret of

this was that Toplady published (before Wesley sent this Journal to press) '*The Church of England Vindicated from the Charge of Arminianism* . . . in a Letter to the Rev. Dr. Nowell, occasioned by some passages in that Gentleman's Answer to the author of *Pietas Oxoniensis*.' Walter Sellon replied to this. See Green's *Anti-Methodist Publications*, Nos. 393, 394, 416, &c.; *Life of C. of Huntingdon*, vol. i. p. 422; Tyerman's *Life of Wesley*, vol. iii. p. 32. One charge against Thomas Jones was that he had been a hair-dresser. The facts were that Jones gave up business at the age of seventeen, four years before he entered the University, and that in the interval he studied under John Newton at Olney and acquired a fair knowledge of Greek and Hebrew. Notwithstanding his expulsion he was, after some time, admitted to holy orders, and was married to the sister of Lady Austen, the charming widow of the baronet, who told Cowper the story of John Gilpin and suggested to the poet the 'Sofa' as a subject—hence Cowper's great poem, *The Task*. Also it was while visiting her widowed sister, Mrs. Jones (for Jones did not live long), in a village near Olney that Cowper first saw Lady Austen.

<sup>2</sup> Supreme law.

skirts of the congregation could not hear. Few of those that did hear, heard in vain; for God was in the midst of them.

*Tues. 29.*—At noon I preached at Sittingbourne to a deeply attentive audience, and in the evening at Canterbury, in a house half filled—a sight I do not often see.

*Wed. 30.*—I rode to Dover, and came in just before a violent storm began. It did not hinder the people. Many were obliged to go away after the house was filled. What a desire to hear runs through all the seaport towns wherever we come! Surely God is besieging this nation, and attacking it at all the entrances!

*DEC. 1, Thur.*—The storm was ready to bear away both man and beast. But it abated about noon; so that, after preaching at Margate, I had a pleasant ride to Canterbury.

I made an odd observation here, which I recommend to all our preachers. The people of Canterbury have been so often reproved (and frequently without a cause), for being dead and cold, that it has utterly discouraged them, and made them cold as stones. How delicate a thing is it to reprove! To do it well requires more than human wisdom.

*Fri. 2.*—Those who are called Mr. Whitefield's society at Chatham offered me the use of their preaching-house, which I suppose is nearly four times as large as that at the barracks. In the morning I walked on, ordering my servant to overtake me with my carriage; and he did so; but not till I had walked seven or eight miles.

*Tues. 13.*—Having heard a heavy charge brought against W—— G——, a member of our society, I desired the parties concerned to meet me together. But this afternoon we could not get half through. At the second hearing I was convinced, (1) that he had spoken unkindly and unjustly; (2) that he had done wrong in leaving Mr. Dear at so short a warning. But I was equally convinced (3) that there had been no dishonesty on either side.

*Wed. 14.*—I saw the Westminster scholars act the *Adelphi* of Terence,<sup>1</sup> an entertainment not unworthy of a Christian.

<sup>1</sup> For an account of the Latin Plays at Westminster, see Reginald Airy's *Westminster*, published by George Bell & Sons. The acting of a Latin play forms part of

the ordinances of Elizabeth. Four plays have been in force for many years—the *Andria*, *Adelphi*, *Phormio* of Terence, and *Trinummus* of Plautus.

Oh how do these heathens shame us! Their very comedies contain both excellent sense, the liveliest pictures of men and manners, and so fine strokes of genuine morality as are seldom found in the writings of Christians.<sup>1</sup>

*Mon. 19.*—I spent an hour with B—a I—n. If the account she gives is true, what blessed creatures are both those gentlemen and their wives that would use the most scurrilous language, yea, strike and drive out of their house, and that in a rainy night, a young gentlewoman, a stranger, far from home, for joining with the Methodists! Do these call themselves Christians? Nay, and Protestants? Call them Turks. Papist is too good a name.

*Tues. 20.*—I went to Shoreham. Here I read Mr. Archdeacon Blackburne's *Considerations on the Penal Laws against Papists*.<sup>2</sup> In the Appendix, p. 198, to my no small surprise, I read these words, said to be wrote by a gentleman at Paris: 'The Popish party boast much of the increase of the Methodists, and talk of that sect with rapture. How far the Methodists and Papists stand connected in principles I know not; but I believe it is beyond a doubt that they are in constant correspondence with each other.'

It seems this letter was published in the *St. James's Chronicle*. But I never saw or heard of it till these words were printed in the *Canterbury Journal* as Mr. Blackburne's own.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> On Dec. 17 he wrote thanking Charles for his 'reproof,' and admitting there had been not evil, but the appearance of evil. We do not know the occasion of this. Charles had been suggesting the writing of a book, an edition of Young's *Night Thoughts*—'Why, you simpleton,' wrote John, 'you are cutting me out a month's work.' He describes his method of editing books. An allusion to 'our friend at Newcastle' is probably a reference to one of his wife's eccentric journeys. Charles evidently had sought to interest him in music, which in later years engrossed the attention of Charles Wesley's family in Marylebone. Wesley replies, 'I have no time for Handel or Avison now.' His veiled allusion to the loneli-

ness of his lot, deserted by his wife, is pathetic; 'I am now,' he adds, 'a mere Fellow of a College' (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 136).

<sup>2</sup> Francis Blackburne, Archdeacon of Cleveland: '*Considerations on the Present State of the Controversy between the Protestants and Papists of Great Britain and Ireland*'; particularly on the Question, How far the latter are entitled to a Toleration upon Protestant Principles.' London, 1768 (*W.H.S.* vol. iv. p. 173). For the Archdeacon see below, May 9, 1786; also an interesting reference to him in Pike's *Ancient Meeting-Houses*, p. 152.

<sup>3</sup> On Dec. 22 he wrote to Joseph Benson, who had failed to take Wesley's meaning with reference to a course of

And he has nearly made them his own by his faint note upon them, 'I would willingly hope some doubt may be made of this.' Indeed he adds, 'Mr. Whitefield took timely care to preclude all suspicions of his having any connexions with Popery.' Yea, and Mr. Wesley much more, even as early as Aug. 31, 1738.<sup>1</sup> Again, in my Journal, Aug. 27, 1739, I published the only letter which I ever wrote to a Popish priest. And it is in proof of this proposition (an extraordinary proof of my connexions with Popery!): 'No Romanist, as such, can expect to be saved, according to the terms of the Christian covenant.'<sup>2</sup>

Many things to the same purpose occur in the Journals, and the *Appeals to Men of Reason and Religion*, over and above those whole treatises which I have published entirely upon the subject—*A Word to a Protestant*, a *Roman Catechism*, and *The Advantages of the Members of the Church of England over the Members of the Church of Rome*.

What amazing ignorance, then, not to say impudence, does it imply, for any one at this time of day to tax me with having any connexions with Popery!

In the latter end of the month I took some pains in reading over Dr. Young's *Night Thoughts*,<sup>3</sup> leaving out the indifferent

reading. He shows that the books are not to be read separately, but in order and according to the plan laid down. He insists upon it that 'the interposing other books between these, till you have read them through, is not good husbandry. . . . If you want more books, let me recommend more who best understand my own scheme. And do not ramble.' Writing in praise of Latin and Greek books, he adds, 'compared with which most of the English are whipped-syllabub' (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 410). These letters to Benson indicate Wesley's educational methods with Kingswood boys and masters and Methodist preachers.

<sup>1</sup> Wesley was then at Cologne, and saw the 'Full Release for the Poor Souls in Purgatory,' which moved him greatly. See above, vol. ii. pp. 61-2. The letter to which he refers is one of

the ablest he ever wrote. See above, vol. ii. pp. 263-4.

<sup>2</sup> On Dec. 28 he wrote to Miss Bosanquet (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 401).

<sup>3</sup> He had already perused it carefully in Georgia and read it to others. The early Methodist preachers often quoted from this poem. Charles Wesley copied it in shorthand. This and several other examples of the poet's curious but fruitless industry are preserved in the archives of the Wesleyan Methodist Conference Office. His hymn, 'Stand the Omnipotent Decree,' is a deliberate paraphrase of a passage in the *Night Thoughts*. See Rev. Henry Bett's *Hymns of Methodism in their Literary Relations*, p. 105. For an account of Dodsley's claim for reparation of a piracy in this and some other publications see *W.H.S.* vol. iii. p. 210; also above, vol. iii. p. 162.

lines, correcting many of the rest, and explaining the hard words, in order to make that noble work more useful to all, and more intelligible to ordinary readers.

**1769. JAN. 1, *Sun.***—We met, as usual, at Spitalfields Chapel to renew our covenant with God. And we never do this without a blessing. Many were comforted, and many strengthened.

***Mon.* 9.**—I spent a comfortable and profitable hour with Mr. Whitefield in calling to mind the former times, and the manner wherein God prepared us for a work which it had not then entered into our hearts to conceive.

***Tues.* 17.**—I rode to Chesham. Our own room being neither so large nor so convenient, Mr. Spooner, the Dissenting minister, gave me the use of his meeting.<sup>1</sup> There was a great number of hearers. They were very attentive; and I doubt that was all.

***Tues.* 24.**—I went (by land and water) to Sheerness. Our place here would by no means contain the congregation. A large number of them attended in the morning, and seemed just ripe for the blessing. It is an advantage to the people here that they are in a little corner of the land, shut up, as it were, from all the world; but not from the gospel or spirit of Christ.

***Thur.* 26.**—I returned to Chatham, and preached in the great meeting,<sup>2</sup> on 'God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ.'

***Fri.* 27.**—I returned to London. The same day Elizabeth Vandome<sup>3</sup> went to rest. A month or two ago, when she was first taken ill, she dictated the following letter:

DEAR AND REV. SIR,

When I first heard the gospel from you, I was convinced of sin, and nothing could satisfy me but a sense of pardoning love. For a month the garment of weeping was put upon me night and day; till one day, as I was repeating those words—

I trust in Him that stands between  
The Father's wrath and me;  
Jesus, Thou great eternal mean,  
I look for all from Thee!

<sup>1</sup> See below, p. 433.

<sup>2</sup> See above, p. 294.

<sup>3</sup> She was the leader of a band in 1748.  
See Stevenson's *City Road Chapel*, p. 35.

I was struck down to the ground, and felt the arm of the Lord revealed in me: I knew that God was reconciled; I felt sanctification begun. The fight of faith ensued; and for three-quarters of a year I was struggling with my own will. Sometimes I was in an agony; I was ready to weep my life away, fearing the sins I felt in my heart would never be done away. Yet I believed there was a rest for the people of God; a rest from all sin. One day, conversing with one about the things of God, he said, 'You would have all things become new, before you believe. But that is not the way. You must believe first.' When he went away, the Spirit of prayer and supplication rested upon me. Yet I felt 'bound down with twice ten thousand ties.' However, I wrestled on, till the Lord broke in upon my soul like the sun in his glory. He loosed me at once from all my bonds, and I knew I loved Him with all my heart. Jesus appeared with hair as white as wool, and garments down to His feet, and gave me to sit with Him in heavenly places. And from that time (which is seven or eight and twenty years ago) I have felt no temper contrary to love. I have no desire contrary to the will of God. On this bed of sickness I have communion with the church triumphant. I know that—

Jesus is my Brother now,  
And God is all my own.

When the tempter comes, my soul cleaves to Jesus, and I am kept in perfect peace.

I thought it my duty to leave this short account of the gracious dealings of God with my soul, as you was the instrument He was pleased to make use of for the beginning and furthering of His work. O may the Lord strengthen you and your brother, and increase in you every fruit of His Spirit; and when you fail on earth, may we meet in heaven, and praise the great Three-One to all eternity!<sup>1</sup>

(This account was written some time past, when she [Elizabeth Vandome] was sick in bed. But since then God raised her up, and enabled her still to be useful to others, though in great weakness of body. When she took to her bed again, about three weeks ago, she had a remarkable dream: she thought she saw Mr. W. labouring with his might to keep the people from falling into a deep pit, which very few of them perceived. The concern she was in awaked her in great emotion. On Tuesday evening last, she desired us to set her up in bed, to meet her class. Her voice faltered much. She earnestly exhorted them all to live near to God, and to keep close together; adding, 'I shall soon join the church above.' She spoke no more;

<sup>1</sup> One of her letters to Charles Wesley, giving her experience in 1742, is preserved at the Conference Office.

all was silent rapture, till, on Friday morning, without sigh or groan, she resigned her spirit to God.

LYDIA VANDOME.)<sup>1</sup>

Such a living and dying witness of the perfect love of God, which she enjoyed for eight-and-twenty years, one would think sufficient to silence all the doubts and objections of reasonable and candid men.

Sat. 28.—I began visiting the classes. In the intervals I looked over the *Transactions* of the Royal Society. Is not that a little too severe—

Turpe est difficiles habere nugas?<sup>2</sup>

If this be true, and if it had been well considered, would half of these *Transactions* have had a being? Nay, were men convinced of this, what would become of the greater part of all the philosophical experiments in Europe?

FEB. 6,<sup>3</sup> Mon.—I spent an hour with a venerable woman, near ninety years of age, who retains her health, her senses, her understanding, and even her memory, to a good degree. In the last century she belonged to my grandfather Annesley's congregation, at whose house her father and she used to dine every Thursday; and whom she remembers to have frequently seen in his study, at the top of the house, with his window open, and without any fire, winter or summer. He lived seventy-seven years, and would probably have lived longer, had he not began water-drinking at seventy.

Fri. 10.—I went to Deptford, on purpose to see honest William Brown, worn out with age and pain, and long confined

<sup>1</sup> 'Dined, a troop of us, at Mr. Judd's. Thence I walked to Lydia Vandome's, and gave her the sacrament. Mrs. Radcliffe was there, a lady from Bath, begotten again in an hymn of mine.' (Letter of Charles Wesley to his wife (LXXI), Journal, vol. ii. p. 248.)

<sup>2</sup> Martial, *Epigr.* ii. 86. The two lines of which this is one have been rendered thus:

Laborious trifles folly show,  
And fools alone such labour know.

The poet is replying to the charge that

he could not write verses with curious metrical peculiarities. (Webb, *Martial for English Readers*, quoted in *W.H.S.* vol. v. p. 52.)

<sup>3</sup> He wrote to Mr. Costerdine, one of his preachers (who entered the ministry in 1764, and whose licence to preach was published in the *W.M. Mag.* 1845, p. 574; see also Wesley's letter to him, p. 578), with reference to the building of a chapel at Doncaster. See above, p. 243, note 1, where Wesley explains to Mr. Costerdine the plan for liquidating the Connexional debt.

to his bed, without the use of either hand or foot. But he has the use of his understanding and his tongue, and testifies that God does all things well; that he has no doubt or fear, but is cheerfully waiting till his change shall come.

*Mon. 13.*—I rode to Colchester, and had the satisfaction of seeing such a congregation, both this evening and the following, as I never saw in that house before.

*Wed. 15.*—I rode to Bury [St. Edmunds], and found not only an attentive audience, but a little society athirst for God.

*Thur. 16.*—Supposing we had but five-and-forty miles to Yarmouth, I did not set out till near seven. But it proved three-score; likewise it rained all day, and part of the road was very bad. However, God strengthened both man and beast; so we reached it before six in the evening.

As we were both thoroughly wet, I was a little afraid for my companion, who was much older than me, though he had not lived so many years. But neither of us was any worse. The congregation was the largest I ever saw at Yarmouth; and I spoke far more plainly (if not roughly) than ever I did before. But I doubt if, after all the stumbling-blocks laid in their way, anything will sink into their hearts.<sup>1</sup>

*Fri. 17.*—I abridged Dr. Watts's pretty *Treatise on the Passions*.<sup>2</sup> His hundred and seventy-seven pages will make a useful tract of four-and-twenty. Why do persons who treat the same subjects with me, write so much larger books? Of many reasons, is not this the chief—we do not write with the same view? Their *principal end* is to get money; my *only one* to do good.

*Sat. 18.*—We rode to Norwich.

*Sun. 19.*—At seven I administered the Lord's Supper to about a hundred and seventy serious communicants. One person then found peace with God, and many were comforted. In the evening, finding the house would not contain one-third

<sup>1</sup> On this day he wrote to Mrs. Woodhouse from London (*W.M. Mag.* 1849, p. 815).

<sup>2</sup> The full title is *Treatise on the Love of God, and on the Use and Abuse of the Passions*. London, 1729. Wesley's abridgement appeared in the *Arm. Mag.*

1782, p. 200, and 1783, as '*An Account of the Passions, or Natural Affections: extracted from Dr. Watts.*' It does not appear to have been published separately. For Watts's philosophy see Leslie Stephen's *English Thought in the Eighteenth Century*, vol. ii. p. 386.







of the congregation, I was obliged to stand in the open air—a sight which has not been seen at Norwich for many years. Yet all the people were still, and deeply attentive, two or three wild Antinomians excepted. I preached on the Gospel for the day—the Woman of Canaan. I believe God spake to many hearts ; but who will obey His voice ?

*Wed. 22.*—I rode to Lakenheath, and had more hearers there than I had had for several years. I spoke exceeding plain in the evening ; one fruit of which was that the house was filled at five in the morning. Thence I returned to Bury [St. Edmunds], and found the same little lively company, whose spirit seemed to reach the whole congregation. I know not when I have observed such a constraining power as while I was enforcing ‘ Seek ye the Lord while He may be found ; call upon Him while He is near.’

*Fri. 24.*—I rode to Braintree. The sharp frost did not hinder many from attending ; and all were serious and well-behaved.

*Sat. 25.*—I went on to London.<sup>1</sup>

*Mon. 27.*—I had one more agreeable conversation with my old friend and fellow labourer, George Whitefield. His soul appeared to be vigorous still, but his body was sinking apace ; and, unless God interposes with His mighty hand, he must soon finish his labours.<sup>2</sup>

MARCH 2, *Thur.*—I buried the remains of Michael Hayes, a good old soldier of Jesus Christ. He had lived above a hundred and four years, and mostly in vigorous health. His speech and understanding continued to the last ; and as he lived, so he died, praising God.

*Sun. 5.*—After preaching at Spitalfields in the morning, and at West Street in the afternoon, I went to Brentford ; on *Monday* to Hungerford ; and the next day to Bath. On the road I read over Dr. Campbell’s excellent answer to David Hume’s insolent book against miracles<sup>3</sup> ; and Dr. Brown’s keen *Animad-*

<sup>1</sup> He wrote to ‘ A Young Disciple ’ (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 439) ; on March 1, to Miss Hilton (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 373) ; and again on March 3 to Lady Maxwell (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 344).

<sup>2</sup> Whitefield, who died Sept. 30, 1770, retained his vigour to the last. See below, p. 396.

<sup>3</sup> Dr. George Campbell was Professor of Divinity at Aberdeen. His *Disserta-*

versions on the *Characteristics of Lord Shaftesbury*—another lively, half-thinking writer.

In the evening my brother read prayers, and I preached, in the Countess of Huntingdon's chapel.<sup>1</sup> The congregation was very large and very attentive. Let us despair of nothing.

Wed. 8.—I preached at Bristol, and met the society. The next three days I examined them, as usual, one by one, and found some increase in number, with much increase in peace and love.

Mon. 13.—I set out northward. We had fine weather for a while; then the wind rose, and the rain came down amain. We were thoroughly wet before we came to Stroud, but took no cold at all. At six the house was, as usual, quite filled, though the wind and rain kept many strangers away. The people appeared to be all alive, and ready to devour the word. Afterwards we had a lovefeast, at which many, both men and women, spoke, with all simplicity, what God had done for their souls.

Tues. 14.—After preaching to a large congregation at five, we rode toward Tewkesbury; notice having been given of my preaching about noon at a house a mile from the town. But we could not get to it, the floods were so high; so I intended to go straight to Worcester. But one informing me a congregation from all parts was waiting, we set out another way, and waded through the water. This congregation, too, seemed quite earnest; so that I did not regret my labour.<sup>2</sup> But the going and coming

tion on Miracles contained an examination of the principles advanced by David Hume, with correspondence on the subject. For this, for Hume's essay, and for Dr. John Brown's *Essay on Shaftesbury's Characteristics*, see *W.H.S.* vol. iv. p. 174; also Stephen, *English Thought in Eighteenth Century*, vol. ii. p. 44; Byrom's *Poems* (Chetham Society), i. 436. Campbell's answer was the only one to which Hume condescended to reply.

<sup>1</sup> Early in the month of January this year Lady Huntingdon arrived in London full of plans. Her house was in Portland Row, Cavendish Square, where

Whitefield, Wesley, Romaine and others frequently preached. Meantime her ladyship's chapel at Bath was supplied by the Wesleys and others. See *Life of C. of Huntingdon*, vol. ii. p. 126.

<sup>2</sup> 'In the way' from Gloucester to Tewkesbury, but a little out of the way from the modern high road, lived Samuel Vernon and his five daughters (see below, March 17, 1790). The house, but little altered, is still occupied. It stands in an old orchard, and had, until recently, a large cider-press. The orchard and paddock adjoining, being partly on rising ground, would be adapted for an open-air service when the meadows

was hard work, so that I was a little tired before we came to Worcester.

I began preaching about six in the riding-house.<sup>1</sup> Abundance of people were deeply attentive; but toward the close a large number of boys made a great noise. When we came out, men and boys joined together in shouting and pushing to and fro. Many were frightened, but none hurt. Hitherto could Satan come, but no farther.

*Wed. 15.*—My horse being lame, and part of the road very bad, I did not reach Mr. Lee's, of Coton, till noon.<sup>2</sup> The house is delightfully situated in his park, at the top of a fruitful hill. His chaplain had just begun reading prayers. Afterwards he desired me to give an exhortation; so I could not take horse till half-hour after one, when I had eight-and-twenty miles to ride on a lame horse. I came, however, to Shrewsbury between five and six, and preached to a large and quiet congregation. As we returned the rabble were noisy enough; but they used only their tongues, so all was well.

*Thur. 16.*—We rode, with a furious wind full in our face to Chester.

*Friday* the 17th, and the next days, we had a refreshing season with a loving people, and in a loving family. The congregations

of the Severn Valley were flooded. Tradition says that here Wesley preached. The parish register of Leigh Church, a mile or two distant from the house, shows more than one generation of Vernons. Later, one of the daughters had a school at Apperley, three miles distant, originally a Moravian settlement, but now for many years in possession of the Methodists. Within a stone's-throw of Vernon's garden a small chapel was built for the Methodist society. It maintained a vigorous reputation until the new chapel at Coombe Hill took its place.

<sup>1</sup> An old building still standing close to the Bowling Green in Frog Lane, now Diglis Street. It was used for teaching soldiers riding, and for administering discipline. It would hold three or four hundred persons standing. Mr.

Bell, one of the founders of the Bell and Lancaster system of education, lectured in the old house, which is still the property of the Government. (*W.H.S.* vol. iii. p. 179.)

<sup>2</sup> Venn, in a letter to Lady Huntingdon, gives a favourable account of Mr. Lancelot Lee. Coton Hall stands in a park of eighty acres in the parish of Alverley. The Lees were a younger branch of an ancient and honourable family. In a letter to Miss Weaver, Venn describes him as 'a gentleman of fortune, about forty years of age, and a man of uncommon parts.' Whitefield and Wesley visited him whenever they were in Shropshire, and his house was usually opened for the preaching of the gospel. (*Life of C. of Huntingdon*, vol. i. p. 483; *W.H.S.* vol. iii. p. 241.) See below, p. 331.

were not small in the mornings; in the evenings exceeding large. And all who attended behaved as if they not only understood but relished the good word.<sup>1</sup>

*Sun. 19.*—Elizabeth Oldham<sup>2</sup> called upon me. She told me:

Some time since my mother said, 'Call my son to see me die.' He asked, 'Have you any fear of death?' She said, 'Oh, no! That is gone long since. Perfect love casts out fear. Do not you see Him? There He is, waiting to receive my soul!' She then sang with a clear voice—

Praise God from whom all blessings flow,

and ended her song and her life together.

Every round my husband took lately, being doubtful when he took horse whether he should not drop by the way, he carried a paper in his pocket, telling who he was, and whither he was going. This day five weeks, being exceedingly weak, he feared he should not be able to preach. But I said, 'My dear, go into the pulpit, and the Lord will strengthen thee.' And after he had spoke a few words, the Lord did strengthen him. Neither did he speak in vain: many were comforted; several justified. One of these said, 'He is going to rest soon, and I shall go with him.' He died in full triumph the next Lord's Day; and she two hours after.

But a day or two before he died I felt a kind of unwillingness to give him up. I was mourning before the Lord concerning this, when He said to my inmost soul, 'Wilt thou not give him back to Me, whom I have fitted for Myself?' I said, 'Lord, I do, I do give him up.' And immediately he changed for death.

On the Sunday following I was saying to my little maid (always a serious and dutiful child, three years and a half old), 'Hannah, dost thou love God?' She eagerly answered, 'Yes, mammy, I do.' She added, 'I will go to God, I will go to God,' leaned down and died.

*Tues. 21.*—I went to Parkgate, and, about eleven embarked on board the *King George*. We had mild weather and smooth water all day. The next day the west wind blew fresh; yet about five we were in Dublin Bay, where we procured a fishing-boat, which brought us to Dunleary.<sup>3</sup> Here we took a chaise, and got to Dublin about eight o'clock.

<sup>1</sup> On March 18 he wrote to Mrs. Crosby with reference to women praying or giving short exhortations in public. He advises them to keep as far from preaching as they can, never to take a text, and never to speak in a continued

discourse 'without some break,' above four or five minutes. (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 355.)

<sup>2</sup> The widow of John Oldham, one of the first itinerants (1758-69).

<sup>3</sup> Now Kingstown.

On *Thursday*,<sup>1</sup> *Friday*, and *Saturday* I laboured to allay the ferment<sup>2</sup> which still remained in the society. I heard the preachers face to face, once and again, and endeavoured to remove their little misunderstandings. And they did come a little nearer to each other; but still a jealousy was left, without an entire removal of which there can be no cordial agreement.

*Sun.* 26 (being *Easter Day*).—Many felt the power of the Spirit, which raised Jesus from the dead. On *Monday* and *Tuesday* I visited the classes, and the result of my closest observation was (1) that, out of five hundred members whom I left here, only four hundred and fifty remained; (2) that near half of the believers had suffered loss, and many quite given up their faith; (3) that the rest were more established than ever, and some swiftly growing in grace. So that, considering the heavy storm they had gone through, if there was cause of humiliation on the one hand, there was, on the other, more abundant cause of thankfulness to Him who had saved so many when all the waves went over them.<sup>3</sup>

*Thur.* 30.—I was summoned to the Court of Conscience<sup>4</sup> by a poor creature who fed my horses three or four times while I was on board. For this service he demanded ten shillings. I gave him half a crown. When I informed the Court of this he was sharply reprov'd: let all beware of these land-sharks on our sea-coasts! My scraps of time this week I employed in reading the account of Commodore Byron.<sup>5</sup> I never before read of any who endured such hardships, and survived them. Sure no novel in the world can be more affecting or more surprising than this history.

APRIL 3, *Mon.*—I took horse at four, and, notwithstanding

<sup>1</sup> On March 23 he wrote to John Valton (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 489).

<sup>2</sup> For the state of affairs he would find, see Crookshank's *Meth. in Ireland*, vol. i. pp. 221-3. Also below, p. 324, where, in a letter to 'a quiet and sensible woman' he refers to the 'jars which had lately been in Dublin on account of Mr. Morgan and Mr. Olivers.

<sup>3</sup> The society suffered from the ferment of disagreement, and from death.

Four or five members were taken away in as many days. They all witnessed a good confession. One especially, Nancy Rogers, breathed a Christ-like spirit. (Crookshank's *Meth. in Ireland*, vol. i. p. 223.)

<sup>4</sup> A court for the recovery of small debts.

<sup>5</sup> The Hon. John Byron; *Narrative Containing an Account of Great Distresses on the Coast of Patagonia.* 1768.

the north-east wind, came to Newry<sup>1</sup> before five in the evening. It was so extremely cold, that the congregation in the market-house was but small. The next evening it was considerably increased.

*Wed. 5.*—I rode to Terryhoogan, where the poor people had raised a tent (so called) to screen me from the north wind. I urged them, with much enlargement of heart, not to receive the grace of God in vain. Thence we rode to Lisburn. The wind was still piercing cold; yet it did not hinder a multitude of people from attending at the linen-hall—an open square so termed, as are all the linen-halls in Ireland.

*Thur. 6.*—I designed to preach at noon in the market-house at Belfast, but it was pre-engaged by a dancing-master; so I stood in the street, which doubled the congregation, to whom I strongly declared, ‘All have sinned, and are come short of the glory of God.’ But this many of them had no ears to hear, being faithful followers of Dr. Taylor.

Coming to Carrickfergus, I found it was the time of the Quarter Sessions. This greatly increased the congregation; and most of them seemed to be deeply affected, rich as well as poor.

*Fri. 7.*—I preached at eleven, and I believe all the gentlemen in the town were present. So were all at Newtownards in the evening, while I enforced those solemn words, ‘God now commandeth all men everywhere to repent.’

*Sat. 8.*—I returned to Lisburn, where I was agreeably surprised by a visit from Mr. Higginson, rector of Ballinderry. He said, ‘I was prejudiced in favour of the Moravians, settled in my parish, till the late affair.’<sup>2</sup> One of my parishioners, Mr. Campbell, died, leaving by will his fortune to his two daughters; and, in case of their death, a thousand pounds to the poor of the parish. His widow was extremely ill; notwithstanding which, some of the Brethren, to whom she was quite

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<sup>1</sup> After preaching in the evening Wesley desired the society to meet him in the preaching-room, where he administered the sacrament.

<sup>2</sup> The Moravian chapel and manse still stand at Lower Ballinderry. A letter,

signed J. H——n, published in *Arm. Mag.* 1780, p. 558, is assumed to be by Mr. Higginson. The Higginsons were an influential family in Lisburn and the neighbourhood for 150 years. Crookshank, *Meth. in Ireland*, vol. i. p. 280.



The Society in London July 20. 1769

1. Will. Miller m Genl. Andr. Phelps 235 Bond Lane  
Dor. m Eliz. Phelps m. Thos. Moulton Church St  
Sam. Hull m Har. or b  
1. Sam. x <sup>W. L. Morgan</sup> m. 9 The Strand  
(Margt. Reed) x m <sup>Lawson's</sup> The Board Union St  
Rob. <sup>20. 90</sup> m Schoolin  
Henry } 20 m  
: Ann. (Brooks) m  
Thos. m  
Agnes m  
Dwight m  
Alex. Barnwell u d. Clark  
2. Aug. Phillips u l. Bolton St  
Thos. m Laben's or  
Lucy Tallohm r Marlborough St  
Eliz. Hirsch } m Cabinet m.  
Mary } m  
Mary } m  
Mary } m  
Mary } m  
Mary } m  
Margt. } m  
Sas. McFarlane m  
Ruth Andley u Can Con 12  
Jos. Willard m Cobler West Arden St Eth. Davis  
Timon Wallace m 215 Wright u. Persh  
Eliz. } Beaumont m Genl. } Chapel St  
Mary } x  
Eliz. } m  
Mary } m  
Sas. } m  
Margt. } m  
Ann. } m  
Henry } m  
Mary } m  
Margt. } m  
Will. } m

FACSIMILE PAGE FROM THE LIST OF MEMBERS OF THE DUBLIN SOCIETY, ON  
JULY 20, 1769.

(The marks following names are probably indications of experience; e.g. '1' = 'lively.'  
See *Fourth Oxford Diary*, vol. i. p. 38.)



devoted, came in the depth of winter and carried her by night several miles to their house. She died in a few days after she had made a will, wherein she made two of them executors; a third, guardian to the children; and, in case of their death, left the whole estate to the Brethren. They concealed her death six days. Meantime, two of them went to Dublin, and procured letters of administration and of guardianship. Soon after I was pressed to undertake the cause of the orphans. I went to Dublin, and laid the affair before the Lord Chancellor; who, after a full hearing, cancelled the second will, and ordered the first to stand.'

At my leisure minutes yesterday and to-day I read Mr. Glanvill's *Sadducismus Triumphatus*.<sup>1</sup> But some of his relations I cannot receive; and much less his way of accounting for them. All his talk of 'aerial and astral spirits' I take to be stark nonsense. Indeed, supposing the facts true, I wonder a man of sense should attempt to account for them at all. For who can explain the things of the invisible world but the inhabitants of it?<sup>2</sup>

*Tues. 11.*—I preached in the market-house in Tanderagee to one of the liveliest congregations in the kingdom. *Thursday* and *Friday* I preached at Dawson's Grove and Kilmoriarty; and on *Saturday* the 15th rode to Derryanvil,<sup>3</sup> a little village out of all road, surrounded with bogs, just like my old parish of Wroot, in Lincolnshire. The congregation, however, was exceeding large and exceeding lively. I talked largely with several of them who believe they are saved from sin, and found no cause to disbelieve them; and I met with many more in these parts who witness the same confession.

*Sun. 16.*—At nine I preached in a meadow near Cockhill

<sup>1</sup> This was the new title of Glanvill's work after additions by Dr. H. More. Lecky describes it as probably the ablest defence of witchcraft ever published. It led to much controversy. Glanvill believed that the whole question of the supernatural was at stake. Professor Tulloch says it is 'one of the most singular compounds of philosophy and credulity in the world. Glanvill was born in 1636, and died in 1680. Cf. *W.H.S.* vol. iv.

p. 79; see also above, p. 266; and vol. iii. p. 537.

<sup>2</sup> On April 9 he wrote to Mrs. Barton (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 374).

<sup>3</sup> The wife of Robert Johnson, while on a visit to relatives who had become Methodists, was strongly impressed. She invited a Mr. Doolittle, a local preacher, who came seventy miles to preach to the people. His visit was much owned of God.

to a listening multitude. I suppose we should have had twice the number in the evening, but the rain prevented. The grass being wet, I stood in the highway, while many stood in the neighbouring houses. And the word of God was as the rain upon the tender herb.

*Mon. 17.*—In the evening, and twice on *Tuesday*, I preached to a genteel yet serious audience in Mr. M'Geough's avenue at Armagh. But God only can reach the heart.

*Wed. 19.*—As it rained, I chose rather to preach in Mr. M'Geough's yard. The rain increasing, we retired into one of his buildings. This was the first time that I preached in a stable, and I believe more good was done by this than all the other sermons I have preached at Armagh.

We took horse about ten, being desired to call at Kinnard<sup>1</sup> (ten or eleven miles out of the way), where a little society had been lately formed, who were much alive to God. At the town-end I was met by a messenger from Archdeacon C[ongreve],<sup>2</sup> who desired I would take a bed with him; and soon after by another, who told me the Archdeacon desired I would alight at his door. I did so, and found an old friend whom I had not seen for four or five and thirty years. He received me with the most cordial affection, and, after a time, said, 'We have been building a new church, which my neighbours expected me to open; but if you please to do it, it will be as well.' Hearing the bell, the people flocked together from all parts of the town, and 'received the word with all readiness of mind.' I saw the hand of God was in this, for the strengthening of this loving people, several of whom believe that the blood of Christ has 'cleansed' them 'from all sin.'

Hence we rode through a pleasant country to Charlemont, where I preached to a very large and serious congregation near the Fort, which has a ditch round it, with some face of a fortification, and probably (according to custom) costs the Government a thousand a year for not three farthings' service!<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Now Caledon.

<sup>2</sup> Wesley and Congreve had probably been friends at Oxford. Two years later, when he again visited Caledon, Congreve no longer knew him. See below, p. 420.

<sup>3</sup> Macaulay describes it as 'the last important fastness which the Irish occupied in Ulster.' Schomberg took it in 1690. (*History of England*, ch. xv. p. 169.)

*Thur.* 20.—I went on to Castlecaulfield, and preached on the Green adjoining to the Castle to a plain, serious people, who still retain all their earnestness and simplicity. Thence I rode to Cookstown, a town consisting of one street about a mile long, running directly through a bog. I preached to most of the inhabitants of the town, and so the next day, morning and evening. Many 'received the word with gladness.' Perhaps they will not all be stony-ground hearers.

We took the new road to Dungiven. But it was hard work.

Nigh foundered, on we fared,  
Treading the crude consistence.<sup>1</sup>

We were near five hours going fourteen miles, partly on horse-back, partly on foot. We had, as usual, a full house at Londonderry<sup>2</sup> in the evening, and again at eight on *Sunday* morning. In the afternoon we had a brilliant congregation. But such a sight gives *me* no great pleasure, as I have very little hope of doing them good: only 'with God all things are possible.'

Both this evening and the next I spoke exceeding plain to the members of the society. In no other place in Ireland has more pains been taken by the most able of our preachers. And to how little purpose! Bands they have none; four-and-forty persons in the society! The greater part of these heartless and cold. The audience in general dead as stones. However, we are to deliver our message; and let our Lord do as seemeth Him good.<sup>3</sup>

*Tues.* 25.—I fixed again the meeting of the singers<sup>4</sup> and of the children, both which had been discontinued. Indeed, a general remissness had prevailed since the morning preaching was given up. No wonder: wherever this is given up the glory is departed from us.

<sup>1</sup> Adapted from Milton's *Paradise Lost*, II. 940. Said of Satan making his way through the abyss:

Nigh foundered, on he fared,  
Treading the crude consistence, half on foot,  
Half flying.

<sup>2</sup> A large and durable chapel had been built during the year in Magazine Street (Crookshank's *Methodism in Ireland*, vol. i. p. 224).

<sup>3</sup> On April 24 he wrote a letter to Mr. S. at Armagh. In strong words he enforces health, serious behaviour, pastoral visitation, and all the details of an active, clean, self-respecting life. (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 247. See below, p. 503, note.)

<sup>4</sup> See below, p. 419. Mr. Crookshank says that this is the first choir of which there is any record in connexion with Irish Methodism.

*Wed. 26.*—Being to preach at Brickkilns, four or five (English) miles from Derry, I chose walking, to show these poor indolent creatures how to use their own feet. Finding the bulk of the hearers quite senseless, I spoke as strongly as I could on 'Where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched.' But I did not perceive they were at all affected. God only can raise the dead.

*Thur. 27.*—I went to a village called New Buildings, about three miles from the city, and preached in a field near the town to a civil, careless congregation. In the evening I preached in our room on 'If thou canst believe, all things are possible to him that believeth'; and now first I saw a prospect of doing good here—I mean since I came last. God did arise to maintain His own cause, and the stout-hearted trembled before Him.

*Fri. 28.*—I preached again at Brickkilns, and God made some impression on the stony hearts; but much more at Derry in the evening. Here He spoke with His mighty voice; and I believe many were just on the brink of believing in the name of the Son of God.<sup>1</sup>

*Sun. 30.*—I preached to a very large congregation at New Buildings, who now were all attention. I preached in the evening at Derry; and, having taking a solemn leave of the society, rode to Brickkilns, and slept in peace.

*MAY 1, Mon.*—I rode to Augher.<sup>2</sup> It being extremely hot, I came in faint and weary. Before I finished my sermon my head turned giddy, and I could hardly stand. But I had a good night's rest, and rose as well as when I left Dublin.

*Tues. 2.*—I began preaching at Sidaire about half-hour after five, and it was a day of God's power. The impression was general, if not universal: none appeared to be unmoved. This constrained me to enlarge in prayer as I had not done for some

<sup>1</sup> On April 29 he wrote to Lady Maxwell a letter of consolation in sickness. He refers to Lady Baird, whom he could not see before leaving London, and Lady K. B., whom he did not understand: 'She was exceedingly civil, and I think affectionate; but perfectly shut

up; so that I knew no more of her state of mind than if I had never seen her' (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 345).

<sup>2</sup> He was the guest of Mr. James Smith, whose two sons entered the itinerancy. The house is still standing, and in the occupancy of Methodists.

years, so that I did not dismiss the congregation till it was almost eight o'clock.

*Wed. 3.*—About noon I preached in the market-place at Enniskillen, once inhabited only by Protestants. But it has lost its glorying, having now at least five Papists to one Protestant.<sup>1</sup> There was a large number of hearers, some civil, some rude, almost all totally unaffected. Thence I rode six or seven miles to Tonymolan, where there was a congregation of quite another kind. Great part of them knew in whom they had believed; all were deeply and steadily attentive, and many were thoroughly convinced of inbred sin, and groaning for full redemption.

*Thur. 4.*—I found near Swanlinbar as artless, as earnest, and as loving a people as even at Tonymolan. About six I preached at the town's end, the very Papists appearing as attentive as the Protestants; and I doubt not thousands of these would soon be zealous Christians were it not for their wretched priests, who will not enter into the kingdom of God themselves, and diligently hinder those that would.

*Fri. 5.*—I rode over the Black Mountains<sup>2</sup> to Manorhamilton, so called from a poor wretch who settled here in the last century, and was famous for nothing else but hanging up all the Irish who fell into his hands.<sup>3</sup> There was a general love to the gospel here till simple R[obert] W[illiams]<sup>4</sup> preached

<sup>1</sup> The city of Londonderry and the towns of Enniskillen in the north of Ireland and Bandon in the south, at one time contained almost exclusively Protestant populations—settlements from England and Scotland, and their descendants. The industrial prosperity created in these towns attracted the poorest of the native Irish. Hence the number of Roman Catholics in the towns. It is an ascertained fact, as Mr. Charles Booth proved, that the poorer the population the higher the birth-rate.

<sup>2</sup> So called from an inn, the Black Lion.

<sup>3</sup> Sir F. Hamilton, famous for his raids and burnings, which he recorded in his diary, beginning in 1641. The *Journal* of Royal Irish Antiquarians

called him the Tamerlane of the West. He hanged the sheriff of Leitrim from his castle walls.

<sup>4</sup> Of Robert Williams Wesley was in doubt. Yet when Boardman and Pilmoor were appointed to America in 1769 he and John King were also appointed. The weak spot in Williams's character is indicated in the text. It found no scope in the American wilderness. In other respects he was worthy of trust—a brave leader and good preacher. His work in America justified the wisdom of Wesley's choice. He could not have sailed had he not persuaded Mr. Ashton, a Methodist in Dublin, to emigrate with him. Williams, hearing that his friend was ready, hastily left Castlebar, sold his horse, paid his debts, and, carrying his

against the clergy. It is strange every one does not see (1) the sinfulness of railing at the clergy: if they are blind leaders of the blind, then (says our Lord) 'Let them alone'; (2) the foolishness of it. It never can do good, and has frequently done much harm.

At six I preached to a large congregation in the sessions-house. All behaved well but one young gentlewoman, who laughed almost incessantly. She knew there was nothing to laugh at; but she thought she laughed prettily.

*Sat. 6.*—In the evening I preached near the market-house in Sligo to a large and tolerably quiet congregation; but I soon found I was shooting over their heads, in talking of salvation by faith. So at eight in the morning, *Sunday* the 7th, I suited myself to their capacity by preaching on 'Where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched.' The effect was that the evening congregation was such as I had not seen here for many years.

*Mon. 8.*—I rode to Castlebar, and at seven preached in the court-house.

*Tues. 9.*—I dined at Sir C[harles] B[ingham]'s, who asked me if it would be convenient for me to give them a sermon in his hall. We sent to the court-house, and the people who were waiting there came up without delay. The family were in the parlour, the bulk of the congregation in the hall and the long passage. *Wednesday* the 10th I preached in the court-house on 'Put on the whole armour of God'; and, taking horse early in the morning, *Thursday* the 11th, rode to Galway.

About seven I preached in the sessions-house, a large, commodious place, where were hearers of every sort. All were silent and tolerably civil; some appeared to be a little affected. Many officers, and a considerable number of genteel people, attended the next evening; and I am in hopes a few of them will not easily forget what they then heard.

*Sat. 13.*—We rode to Limerick. This evening I preached in

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saddle-bags on his arm, set off with a loaf of bread, a bottle of milk, and an empty purse. He and Ashton arrived in New York in August, two months before Boardman and Pilmoor. He be-

came the apostle of Methodism in Virginia and North Carolina, and the spiritual father of thousands. (Crookshank's *History of Methodism in Ireland*, vol. i. p. 225.)



the room ; and at eight in the morning, *Whit Sunday*, but was much scandalized at the smallness of the congregation. In the evening I preached in the Old Camp, where the congregation was larger than it had been for several years. So it was likewise on *Monday* and *Tuesday* evening. But still I observed none wounded among them, nor anything more than a calm, dull attention.

*Wed. 17.*—I preached in Ballingarrane at noon, and in the evening at Newmarket. One gentlewoman, violently prejudiced against ‘this way,’ at first stood at a distance ; then she came a little nearer ; afterwards sat down ; and in a short time hid her face. She attended again in the morning, being much convinced of sin, particularly of despising the real word of God.

We observed *Friday* the 19th as a day of fasting and prayer for a revival of His work. Many attended both at five, nine, and one, but abundance more at the watch-night. And then it was that God touched the hearts of the people, even of those that were ‘twice dead.’

*Sun. 21.*—I was in hopes of taking the field in the afternoon, but the rain prevented. Yet I did not repent of the disappointment, so great was the power of God in the midst of us. I believe few were untouched ; many were deeply wounded ; many rejoiced with joy unspeakable. The same power was present the next morning and evening, both to wound and to heal. God employed His two-edged sword on every side, in a manner I had not seen here for many years. Oh how ready is He to answer every ‘prayer that goeth not out of feigned lips’ !

*Tues. 23.*—We had an evening congregation at five, and an exceeding solemn parting. At six in the evening I cried to a company a little above brutes, ‘Why will ye die, O house of Israel ?’ This was at Kilfinane. I lodged a mile from the town, among some that were alive to God.

*Wed. 24.*—I had a cool, pleasant ride to Cork, where I soon heard how cold and careless the people were. I asked, ‘But are not the society at least alive ?’ ‘No ; these are the coldest of all.’ ‘What then ? Are we to be careless, too ? Nay, so much the more let us stir up the gift of God that is in us.’ I

began in the evening to speak exceeding plain, and I presently saw some fruit. The congregation at five in the morning was not much less than it was in the evening. Many saw their loss : God gave me again very sharp, though loving words. I trust this also is a token for good, and Satan shall not long triumph over us.

*Thur. 25.*—I rode to Bandon. Since I was here before, several have gone home rejoicing ; but others are come in their place. So that the society contains just as many members as when I left it ; and most of the believers seem much alive ; particularly the young men, maidens, and children.

In the evening we were obliged to be in the house ; but the next, *Friday* the 26th, I stood in the main street, and cried to a numerous congregation, ' Fear God, and keep His commandments ; for this is the whole of man.' Afterwards I visited one that a year or two ago was in high life, an eminent beauty, adored by her husband, admired and caressed by some of the first men in the nation. She was now without husband, without friend, without fortune, confined to her bed, in constant pain, and in black despair, believing herself forsaken of God, and possessed by a legion of devils ! Yet I found great liberty in praying for her, and a strong hope that she will die in peace.<sup>1</sup>

*Sun. 28.*—I returned to Cork. The rain drove us into the house, which was once more thoroughly filled. I scarce ever spoke so plain as I did both this and the two following days ; yet for many years the congregations had not been so large. *Wednesday* and *Thursday* I visited the classes. Decreasing still ! Seven years ago we had near four hundred members in this society ; five years since, about three hundred members.

<sup>1</sup> On May 27 he wrote to Joseph Benson, who had ' a clear providential call to Oxford.' He was classical master at Kingswood, and had entered at St. Edmund's Hall, Oxford. Within a few months, however, he exchanged Kingswood for Trevecca. The letter is a fine example of Wesley's succinct style in giving advice.

If you keep a single eye, and have courage and steadiness, you may be an instrument of

much good, but you will tread on slippery ground ; and the serious persons you mention may do you more hurt than many others. When I was at Oxford, I never was afraid of any but the almost Christians. If you give way to them and their prudence a hair's-breadth you will be removed from the hope of the gospel. If you are not moved, if you tread in the same steps which my brother and I did, you may be a means, under God, of raising another set of real Bible Christians.

(*Works*, vol. xii. p. 410.)

Two years ago they were two hundred ; now one hundred and ninety. On *Thursday* evening, JUNE 1, I preached at Blackpool to such a congregation as I never saw there before. *Friday* the 2nd we observed as a day of fasting and prayer. At five and at nine we found God was with us ; but much more at one, and most of all at the watch-night, during the application of those awful words, 'Where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched.'<sup>1</sup>

*Sat.* 3.—I preached at Blackpool again. Again multitudes of 'publicans and sinners drew near,' and gladly heard that 'there is joy is heaven over one sinner that repenteth.'

*Sun.* 4.—The rain again prevented my preaching at the Barrack Hill ; but God was again present at the room, and filled many souls with strong consolation. When I took my leave of the society many were moved, fearing we should meet no more. If not, is it not enough that we shall meet again at the resurrection of the just ?

*Mon.* 5.—Having been much importuned to give them a day or two more, I rode to Limerick.

*Tues.* 6.—I looked over a considerable part of Mr. Turner's *Remarkable Providences*.<sup>2</sup> What a pity is it that the author had not a little judgement as well as piety ! What a heap of things has he huddled together, good, bad, and indifferent ! But how fine a treatise might a man of sense collect out of it ! After encouraging as many as I could, both in public and private, to 'press on toward the mark,' on *Thursday* the 8th, I once more took my leave of this loving people, and set out for Waterford. We intended to dine at Tipperary, but were directed wrong. At length we stumbled on a little town called Golden. And here I found poor Michael Weston, who rambled hither from Westminster some months since in quest of an estate. I clearly saw the providence of God, directing me hither before he was quite starved. Thence we rode to the Garter, near Clonmel (where we had excellent entertainment) ; and the next morning, over exceeding pleasant and well-cultivated mountains, to Waterford.

Never was the prospect more gloomy here than at present.

<sup>1</sup> On May 30 he wrote from Cork to Mrs. Bennis (*Works*, vol. xii. 387) ; and on June 3 to Howell Powell.

<sup>2</sup> See *W.H.S.* vol. iv. p. 174.

Through the continual neglect of the preachers, the congregation was reduced almost to nothing ; and so was the society. Yet I found much liberty of speech in the evening, and a strong hope that God would revive His work.

I was invited to lodge at Mr. Scott's, a considerable tradesman. I found a young gentlewoman there, a visitant, well-bred, sensible, good-humoured ; studious to oblige, and 'lacking nothing' but the 'one thing.'

*Sat.* 10.—The room was quite filled in the morning. In the evening I preached in the court to thrice as many as the room would contain ; and all were not only quiet but attentive.

*Sun.* 11.—The congregation at eight was still larger. But not many seemed to be affected.<sup>1</sup> In the evening the court was filled, and I believe God opened both the understanding and the hearts of many. Afterwards I met the society, and endeavoured to lift up the hands that hung down. Light began to spring up. Misunderstandings vanished away, and the spirits of many revived.

*Mon.* 12.—I laboured to reunite the poor, shattered society, and to remove the numberless offences which had torn them in pieces.

*Tues.* 13.—In the evening God began to answer for Himself. I scarce ever saw a more deep and general impression made on a congregation. At the meeting of the society likewise, He refreshed us with 'the multitude of peace.'<sup>2</sup>

*Wed.* 14.—I preached in the market-house at Passage to as dull a congregation as I have seen. They would have been rude enough too, but that they stood in awe of Mr. Freestone, who gave one and another, when they did not regard his signs, a stroke on the head with his stick. By this means the whole multitude was tolerably quiet, and many seemed much affected.

A little before twelve I came to Old Ross, and preached to a small, serious congregation. Thence we went on to Ennis-corthy ; but the difficulty was, where I should preach. It

<sup>1</sup> First ed. 'unaffected.'

<sup>2</sup> 'But the meek-spirited shall possess the earth, and shall be refreshed in the

multitude of peace.'—7th day of the month—Evening Prayer. (P.B. vers. of Ps. xxxvii. 11.)

rained, but no house would contain the people. We made the best shift we could, by stowing as many as possible in the house; the rest, as I stood near the door, were quiet without. It was an uncommon time, particularly with regard to those who had opposed the truth. One dropped down like a stone; many trembled and wept exceedingly. All declared that such a work as this was never seen at Enniscorthy before.

*Thur. 15.*—I began to preach a little before five on ‘The kingdom of God within us.’ The hearts of the hearers, one and all, seemed to be as melting wax. Surely it was not for nothing that Satan fought so furiously to keep the gospel from this place.

Indeed, there has not been hotter persecution of late years anywhere in the kingdom than here. The mob, encouraged by their superiors, beat and abused whom they pleased, broke open their houses, and did just what they listed. A wretched clergyman confirmed them therein, and applied to the Methodist preachers 2 Tim. iii. 6, 7, the very text of that unhappy gentleman at Bristol, which he uttered, and dropped down in the pulpit.<sup>1</sup> After he had painted them as black as devils, he added, ‘I have not time to finish now; next Sunday I will give you the rest.’ But the next morning he was struck in a strange manner. He could not bear to be a moment alone. He cried out, ‘Those hobgoblins; do not you see them? There, there! The room is full of them.’ Having continued thus some days, he screamed out, ‘See that hobgoblin at the bed’s feet! Oh, that roll, that roll which he holds up to me! All my sins are written therein!’ Not long after, without showing the least sign of hope, he went to his account.

In the afternoon I came to Kilkenny, and in the evening preached in the tholsel.<sup>2</sup> A more civil and unawakened audience I know not when I have seen. The bulk of them appeared to be no more affected than if I had been talking Greek. However, many of them attended the next morning, and more than ever in the evening; and all behaved well but one gentleman, who took much pains to divert those that were near him.

<sup>1</sup> See above, vol. iii. p. 83.

<sup>2</sup> See above, vol. iv. p. 513, note, and *Century Eng. Dict.*

I fixed my eyes upon him ; but he did not regard it. I was then obliged to speak to him ; and he was silent.

*Sat. 17.*—I finished *Historic Doubts on the Life and Reign of Richard the Third*.<sup>1</sup> What an amazing monster, both in body and mind, have our historians and poets painted him ! And yet I think Mr. Walpole makes it more clear than one could expect at this distance of time (1) that he was not only not remarkably deformed, but, on the contrary, remarkably handsome ; (2) that his queen, whom he entirely loved, died a natural death ; (3) that his nephew, Edward the Fifth, did so too, there being no shadow of proof to the contrary ; (4) that his other nephew, Richard, was the very person whom Henry the Seventh murdered, after constraining him to call himself Perkin Warbeck ; (5) that the death of his brother, the Duke of Clarence, was the sole act, not of him, but Edward the Fourth ; (6) that he had no hand at all in the murder of Henry the Sixth, any more than of his son<sup>2</sup> ; and, lastly, that he was clear of all blame as to the execution of Lord Hastings, as well as of Rivers, Grey, and Vaughan. What a surprising thing is it, then, that all our historians should have so readily swallowed the account of that wretch who ‘killed, and also took possession’ of the throne ; and blundered on, one after another ! Only it is to be observed, for fifty years no one could contradict that account but at the peril of his head.

*Sun. 18.*—As it rained, I preached morning and evening in the tholsel to a multitude of people. I spoke exceeding plain, and all received it in love. Perhaps some may bring forth fruit.

*Mon. 19.*—In the evening I preached at Birr, and removed some misunderstandings which had crept into the society.

*Tues. 20.*—I went on to Aughtrim, and spoke as plain as possibly I could to a money-loving people on ‘God said unto him, Thou fool !’ But I am afraid many of them are sermon-proof. Yet God has all power ; and sometimes He sends, when and where it pleases Him,

O’erwhelming showers of saving grace.

<sup>1</sup> The book, by Horace Walpole, was published in London in 1768. Dr. Johnson allowed that Walpole ‘got together a great many curious things, and told them

in an elegant manner.’ See Gray’s *Letters* to Walpole on this work, No. 131, Feb. 14, 1768.

<sup>2</sup> Gray doubts this statement.

But I have never observed these to last long. And in all the intervals of them, He acts by His standing rule, 'Unto him that hath,' and uses what he hath, 'shall be given; and he shall have more abundantly; but from him that hath not,' uses it not, 'shall be taken away even that he hath.'

*Wed. 21.*—I went on to Athlone.<sup>1</sup>

*Fri. 23.*—I rode to Abbeyderg to the Quarterly Meeting. Many of the people came from far; and God gave them a good reward for their labour. *Saturday* the 24th we returned to Athlone.

*Sun. 25.*—In the afternoon I stood in Barrack Street, and cried aloud to a mixed multitude, 'Behold, I stand at the door and knock.' I never before saw so quiet a congregation on this side the water. There was not only no tumult, but no murmur to be heard, no smile to be seen on any face.

*Mon. 26.*—About noon I preached on the Green at Clara to an exceeding serious congregation; and in the evening at Tullamore.

*Tues. 27.*—I found a little increase in the society; but there cannot be much without more field-preaching. Wherever this is intermitted, the work of God stands still, if it does not go back.

To-day I wrote to a pious and sensible woman as follows :

DEAR MADAM,

TULLAMORE, *June 27, 1769.*

When I had the pleasure of conversing with you some years since, you had a regard both for me and the people called Methodists. If I am rightly informed, you are now of another mind. May I ask, When did that change begin? Was it at your last journey to Dublin? Whenever it was, suffer me to ask, What were the reasons of it? I will tell you what I conjecture, and I do it in writing because I may not have an opportunity of talking with you; because I can write more freely than I could speak; because I can now say all I have to say at once; whereas, if we were talking together, I might probably forget some part; and because you may by this means have the better opportunity of calmly considering it.

I conjecture (to tell you just what rises in my heart) that this

<sup>1</sup> Where he was the guest of Mrs. Teare and her daughter, Mrs. Penington; and thenceforward in his visits to the

town he invariably stopped in their house. (Crookshank's *History of Meth. in Ireland*, vol. i. p. 227.)

change was owing to several causes. Some admired and commended you as a person of uncommon sense and uncommon attainments in religion. Others told you at large, from time to time, all the real or supposed faults of the Methodists; in particular the jars which had lately been in Dublin, on account of Mr. Morgan and Olivers.<sup>1</sup> This naturally tended to breed and increase pride on the one hand and prejudice on the other. Riches increased; which not only led you, step by step, into more conformity to the world, but insensibly instilled self-importance, unwillingness to be contradicted, and an overbearing temper. And hence you was, of course, disgusted at those who did not yield to this temper, and blamed that conformity. Perhaps some of these professed or expected to be perfected in love; they at least believed perfection. Now this you seemed to hate with a perfect hatred; and on that account disliked them the more.

Permit me to add a few words on each of these heads. And first, would it not be well if you started back from every appearance of admiration (which you know is deadly poison), whether on account of your sense or piety? And if you utterly discountenanced all who directly or indirectly commended you to your face? Yea, and all who told you of the jars or faults of the Methodists, or indeed of any absent person?

Should you not earnestly strive and pray against thinking highly of your own understanding, or attainments in religion? Otherwise, this, by grieving the Holy Spirit, would expose you to still more prejudice; especially towards those who might seem to vie with you in religion, if not in understanding.

Can you be too sensible how hardly they that have riches enter into the kingdom of heaven? Yea, or into the kingdom of an inward heaven? Into the whole spirit of the gospel? How hard is it for these (whether you do or no) not to conform too much to the world? How hard not to be a little overbearing, especially to inferiors!

Is it right to be disgusted at those who fear you conform too far, who do not sink down before you; nay, perhaps oppose your judgement, or blame your practice?

And with regard to perfection. Have not they that hold it the same right to be angry with you for denying it as you with them for affirming it?

But what is it you are angry at? What is it you object to? Let us understand the question before we dispute about it.

By Christian Perfection, I mean (1) loving God with all our heart. Do you object to this? I mean (2) a heart and life all devoted

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<sup>1</sup> See above, March 23 and 24, 1769.



to God. Do you desire less? I mean (3) regaining the whole image of God. What objection to this? I mean (4) having all the mind that was in Christ. Is this going too far? I mean (5) walking uniformly as Christ walked. And this surely no Christian will object to. If any one means anything more, or anything else by perfection, I have no concern with it. But if this is wrong, yet what need of this heat about it, this violence—I had almost said fury—of opposition, carried so far as even not to lay out anything with this man, or that woman, who professes it? ‘Nay,’ says Mrs. —,<sup>1</sup> ‘I did not refrain from it for this only, but for their espousing Mr. Olivers’s cause against Mr. Morgan.’ Worse and worse! What! are people to starve (at least for me), unless they think as I think, or like whom I like? Alas, what religion, what humanity, what common sense is this?

But I have done. I have once for all taken upon myself a most unthankful office. I have spoken with all plainness and simplicity, and now leave the event to God. May He open your heart, that you may discern His holy, and acceptable, and perfect will; that you may have a right judgement in all things, and evermore rejoice in His holy comfort. I am, dear Madam,

Your affectionate servant,

JOHN WESLEY.

*Wed. 28.*—I rode to Mountmellick, and, for the sake of some tender persons, preached in the new house. It was a solemn time; in consequence of which it was pretty well filled in the morning. A serious awe spread over the whole congregation; but more remarkably the next evening, while I was opening and applying the story of Dives and Lazarus.

*Fri. 30.*—I rode over to Mountrath,<sup>2</sup> a wild place as most in Ireland, and preached in the shell of a new house to many more than it would contain. All were quiet and attentive. In the middle of the sermon a young woman, who was a sinner, endeavoured for a while to hide her tears, by creeping behind another, till in a few minutes her strength failed, and she sunk down to the ground. I was sorry they carried her away; otherwise I think she would have soon lifted up her head with joy.

In the evening we had a lovefeast at Mountmellick; and great was our rejoicing in the Lord. Many were filled with

<sup>1</sup> Does he mean the lady to whom he is writing?

<sup>2</sup> Mentioned in the *Life of Goldsmith*.

consolation, trusting He would soon 'make an end of sin, and bring in everlasting righteousness.'

JULY 1, *Sat.*—I found a far different face of things at Portarlington. The large society had once a hundred and thirty members (a hundred and four I joined in three days); it had now no more than twenty-four; and some of these had only a name to live. In the evening I applied particularly to the backsliders; but, almost as soon as I began, a large company of quality (as they called them) came and embarrassed me not a little. I knew this was heathen Greek to them; but I could not then change my subject. However, I diluted my discourse as much as I could, that it might not be quite too strong for their digestion.

*Sun.* 2.—I read Mrs. Rowe's *Devout Exercises of the Heart*.<sup>1</sup> It is far superior to anything of hers which I ever read, in style as well as in sense. Her experience is plain, sound, and scriptural, no way whimsical or mystical; and her language is clear, strong, and simple, without any of that affected floridness which offends all who have a tolerable ear, or any judgement in good writing.

At nine we had a serious congregation, to whom I could speak of the deep things of God; and the new house held them tolerably well; but in the evening it was far too small, so I stood in a little ground adjoining to the house. Many tender ones sat within, but the bulk of the congregation stood in the meadow, and the gardens on each side. I have not seen, in all the world, a people so easy to be convinced or persuaded as the Irish. What pity that these excellent propensities should not always be applied to the most excellent purposes!

*Mon.* 3.—I rode to Coolalough (where was the Quarterly Meeting), and preached at eleven, and in the evening. While we were singing I was surprised to see the horses from all parts of the ground gathering about us. Is it true then that horses, as well as lions and tigers, have an ear for music?

*Wed.* 5.—I went on to Tyrrell's Pass.

*Thur.* 6.—At eleven I preached in the court-house<sup>2</sup> at

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<sup>1</sup> The book was revised by Dr. Watts. See *W.H.S.* vol. iv. p. 174. She also wrote *Friendship in Death*, and *Letters Personal and Entertaining*. She died

at Ilchester, her birthplace, in 1727.

<sup>2</sup> This court-house stood in the open space in front of the present building at Mullingar.

Mullingar to a very genteel and yet serious audience. In the evening I preached at Tyrrell's Pass again; and on *Friday* the 7th at Edenderry. Here I received from Joseph Fry<sup>1</sup> a particular account of his late wife, an Israelite indeed. He said :

She was a strict attendant on all the means of grace, and a sincere lover of the people of God. She had a remarkably good understanding, and much knowledge of the things of God. Though she was of an exceeding bashful temper, yet she was valiant for the truth; not sparing to speak very plain in defence of it, before persons of all conditions. Two years ago she began to lose her health, and grew worse and worse, till September 29. On that day she was very restless. Observing her to have an unusual colour, I judged she could not continue long. She was sensible of it, and said, 'Do not go from me; for my time is short. Oh it is a hard thing to die!' After a while she said, 'Dear Jesus, shall it be so with me as with the wicked?' I was deeply affected at seeing her in such a state; yet something told me, 'All will be well.' I exhorted her, with all my might, to lean on Jesus; and found myself unusually blessed in so doing; but still she did not seem to receive it, till I observed her jaw was fallen. I was then concerned more than ever, lest she should die without hope. I spoke with more vehemence, while she lay speechless, with her eyes up to heaven; but on a sudden, she got her lips together again, and said, with a loud voice, 'Now, my love, I experience what you have said. After all, my Jesus is mine. The devil is conquered; there, there you may see him going with shame.' She then praised God so loud that one might hear her in the street; and added, 'Fine sport, my dear Joe! the devil is cast.' After rejoicing in God some time, she closed her eyes; but in a little while she said, 'Oh, was it not very pretty when the wise virgins went out in white to meet their Lord? Yet what would their robes have signified, without His righteousness?' and died.

The next day I went on to Dublin, and found all things as quiet as I left them.

*Wed. 12.*—I rode through a lovely country to Ballymore, in the county of Wexford. Near twenty years ago, all this country was moved by the preaching of James Morris.<sup>2</sup> Thousands

<sup>1</sup> See above, vol. iii. p. 408.

<sup>2</sup> There can be little doubt that it was under James Morris that Augustus Montague Toplady was converted. He was born at Farnham in Surrey, Nov. 4,

1740. His father, Richard Toplady, was a major in the army, and was killed at the siege of Carthage (1741), soon after the birth of his son. Toplady's widowed mother placed her son at West-

flocked to hear ; but one false step of his quite scattered them again. The house would not near contain the people, so I stood abroad, in a fair, mild evening ; and once more God has given them a loud call to turn unto Him, that they may save their souls alive.

*Thur.* 13.—I rode on to Enniscorthy, and preached on 'Is there no balm in Gilcad?' To-day I saw one of the most lively and sensible children that I have met with in the kingdom. What a miracle will it be if she saves her soul—if general admiration does not destroy her!

Hence I rode to Bunklody,<sup>1</sup> a little, ugly, scattered town, but delightfully situated. I did not find that five persons in the town would come a bowshot to hear. So I ordered a table to be set in the street ; and a few slowly crept together. They were as quiet, and seemed as much affected, as the trees. Thence I rode on to Carlow. The Under Sheriff had promised the use of the town hall ; but the High Sheriff, coming to town, would not suffer it. I thank him. For, by this means, I was driven to the barrack-field, where were twice as many as the hall could have contained ; over and above many of the poor Papists, who durst not have come into it. Afterwards I met the little society. I used to wonder they did not increase : now I should wonder if they did ; so exquisitely bitter are the chief of them against the Church. I solemnly warned them against this evil ; and some of them had ears to hear.

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minster School. When circumstances led her to Ireland, Augustus was entered at Trinity College, Dublin. One evening in 1756 he strolled into a meeting held in a barn at Coolmain, and there heard a sermon by Mr. Morris on Eph. ii. 13, and under that sermon he was brought nigh by the blood of Christ. In Dec. 1758 Wesley wrote to Toplady at Trinity College, obviously in reply to a letter (see *W.H.S.* vol. viii. p. 12). Toplady was ordained June 6, 1762. For some years he was vicar of Broadhembury, in Devon. Later he ministered at the chapel of the French Calvinists in Leicester Fields. In life he achieved fame as a ruthless contro-

versialist on behalf of extreme Calvinism ; in death he is honoured as the writer of one of the most popular hymns in the English language. The writer of this note once walked from Honiton to Broadhembury. The road passed up through the riven old red sandstone. The crest of the hill looked down on Toplady's parish church in a secluded valley, recalling the scenery of the two opening lines of the immortal hymn—

Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee.

See Julian's *Dictionary of Hymnology*, p. 1182 ; also *Meth. Rec.* July 12, 1906.

<sup>1</sup> Now called Newtownbarry.

*Fri. 14.*—At noon I preached in Baltinglass to a handful of serious people ; and in the evening at Donard, to a much more numerous but not more serious congregation. I could not but observe one pretty kind of woman, with a child in her arms. She stood awhile, then walked to and fro ; then stood, then walked again ; and appeared to be as perfectly unconcerned as some pretty calves which stood behind her.

*Sat. 15.*—I crossed the country to my old pupil, Mr. Morgan's,<sup>1</sup> and in the afternoon returned to Dublin.

All the following week we had a remarkable blessing, both at the morning and evening service. On *Wednesday* and *Thursday* we had our little Conference, at which most of the preachers in the kingdom were present.<sup>2</sup> We agreed to set apart *Friday* the 21st for a day of fasting and prayer. At every meeting, particularly the last, our Lord refreshed us in an uncommon manner. About ten I was a little tired ; but before it struck twelve my weariness was all gone. It seemed to be the same with all the congregation ; and prayer was swallowed up in praise.

*Sun. 23.*—At nine I preached in the Royal Square at the Barracks,<sup>3</sup> on the dead, small and great, standing before God. A huge multitude soon gathered together, and listened with deep attention. Many of the soldiers were among them. By what means but field-preaching could we have reached these poor souls ?

*Mon. 24.*—After preaching in the evening I went on board the packet,<sup>4</sup> and the next afternoon landed at Holyhead. We reached Chester on *Thursday* morning. Here I finished Dr.

<sup>1</sup> Richard Morgan, brother of William (see above, vol. i. p. 87, also Tyerman's *Oxford Methodists*, p. 15, corrected and completed by Crookshank, *W.H.S.* vol. iii. pp. 47-50). After Wesley left for Georgia, Richard Morgan, junior, studied physic at Leyden. In 1737 he was in Dublin, associated with his father as Second Remembrancer of the Court of Exchequer. In 1740 he was called to the bar, and in 1752 succeeded his father. He died at Newcastle, Dublin, in 1785.

<sup>2</sup> The number of members had in-

creased, chiefly, on the Augher round, by four hundred and eighty. At this Conference Wesley organized the itinerant system in Ireland.

<sup>3</sup> Or, as it should be phrased, the Square of the Royal Barracks.

<sup>4</sup> The *Trevor* packet. From Sleater's *Public Gazetteer*, Aug. 1-3, 1769 : 'Sunday [July 23], Col. Stopford arrived in the *Trevor* packet from Holyhead ; for which place she sailed the 25th, with the Rev. Mr. Wesley, Mess[rs.] Monck and English.' (*W.H.S.* vol. v. p. 76.)

Warner's *History of the Irish Rebellion*.<sup>1</sup> I never saw before so impartial an account of the transactions of those times. He really seems to be of no side, but to speak the naked truth of all, according to the best light he could procure.

*Fri.* 28.—I rode to Manchester. As we were pretty well tired, our friends there insisted on my going on in a chaise; so in the morning, *Saturday* the 29th, we set out. When we were on the brow of the hill above Ripponden, suddenly the saddle-horse fell, with the driver under him; and both lay without motion. The shaft-horse then boggled and turned short toward the edge of the precipice; but presently the driver and horse rose up unhurt, and we went on safe to Leeds.

*Sun.* 30.—Mr. Crook<sup>2</sup> being out of order, I read prayers and preached in Hunslet Church, both morning and afternoon. At five I preached at Leeds, and on *Monday* the 31st prepared all things for the ensuing Conference.

AUGUST 1, *Tues.*—It began<sup>3</sup>; and a more loving one we

<sup>1</sup> See above, vol. iv. p. 501: Froude's *The English in Ireland*, vol. i. Book I, chap. ii. Froude's chief authorities are the MSS. in the State Record Office.

<sup>2</sup> Rev. Henry Crook, vicar of Hunslet (Tyerman's *Wesley*, vol. iii. p. 45). His published sermons influenced Pawson's father, and afterwards the son (*Wesley's Veterans*, vol. iv. p. 6, or *E.M.P.* vol. iv. p. 5). See Charles Wesley's estimate of Crook (*Journal*, vol. ii. pp. 117, 124). He received Wesley's circular letter. See above, p. 63.

<sup>3</sup> The twenty-sixth Conference, at which the first appointments were made to America.

Q. 13. We have a pressing call from our brethren at New York (who have built a preaching-house) to come over and help them. Who is willing to go?

A. Richard Boardman and Joseph Pilmoor.

Q. 14. What can we do more in token of our brotherly love?

A. Let us make a collection amongst ourselves.

This was immediately done. And out of it £50 were allotted for the payment of their debt and about twenty pounds given to our brethren for their passage.

(*Minutes of Conference*, vol. i. p. 86, octavo ed.)

The appointment was in no sense a failure, but its success was destined to suffer eclipse in the greater results of a later appointment. Barbara Heck, Philip Embury, Captain Webb, and others were the pioneers of American Methodism; Boardman and Pilmoor laid the foundations; but Francis Asbury was the master builder. This work of Boardman and Pilmoor is admirably summarized by Dr. Stevens (*History of the Methodist Episcopal Church*, vol. i. p. 166):

'When they saw the terrible certainty of war, they quietly retired, embarking together for England on Sunday, the 2nd of January, 1774, 'after commending the Americans to God.' They left 2,073 members in the societies, 10 regularly organized circuits, and 17 preachers.'

In co-operation with their assistants, they laid substantially and broadly the foundations of the denomination, preaching from Boston to Savannah, and preparing effectively, during more than four years, the work which their successors were to prosecute with a success which has had no parallel since the apostolic age.

never had. On *Thursday* I mentioned the case of our brethren at New York, who had built the first Methodist preaching-house in America, and were in great want of money, but much more of preachers. Two of our preachers, Richard Boardman and Joseph Pilmoor,<sup>1</sup> willingly offered themselves for the service ; by whom we determined to send them fifty pounds, as a token of our brotherly love.<sup>2</sup>

*Sat. 5.*—In the evening I preached at Bradford<sup>3</sup> to an extremely crowded audience. The heat was hardly supportable. Such a day I had seldom, if ever, known in England. It was nearly as hot at four in the morning, *Sunday* the 6th, but the rain began before five, and in three or four hours quite cooled the air. At one we had the usual congregation on the side of Birstall Hill ; but it was nearly doubled at Leeds in the evening.

*Mon. 7.*—I returned to Manchester, and on *Tuesday* the 8th went on to Shrewsbury. I preached at five ; and soon after, receiving an invitation from Mr. Powys, at Berwick,<sup>4</sup> I went over directly, gave a short exhortation, and returned to Salop.

*Wed. 9.*—We reached Welshpool before nine, where notice had been given of my preaching, the bailiff having granted the use of the town hall. But he had now changed his mind. So I rode on to Newtown, and at one we went to the market-house. But in a few minutes a poor wretch, exceeding drunk,<sup>5</sup> came in

<sup>1</sup> Whitefield and they crossed almost in the same weeks. He had seen them in London before they embarked. (Briggs' *Life of Asbury*, pp. 41, 42, and 47.) On August 21 Boardman and Pilmoor took coach for Gravesend, and embarked on the *Mary and Elizabeth*. On Sept. 12 Whitefield wrote to Wesley from the Downs on board the *Friendship*.

<sup>2</sup> On Aug. 4 he wrote to the Traveling Preachers. In the letter was sketched a plan by which Wesley hoped that, in the event of his death, all the preachers in England and Ireland might preserve a firm union. The proposal is interesting as indicating the trend of Wesley's mind on this vital question. The proposal was afterwards superseded by the Deed of Declaration. (*Works*, vol. xiii. p. 242.)

<sup>3</sup> It was probably during this journey

Wesley visited Harewood, where John Swale heard him preach, and was converted. His wife, Mary Swale, had joined the society at an earlier date. See obituary of their daughter, Mrs. Elizabeth Smith of Otley, *W.M. Mag.* 1830, p. 572.

<sup>4</sup> See below, p. 340, note 4 ; also, for an account of Thomas Powys, who died Sept. 14, 1774, see *Life of Sir R. Hill*, pp. 210-12. This was the same journey as on July 25, 1764. Wesley is said to have preached at this time at Mr. Lee's of Coton Hall, in Salop. See *Life of the Countess of Huntingdon*, vol. i. p. 483 ; above, p. 305 ; and, for an account of the Lees of Coton Hall, *W.H.S.* vol. iii. pp. 241, 242.

<sup>5</sup> His name was Evans, and he was landlord of the New Inn.

cursing and blaspheming and striking all that stood in his way. His stick was soon taken from him; but, the noise increasing, I removed to the Bryn,<sup>1</sup> and quietly finished my discourse.

At six in the evening I preached at the Tyddyn,<sup>2</sup> the next morning at Llanidloes, and in the evening at the Abbey.<sup>3</sup>

*Fri.* 11.—I reached Carmarthen. The rain continuing, Mr. Peter Williams<sup>4</sup> offered me his preaching-house, in which I enforced 'God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ.'

*Sat.* 12.<sup>5</sup>—I preached at Haverfordwest.

*Sun.* 13.—I went to St. Daniel's, and, after reading prayers, preached on those words in the Second Lesson, 'What God hath cleansed, that call not thou common.' The bigots of all sides seemed ashamed before God, and I trust will not soon forget this day. In the afternoon I read prayers, and preached again. I then met the society in Pembroke. Once more their little jars are laid asleep: God grant they may rise no more!

*Mon.* 14.—I preached in the town hall, to almost all the gentry in Pembroke; and I think, whatever they had before, they had then a clear call from God.

*Tues.* 15.—In the evening, although the wind was high, yet the largeness of the congregation obliged me to stand on the outside of the house at Haverfordwest.

*Wed.* 16.—I examined the members of the society, now the most lively one in Wales. Many of them are rejoicing in the love of God, and many groaning for full redemption.

To-day I gave a second reading to that lively book, Mr. Newton's<sup>6</sup> *Account of his own Experience*. There is something

<sup>1</sup> The Lower Bryn Farm. Mr. Hardcox, the farmer, was in sympathy with Wesley, and Mrs. Corbett, his housekeeper, became the first member of the Methodist society in that town.

<sup>2</sup> Tyddyn Hall, the home of the Bowens, one of whom he had probably known at Oxford. He wrote on a pane of glass in this house, 'In the name of Jesus, peace be to this house.'

<sup>3</sup> See above, p. 280.

<sup>4</sup> He was a Calvinistic Methodist leader, and his translation of the Bible, published in 1770, was long regarded as a Welsh household classic. In his old age he was expelled from the Connexion for his too free translation. (*Young's Meth. in Wales*, p. 206; *Welsh Calv. Meth.* by Williams, passim, especially pp. 144-8.)

<sup>5</sup> He wrote to 'A Member' (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 285).

<sup>6</sup> Rev. John Newton.



very extraordinary therein, but one may account for it without a jot of Predestination. I doubt not but his, as well as Colonel Gardiner's, conversion was an answer to his mother's prayers.

*Thur. 17.*—At twelve I preached in the Castle at Carmarthen,<sup>1</sup> in the evening at Llanelly. The behaviour of Sir Thomas's servants here (four or five of whom belong to the society)<sup>2</sup> has removed all prejudice from him, as well as from most of the town. Indeed, they are a pattern to all of their rank, truly 'adorning the doctrine of God our Saviour.'

*Fri. 18.*—I preached at eleven in Oxwich,<sup>3</sup> and thence hastened to Swansea, where an effectual door is opened once more. The rain drove us into the room, which was as hot as an oven, being much crowded both within and without.

*Sat. 19.*—About eight I preached at Neath; about three in the church at Bridgend (where the rain doubled the congregation by stopping the harvest-work); and at seven in the assembly-room at Cowbridge on 'Lord, are there few that be saved?' I was enabled to make a close and pointed application, I believe not without effect.

*Sun. 20.*—I preached there again at eight to a congregation who seemed to feel what was spoken. At eleven the vicar read prayers, and I preached on those words in the Lesson, 'Gallio cared for none of these things.' Most of the hearers seemed more awake than I expected; and a few appeared to be affected. In the evening I took my old stand on the steps of the Castle at Cardiff. Abundance of people were gathered together, it being a fair and mild evening, on whom I enforced 'I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God.'

*Tues. 22.*—Mr. Davies<sup>4</sup> read prayers, and I preached, in Caerphilly Church, and in the evening at Llanbradach.

<sup>1</sup> It stands on an eminence rising abruptly from the river, and figures in ancient Welsh history.

<sup>2</sup> Sir Thomas Stepney, a descendant of an ancient English family, one of whom, by marriage with one of the Vaughans, became owner of Llanelly House. The names of the servants are afterwards mentioned. Colley, the butler, by permission, held preaching-services in the

kitchen of the mansion. See below, Aug. 17, 1774; and an article on the Father of the Poor in *W.H.S.* vol. iv. p. 70.

<sup>3</sup> See above, vol. iv. p. 443.

<sup>4</sup> The Rev. Howell Davies, rector of Prendergast, the great evangelist, of whom it is said (in the *Life of C. of Huntingdon*, vol. i. p. 486): 'He was a Boanerges—a burning and a shining light, and preached in four different places statedly, besides

*Wed. 23.*—I went on to Trevecca.<sup>1</sup> Here we found a concourse of people from all parts, come to celebrate the Countess of Huntingdon's birthday, and the anniversary of her school, which was opened on August 24 of last year. I preached, in the evening, to as many as her chapel could well contain; which is extremely neat, or rather, elegant; as is the dining-room, the school, and all the house. About nine Howell Harris desired me to give a short exhortation to his family. I did so; and then went back to my Lady's, and laid me down in peace.

*Thur. 24.*—I administered the Lord's Supper to the family. At ten the public service began. Mr. Fletcher preached an exceeding lively sermon in the court, the chapel being far too small. After him Mr. William Williams<sup>2</sup> preached in Welsh, till between one and two o'clock. At two we dined. Meantime, a large number of people had baskets of bread and meat carried to them in the court. At three I took my turn there, then Mr. Fletcher, and, about five, the congregation was dismissed. Between seven and eight the lovefeast began, at which I believe many were comforted. In the evening several of us

his daily labours in houses, barns, fields, commons, mountains, &c. He had upwards of two thousand communicants. . . . His biography (in Welsh only) shows that he was indeed "a prince of preachers." Caerphilly church was old St. Martin's Church, now replaced. In this church, or chapel-of-ease, Whitefield was married. See above, vol. ii. p. 506; and *W.M. Mag.* 1902, p. 856.

<sup>1</sup> He was accompanied by Howell Davies and Peter Williams of Carmarthen. The college had been opened one year. In the *Life and Times of the Countess of Huntingdon*, vol. ii. pp. 98-101, there is a full account of this anniversary, which drew to Trevecca many of the leaders and great preachers of the Evangelical Revival. Howell Harris, John Fletcher, David Rowlands, William Williams, and Walter Shirley seem to have been at this time the leading spirits at Trevecca. The Countess of Hun-

tingdon largely supported the college. Her hope was that it might serve as a training-school for both wings of the Methodist Revival. A few months later Joseph Benson was appointed head master of the college. Mr. Fletcher was a frequent visitor. The arrangement with Benson, however, did not last long, nor indeed the intimate connexion of the college with the Wesleys. Doctrinal controversy to some extent interrupted the happy fellowship. For a description of the Trevecca communal life in 1780 see *Arm. Mag.* 1795, p. 267.

<sup>2</sup> Of Pantycelyn:

Harris, Rowlands, and Davies, the three men honoured by God in promoting the great Calvinistic Methodist Revival in Wales, soon found a valuable co-worker in William Williams of Pantycelyn, the hymnologist of the movement, who was converted under Howell Harris.

See David Young's *Origin and History of Methodism in Wales*.



1. TREVECCA COLLEGE.

2. THE TREVECCA FARMHOUSE, IN WHICH, AT THE OPENING OF THE COLLEGE, WESLEY, FLETCHER, AND WHITEFIELD LODGED.



retired into the neighbouring wood, which is exceeding pleasantly laid out in walks ; one of which leads to a little mount, raised in the midst of a meadow, that commands a delightful prospect. This is Howell Harris's work, who has likewise greatly enlarged and beautified his house ; so that, with the gardens, orchards, walks, and pieces of water that surround it, it is a kind of little paradise.<sup>1</sup>

*Fri. 25.*—We rode through a lovely country to Chepstow. I had designed to go straight on, but yielded to the importunity of our friends to stay and preach in the evening. Meantime, I took a walk through Mr. Morris's woods.<sup>2</sup> There is scarce anything like them in the kingdom. They stand on the top, and down the side, of a steep mountain, hanging in a semicircular form over the river. Through these woods abundance of serpentine walks are cut, wherein many seats and alcoves are placed ; most of which command a surprising prospect of rocks and fields on the other side of the river. And must all these be burned up ? What will become of us then, if we set our hearts upon them ?

*Sat. 26.*—Resolving not to be too late now, as I was last year, I took horse at four ; but, being earnestly engaged in conversation, we missed our way and came to the Passage just as the boat was gone. About three in the afternoon it passed again, and soon after six we reached Bristol.

*Sun. 27.*—After preaching at Kingswood and Bristol, I rode to Cross, to lessen the next day's journey.

*Mon. 28.*—I rode to Tiverton ; on *Tuesday* to Launceston, where I strongly applied 'Hath God forgotten to be gracious ?' And I believe He answered for Himself in the hearts of several backsliders.

Being informed it was between sixty and seventy miles to St. John's, I sent my horse a few miles forward to-night.

*Wed. 30.*—I purposed taking horse at four, but the horse was not brought from the field ; so I borrowed another, and rode on without delay to the house where my own waited for me. We had incessant rain, driven upon us by a furious wind. However, I reached Bodmin about eight ; where, at the request of one of our friends, I preached to a small, serious company, in the town

<sup>1</sup> See above, p. 25.

<sup>2</sup> Piercefield (see p. 95). Mr. Morris

died a broken-hearted prisoner for debt (see *Gentleman's Mag.* 1805, p. 806).

hall. The rain accompanied us most of the way to Truro. I knew not where to call till a friend met me, and told me Mr. Painter had been very ill. So I rode directly to his house. While I was there one of Redruth came in, who lent me a fresh horse, with which I reached St. John's about five o'clock. I preached at six, and was much comforted among a loving, earnest people.

*Thur. 31.*—I rode over to St. Just, but could not preach abroad because of the violent wind. However, God spoke to many hearts, both this evening and in the morning.

*SEPT. 1, Fri.*—I now considered Dr. Erskine's<sup>1</sup> account of saving faith. He asserts (if I comprehend him right), 'It is, in general, an assent to the word of God, in which there is a light, a glory, a brightness, which believers, and they only, perceive. In particular, it is an assent of the understanding to the gospel method of salvation; in which there is an excellency and glory which only believers see. A supernatural conviction of this is faith.' But, if this be his judgement, why does he quarrel with me? For how marvellously small is the difference between us! Only change the word *assent* for *conviction* (which certainly better answers St. Paul's word, *ελεγχος*), and do we not come within a hair's-breadth of each other? I do not quarrel with the definition of faith in general—'a supernatural assent to the word of God'; though I think a 'supernatural conviction of the truths contained in the word of God' is clearer. I allow, too, that the Holy Spirit enables us to perceive a peculiar light and glory in the word of God, and particularly in the gospel method of salvation; but I doubt whether saving faith be, properly, an assent to this light and glory. Is it not rather an assent (if we retain the word) to the truths which God has revealed; or, more particularly, a divine conviction that 'God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto Himself'?

The congregation at St. Ives in the evening was the largest I have seen since I came to Cornwall; and it was a solemn assembly. We had another happy opportunity at the meeting of the society.

<sup>1</sup> Of the Old Greyfriars Church, Edinburgh. The work to which Wesley refers is entitled *The Nature of Saving Faith*. It is No. 3 of Erskine's *Theological*

*Dissertations*. See *W.H.S.* vol. iv. p. 175. For his effort to awaken opposition to Wesley see above, p. 111.

*Sat. 2.*<sup>1</sup>—Our Quarterly Meeting was at Redruth. In the evening I preached to eleven or twelve hundred people; but there was no trifler, much less mocker, among them. They heard as for eternity.

*Sun. 3.*—We had a very large congregation, and a useful sermon, at church. Between one and two I preached to some thousands in the main street; but to abundantly more at five, in our amphitheatre at Gwennap; and they were so commodiously placed, row above row, that I believe all could hear.

*Mon. 4.*—About noon I preached in the Lower Street at St. Austell to a very numerous and very serious congregation; but at Medrose, where was once the liveliest society in Cornwall, I found but a few, and most of those faint and weary.

*Tues. 5.*—I rode on to Plymouth Dock, and preached on ‘Love is the bond of perfectness.’ What pity that anything short of this should usurp the name of religion!

Last week I read over, as I rode, great part of Homer’s *Odyssey*. I always imagined it was, like Milton’s *Paradise Regained*—

The last faint effort of an expiring muse.<sup>2</sup>

But how was I mistaken! How far has Homer’s latter poem the pre-eminence over the former! It is not, indeed, without its blemishes; among which, perhaps, one might reckon his making Ulysses swim nine days and nine nights without sustenance; the incredible manner of his escape from Polyphemus (unless the goat was as strong as an ox), and the introducing Minerva at every turn, without any *dignus vindice nodus*.<sup>3</sup> But his numerous beauties make large amends for these. Was ever man so happy in his descriptions, so exact and consistent in his characters, and so natural in telling a story? He likewise continually inserts the finest strokes of morality (which I cannot

<sup>1</sup> He wrote to Mrs. Yeoman (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 269).

<sup>2</sup> His father’s elegy on Robert Nelson (from memory; *W.H.S.* vol. v. p. 160).

<sup>3</sup> ‘A knot worthy of the one brought in to unravel it’ (Horace, *De Arte Poet.* 191). (*W.H.S.* vol. v. p. 52.) Wesley usually quoted from memory, which was not always accurate. Both Horace and Homer were familiar to him in the origi-

nal, as we know from the 1st Oxford Diary. He also knew the best English translations. In the quotations of this and the following pages we have, apparently, reminiscences of both. Professor Lofthouse suggests, as another instance of Wesley’s inaccuracy of memory, that the animal by which Odysseus escaped from Polyphemus was a ram, not a goat.

find in Virgil); on all occasions recommending the fear of God, with justice, mercy, and truth. In this only he is inconsistent with himself: he makes his hero say:

Wisdom never lies;

And:

Him, on whate'er pretence, that lies can tell,  
My soul abhors him as the gates of hell.<sup>1</sup>

Meantime, he himself, on the slightest pretence, tells deliberate lies over and over; nay, and is highly commended for so doing, even by the Goddess of Wisdom!

*Wed. 6.*—I rode to Cullompton, and on *Thursday* rested at Tiverton.

*Fri. 8.*—I preached about nine at Taunton, and then rode on to Bridgwater, where the preaching had been discontinued for some years. It was supposed there would be much disturbance; but there was none at all. The very gentry (all but two or three young women) behaved with good sense and decency.

This afternoon I went to the top of Brent Knoll<sup>2</sup>: I know not I ever before saw such a prospect. Westward, one may see to the mouth of the Bristol Channel; and the three other ways, as far as the eye can reach. And most of the land which you see is well cultivated, well wooded, and well watered; so that the globe of earth, in its present condition, can hardly afford a more pleasing scene.

*Sat. 9.*<sup>3</sup>—I returned to Bristol.<sup>4</sup>

*Tues. 12.*—I inquired into the state of Kingswood School. The grievance now is the number of children. Instead of thirty (as I desired), we have near fifty; whereby our masters

<sup>1</sup> Pope's translation of *The Iliad*, ix. 312 (see *W.H.S.* vol. v. p. 119).

<sup>2</sup> Presented by Alfred the Great to the monks of Glastonbury.

<sup>3</sup> On this day he wrote to Mrs. Barton (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 374).

<sup>4</sup> On her way from Trevecca Lady Huntingdon, who was accompanied by Lady Anne Erskine, Lady Buchan, and Miss Orton, called for a few days at Berwick, the seat of Thomas Powys. At

Bristol on the Saturday she was joined by Wesley. On the 12th she visited Kingswood School, and the society in connexion with Whitefield. The next day several clergymen breakfasted with her. At eleven o'clock the sacrament was administered by Mr. Hart, after which Wesley preached on 'I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ.' (*Life of the Countess of Huntingdon*, vol. ii. p. 27.)



are burdened. And it is scarce possible to keep them in so exact order as we might do a smaller number. However, this still comes nearer a Christian school than any I know in the kingdom.

*Sun.* 17.—I preached to a serious congregation in Prince Street, many of whom came from the ships on the river, and gaped and stared as if they had never heard a sermon before. In the afternoon I preached near the new Square on 'What God hath cleansed, that call not thou common.' I was in hopes this would remove rather than increase prejudice; but I was much mistaken. One of the hearers soon after told his friend, 'Mr. W. is as dark and blind as ever.'<sup>1</sup>

*Tues.* 19.—Between twelve and one I preached at Freshford, and on White's Hill,<sup>2</sup> near Bradford, in the evening. By this means many had an opportunity of hearing who would not have come to the room. I had designed to preach there again the next evening; but a gentleman in the town desired me to preach at his door. The beasts of the people were tolerably quiet till I had nearly finished my sermon. They then lifted up their voice, especially one, called a gentleman, who had filled his pocket with rotten eggs; but, a young man coming unawares, clapped his hands on each side, and mashed them all at once. In an instant he was perfume all over; though it was not so sweet as balsam.

*Fri.* 22.—I saw poor Mrs. — at Bristol, on the very brink of despair. I prayed for her in faith, and, not many days after, found her sweetly rejoicing in God her Saviour.

*Sat.* 23.—I rode to Pill, and preached in the street (the only way to do much good there), to a more numerous and more attentive congregation than I have seen there for many years.

OCT. 5, *Thur.*—I had the satisfaction to find that two of our brethren, with whom I had taken much pains, had at length put an end to their Chancery suit, and closed their debate by a reference.

*Sun.* 8.—I permitted all of Mr. Whitefield's society that

<sup>1</sup> On Sept. 18 he wrote to Mrs. Elizabeth Bennis (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 388).

<sup>2</sup> A main street in Bradford, leading

from Silver Street, up the steep hill on the top of which is Bearfield, his early preaching-place.

desired it to be present at our lovefeast. I suppose there were a thousand of us in all. And we were not sent empty away.

*Mon. 9.*—I preached at Bristol, Pensford, Shepton Mallet; and in the evening at Wincanton. The people here had just as much feeling as the benches on which they sat.

*Tues. 10.*—I preached in Shaftesbury at noon, and in the evening at Salisbury.<sup>1</sup> Here I was as in a new world. The congregation was alive, and much more the society. How pleasing would it be, to be always with such! But this is not our calling.

*Wed. 11.*—I preached in Romsey at noon; in the evening at Winchester.

*Thur. 12.*—I preached at Fareham about one, and at Portsmouth Common in the evening.

*Fri. 13.*—I very narrowly missed meeting the great Pascal Paoli.<sup>2</sup> He landed in the dock but a very few minutes after I left the water-side. Surely He who hath been with him from his youth up hath not sent him into England for nothing. Lord, show him what is Thy will concerning him, and give him a kingdom that cannot be moved!

*Sat. 14.*—Setting out at two in the morning, I came to London in the afternoon.

*Sun. 15.*—My brother and I had such a congregation at Spitalfields as has not been there since the covenant-night. The Foundery was equally crowded in the evening. Is God

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<sup>1</sup> Methodism here had been almost destroyed by the disgrace of Westley Hall's misconduct. The few remaining Methodists met in a shop in Greencroft Street, and in 1759 built a chapel. See *W.M. Mag.* 1836, p. 52. Barbara Hunt, whose memoir was published in the *Meth. Mag.* 1815, p. 42, was the heroine of Methodism in this district. Another famous character was David Saunders, the hero of Mrs. Hannah More's 'Shepherd of Salisbury Plain,' who for many years was a faithful class-leader; he died in 1796, at the age of eighty. See Tuck's *Meth. in Frome*, p. 43; Tyerman's *Life of Wesley*, vol. iii. p. 53; and *Wesley's Veterans*, vol. v. p. 220.

<sup>2</sup> A Corsican officer, who distinguished himself by successfully opposing the Genoese oppressors of his country for nearly ten years. When the island was ceded to the French by the Genoese, Paoli refused to concur in the arrangement, and fled to England, where he enjoyed a pension of £1200 a year from the English Government. Twenty years afterwards, at the Revolution in 1789, he agreed to Corsica being declared a province of France, but subsequently by his influence the island became a dependency of England. He afterwards returned to London, where he died in 1807. See above, p. 292, and *Wesley Studies*, p. 183.

Bristol  
Oct. 1. 1769

My Dear Brother

If as I am inform'd, Mr. Gregory is a  
Lover of King George, and the present  
Administration, I wish you would advise  
all our Brethren that bear Votes, to  
assist him in the ensuing Election.  
I am

Your Affectionate Friend & Brother  
Peter Lee

To Mr. Massey St. Austyn, Cornwall

FACSIMILE LETTER WRITTEN BY WESLEY TO JOHN MASON, THE 'ASSISTANT,' ON  
THE EVE OF AN ELECTION IN CORNWALL.



about to work here, as He did some years ago? If so, having learned experience by the things we have suffered, I trust we shall not quench the Spirit as we did before.<sup>1</sup>

*Mon. 16.*—I began my journey into Oxfordshire, and in the evening preached at Henley. A great part of the congregation was perfectly void both of sense and modesty. But at this time they were unusually quiet, as I did not take them out of their depth, in opening and applying those words, ‘It is appointed unto men once to die.’

*Tues. 17.*—We went to Wallingford, a town I never saw before, though I lived so many years at Oxford. How white are the fields here unto the harvest! The whole town seemed flocking together, rich and poor, in the evening, and received the word with joy. But who will endure to the end? Abundance of people came again at five in the morning, and were ready to devour the word. How pleasant it is to see the dawn of a work of grace! But we must not lay too much stress upon it. Abundance of blossoms! But when the sun is up, how many of these will wither away!

Having appointed to preach in Oxford at ten, I was under some difficulty. I did not like to preach in the Dissenting meeting-house; and I did not see how to avoid it. But the proprietors cut the knot for me by locking up the doors. So I preached in James Mears’s garden; and to such a congregation as I had not had in Oxford since I preached in St. Mary’s Church.

Thence we went on to Witney, where we have now a large and commodious house. It was well filled in the evening; and (whoever else did) I found it good to be there; especially at the meeting of the society. The Spirit of glory and of Christ was among them.

I had designed to spend another day here; but two of our friends, who were come on purpose from Broadmarston, importuned me much to go thither. So I set out with them on

<sup>1</sup> Professor Liden, a distinguished Swede, then on a visit to England, heard him at both these services, and recorded his impressions in his Journal. He greatly admired Wesley, and questioned him regarding his system and mode

of administration. Wesley’s answer begins thus: ‘There are many thousand Methodists in Great Britain and Ireland which are not formed into societies . . .’ See an article in *W.M. Mag.* 1889, p. 119.

*Thursday*, and came to Broadmarston in the afternoon. The lovely family,<sup>1</sup> and the congregation from all parts, made me full amends for my labour. Great was our glorying in the Lord. Many felt the two-edged sword, and many were filled with consolation.

*Fri. 20.*—I had appointed to be in Oxford at eight. So I took horse at two, and took chaises from Shipston, which brought me thither at my time. After spending an hour quite agreeably with a few young, serious students, I set out for Ipstone, near Stokenchurch. But I was obliged, when we came to the by-road, to quit my chaise, and go as I could, part on horseback, part on foot. The congregation had waited for me some time; so I began immediately, on 'Fear God, and keep His commandments; for this is the whole<sup>2</sup> of man.' In the evening I preached to a lively congregation at High Wycombe,<sup>3</sup> and on *Saturday* reached London.

*Mon. 23.*—I rode to Towcester, and preached to a heavy, unawakened people, on what they did not seem at all to think of, namely, that they were to die. I believe it suited them; they appeared to be more affected than with any discourse I had ever preached.

*Tues. 24.*—I preached at Ashton, in a large malt-room, where one side of my head was very warm, through the crowd of people, the other very cold, having an open window at my ear. Between six and seven I preached at Northampton; and it was an awful season.

This evening there was such an Aurora Borealis as I never saw before; the colours, both the white, the flame-colour, and the scarlet, were so exceeding strong and beautiful. But they were awful too; so that abundance of people were frightened into many good resolutions.

*Wed. 25.*—At ten I was forced to preach abroad at Brington, by reason of the great concourse of people; and at [East] Haddon, about one. I believe at both places God applied His word to their hearts.

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Eden's; see above, p. 251.

<sup>2</sup> Wesley always omits the word 'duty'—which is only inserted in italics in the Authorised and Revised Versions.

<sup>3</sup> In 1769 Hannah Ball established a Sunday school here (*W.M. Mag.* 1846, p. 561; above, p. 104; see also *Memoir of Hannah Ball*).

*Thur.* 26.—About nine I preached at Harpole, to a thirsty multitude; at one, to near the same number, at Weedon; in the evening at Whittlebury. *Friday* the 27th, about noon, we had a serious congregation at Cranfield, and at Bedford in the evening.

*Sat.* 28.—I preached about one at Hertford, and at Snowsfields in the evening. And after preaching three times a day for three days, and four times a day for two more, I found no more hoarseness or weariness than when I set out from London.

*Mon.* 30.—I set out with a little company of our friends, and the next day came to Norwich. At six I preached in the shell of the new house,<sup>1</sup> crowded enough both within and without.<sup>2</sup>

NOV. 2, *Thur.*—We went to Yarmouth, a cold, dead, uncomfortable place.

*Fri.* 3.—I laboured to gather up the fragments of the poor society, shattered to pieces by Presbyterians, Anabaptists, and disputers of all kinds; especially by one unhappy man, who had arisen among ourselves. In the evening I strongly exhorted them to 'repent and do the first works.'

*Sat.* 4.—We returned to Norwich. In coming to Yarmouth, I had called upon a young woman, alive to God, but exceeding ill. She died before I came back. This afternoon I was desired to bury her. I took the opportunity of preaching at five in the burying-ground, to a multitude of people, who were all attention, as though they had already seen 'the dead standing before God.'

*Monday* the 6th, and the following days, I visited as many of the people, sick and well, as I possibly could; and on *Friday* the 10th, leaving them more united than they had been for many years, I took coach again, and the next afternoon came to London.

In the coach, going and coming, I read several volumes of Mr. Guthrie's ingenious *History of Scotland*<sup>3</sup>: I suppose, as

<sup>1</sup> In Cherry Lane. See *Meth. in Norwich*, by W. Lorkin (1825). Wesley sent £270 towards the cost.

<sup>2</sup> On Nov. 1 he wrote to Mrs. Barton (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 374).

<sup>3</sup> Published in 1767-8, in ten volumes. For Wesley's views on Mary Queen of Scots, see above, vol. iv. p. 455, and Rev. R. Butterworth's article in *W.H.S.* vol. ii. p. 111.

impartial a one as any to be found, and as much to be depended upon. I never read any writer before who gave me so much light into the real character of that odd mixture, King James the First; nor into that of Mary Queen of Scots, so totally misrepresented by Buchanan, Queen Elizabeth's pensioner, and her other hireling writers; and not much less by Dr. Robertson. Then he effectually exposes, showing how grossly they contradict matter of fact, and one another. He likewise points out the many and great mistakes of Dr. R[obertson],<sup>1</sup> such as seem to imply either great inattention or great partiality. Upon the whole, that much-injured Queen appears to have been far the greatest woman of that age, exquisitely beautiful in her person, of a fine address, of a deep, unaffected piety, and of a stronger understanding even in youth than Queen Elizabeth had at threescore. And probably the despair wherein Queen Elizabeth died was owing to *her* death, rather than that of Lord Essex.

*Fri. 17.*—I preached at a chapel near St. John Street, built on the very spot of ground whereon, many hundred years ago, Pardon Church stood.<sup>2</sup> In this and the following week I visited the society in London, containing now scarce nineteen hundred members.<sup>3</sup> So has God cut us short since the wound received by a false friend,<sup>4</sup> from which we are now slowly recovering.

*Sat. 25.*—I went down to Mr. Perronet's,<sup>5</sup> just recovering from a long illness. In the evening I preached in the house,

<sup>1</sup> It was Robertson who awoke the historic sense in Carlyle.

<sup>2</sup> In the year 1348 a terrible pestilence devastated London. Ralph Stratford, Bishop of London, consecrated three acres of waste ground between the lands of the Abbey of Westminster and those of St. John at Clerkenwell. He there erected a chapel where masses were said for the repose of the dead, and named the place 'Pardon Churchyard.' (*Old and New London*, vol. ii. p. 385.) In 1361 Michael de Northburgh died, bequeathing the sum of £2,000, for building a Carthusian Priory at Pardon Churchyard (viz. Charterhouse). See

Maitland and Entick, vol. ii. p. 1365.

<sup>3</sup> On Nov. 20 he wrote to Mr. Costerdine one of the series of letters on the Connexional debt (see above, pp. 243, 299), and on the same day to Christopher Hopper (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 309); on the 21st to John Valton, and on the 22nd to Miss Bishop (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 489, vol. xiii. p. 18).

<sup>4</sup> Thomas Maxfield.

<sup>5</sup> Vincent Perronet, in whose kitchen there was preaching every Friday night, and also a society in which Miss Damaris Perronet met, and a few others whose names are preserved (Tyerman's *Life of Wesley*, vol. iii. p. 53).



and at seven in the morning. On *Sunday* the 26th Mr. Perronet designed to read prayers at ten; but we thought it not safe for him to go out; so I read prayers, and then applied 'What doth the Lord thy God require of thee, but to do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?' Many who had constantly appealed to this text found themselves short in every particular.

I read prayers in the afternoon, having been informed that it was not usual to preach. But observing a numerous congregation, quite unwilling to go away, I went into the pulpit, and showed them the nature and the pleasantness of true religion. At five I preached in the room. I trust our Lord has touched many hearts this day.

*Thur.* 30.—I preached at Wandsworth. For many years the people here were the most dead, but are now the most alive, of any about London.

DEC. 1, *Fri.*—I preached at Barnet, which was last year what Wandsworth is now.<sup>1</sup>

*Mon.* 4.—I went to Chatham. Mr. Whitefield's people (so called) refusing me the use of their room, I preached in the barracks to a listening multitude, and our hearts were sweetly enlarged and knit together. One of their society,<sup>2</sup> grieved at the bigotry of his brethren, invited me to preach in his house in the morning, which I did (the barracks not being open) to as many as it could well contain.

*Tues.* 5.—I went to Sheerness, and preached in the old play-house, filled from end to end. So it was the next night. Our own room contained us in the mornings. I was much comforted among the poor people, which, in the midst of disputers, steer straight on, following after peace and holiness.

*Thur.* 7.—I returned to Chatham, and the next day to London, leaving an earnest people, at peace with each other and with all the world.

<sup>1</sup> On Dec. 2 he wrote to Mr. Bell, Officer of Excise, Longtown, Cumberland, who had been converted under Grimshaw, and who introduced Methodism into the city of Carlisle about the year 1767. Once Wesley, when he had met his class, exclaimed, 'Glory be to God for

Mr. Bell; he has certainly been a very useful man' (*W.M. Mag.* 1847, p. 768). On the same day he wrote to John Valton (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 489).

<sup>2</sup> Mr. West, carpenter of H.M.S. *Dover*. See *W.M. Mag.* 1880, p. 274.

*Mon. 11.*—Riding an uneasy horse, I was much tired before I reached Staplehurst. But the serious, earnest congregation soon made me forget my weariness, and I was not a little helped by the spirit of Mr. C[hapman],<sup>1</sup> breathing nothing but faith and love. I was again heartily tired when I came to Mr. Holman,<sup>2</sup> near Rye. Judging most of the congregation here to be unawakened, I preached on the story of Dives and Lazarus. God gave me to speak strong words, so that I trust some were pricked to the heart.

*Wed. 13.*—I preached at Ewhurst (it being the Quarterly Meeting), both at noon and in the evening.

*Thur. 14.*—We rode through heavy rain to New Bounds, where Mr. l'Anson<sup>3</sup> and his family gladly received us; and I never saw the house so filled before as it was in the evening.

*Fri. 15.*—I preached at Sevenoaks, and on *Saturday* returned to London.

Being desirous to finish my winter journeys before Christmas, on *Monday* the 18th I set out for Canterbury.

*Fri. 22.*—I preached at Sittingbourne and Chatham, and on *Saturday* came to London.<sup>4</sup>

*Mon. 25* (being *Christmas Day*).—We had such a congregation at four as I have not seen for many years. And from morning to evening we had abundant proof that God is visiting and redeeming His people.

*Tues. 26.*<sup>5</sup>—I read the letters from our preachers<sup>6</sup> in

<sup>1</sup> Rev. Jacob Chapman, Presbyterian minister (see above, p. 42, and below, p. 434.

<sup>2</sup> Of Carborough. A member of the society at Ewhurst. He persuaded the Rev. John Richardson, while curate of Ewhurst, to hear the Methodists (see Coke's sermon on the death of Richardson, 1792; also below, Jan. 20, 1778).

<sup>3</sup> The second son of the late Sir Thomas. Lady l'Anson was still living; she died in February 1774.

<sup>4</sup> On Dec. 24 he wrote to Mrs. Barton (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 375).

<sup>5</sup> On Dec. 26 he wrote to Benson (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 411), and on Dec. 30 to Walter Sellon (*Works*, vol. xiii. p. 44).

<sup>6</sup> On Oct. 31, 1769, Joseph Pilmoor wrote from Philadelphia. They had had a tedious passage of nine weeks. On arrival they found Captain Webb in town with a society of about a hundred members. With the stage built for the horse-race as a pulpit, he had preached. He was but a young preacher of five years' standing, and there is a touch of pathos in his reference to loneliness. On Nov. 4 Richard Boardman wrote. Leaving Pilmoor in Philadelphia, he had set out for New York. On his way there some soldiers had welcomed him, and found a Presbyterian meeting-house in which he might preach to them. The house in New York, he reports, contained about

America, informing us that God had begun a glorious work there; that both in New York and Philadelphia multitudes flock to hear and behave with the deepest seriousness; and that the society in each place already contains above a hundred members.

*Friday* the 29th we observed as a day of fasting and prayer, partly on account of the confused state of public affairs,<sup>1</sup> partly as preparatory to the solemn engagement which we were about to renew.

1770. JAN. I, *Mon.*—About eighteen hundred of us met together. It was a most solemn season. As we did openly 'avouch the Lord to be our God, so did He avouch us to be His people.'<sup>2</sup>

*Wed. 17.*—In a little journey, which I took into Bedfordshire, I finished Dr. Burnet's *Theory of the Earth*.<sup>3</sup> He is doubtless one of our first-rate writers, both as to sense and style; his language is remarkably clear, unaffected, nervous, and elegant. And as to his theory, none can deny that it is ingenious, and consistent with itself. And it is highly probable (1) that the earth arose out of the chaos in some such manner as he describes; (2) that the antediluvian earth was without high or abrupt mountains, and without sea, being one uniform crust, enclosing the great abyss; (3) that the flood was caused by the breaking of this crust, and its sinking into the abyss of waters; and (4) that the present state of the earth, both internal and external, shows it to be the ruins of the former

seventeen hundred hearers. He had found an open door, with a hunger for the word, but also 'a great want of every gift and grace,' and above all he 'desires advice.' 'Does Mr. Wesley think he shall ever come over to see us?' A month or two later there were in Philadelphia one hundred and eighty-two members. (*Meth. Mag.* 1783, p. 276, and 1784, p. 163; also Briggs' *Life of Bishop Asbury*, pp. 42, 43.)

<sup>1</sup> Especially in America. See 'Sons of Liberty' and other associations against

taxes. American Methodism was founded in troublous times.

<sup>2</sup> On Jan. 15 he wrote to Miss Bosanquet (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 402); and the next day to Christopher Hopper (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 310).

<sup>3</sup> Thomas Burnet (1635-1715) was Master of the Charterhouse thirty years. His theory was a fanciful and ingenious speculation without any pretension to scientific truth. The work was first published in Latin (*Telluris Theoria Sacra*), about 1692.

earth. This is the substance of his two former books, and thus far I can go with him.

I have no objection to the substance of his third book upon the General Conflagration, but think it one of the noblest tracts which is extant in our language. And I do not much object to the fourth, concerning the new heavens and the new earth. The substance of it is highly probable.

*Tues. 30.*—One informed me that Mrs. Kitley, at Lambeth, not expected to live many hours, had a great desire to see me before she died. I went as quick as possible; but when I came she seemed senseless, as well as speechless. I regarded not this, but spoke to her immediately; and immediately both her understanding and her speech returned, to testify a hope full of immortality. Having had her desire, she fell asleep, two days before her husband—

A perfect pattern of true womanhood,

a good wife, a good parent, a good mistress; and 'her works shall praise her in the gates.' How suitable was her death to her life! After many years spent in doing good, she redeemed a poor, friendless youth out of prison, took the jail-distemper, and died.<sup>1</sup>

*FEB. 3, Sat.*, and at my leisure moments on several of the following days, I read with much expectation a celebrated book—Rousseau upon Education.<sup>2</sup> But how was I disappointed! Sure a more consummate coxcomb never saw the sun! How amazingly full of himself! Whatever he speaks he pronounces as an oracle. But many of his oracles are as palpably false as that 'young children never love old people.' No! Do they never love grandfathers and grandmothers? Frequently more than they do their own parents. Indeed, they love all that love

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<sup>1</sup> On Feb. 1 he wrote anonymously in praise of riding with a slack rein. The letter in substance is inserted as a paragraph below (see p. 361). He signed himself 'Gambado.'

<sup>2</sup> *Emile, ou de l'Education*. First published in France in 1762. The book was anathematized by the Archbishop of

Paris, and ordered to be burnt by the Parliament of Paris and the authorities of Geneva (*W.H.S.* vol. iv. p. 175). See Mrs. Carter's *Letters*, vol. iii. p. 179, and Boswell's *Johnson*, p. 126 (Fitzgerald edition) for Dr. Johnson's opinion of Rousseau, 'one of the worst of men.'

them, and that with more warmth and sincerity than when they come to riper years.

But I object to his temper more than to his judgement: he is a mere misanthrope; a cynic all over.<sup>1</sup> So indeed is his brother-infidel, Voltaire; and wellnigh as great a coxcomb. But he hides both his doggedness and vanity a little better; whereas here it stares us in the face continually.

As to his book, it is whimsical to the last degree; grounded neither upon reason nor experience. To cite particular passages would be endless; but any one may observe concerning the whole, the advices which are good are trite and common, only disguised under new expressions. And those which are new, which are really his own, are lighter than vanity itself. Such discoveries I always expect from those who are too wise to believe their Bibles.

*Thur. 8.*—I went to Wandsworth. What a proof have we here that God's 'thoughts are not as our thoughts'! Every one thought no good could be done here; we had tried for above twenty years.<sup>2</sup> Very few would even give us the hearing; and the few that did seemed little the better for it. But all on a sudden, crowds flock to hear; many are cut to the heart; many filled with peace and joy in believing; many long for the whole image of God. In the evening, though it was a sharp frost, the room was as hot as a stove. And they drank in the word with all greediness; as also at five in the morning, while I applied 'Jesus put forth His hand and touched him, saying, I will; be thou clean!'

*Tues. 13.*—I read, with all the attention I was master of, Mr. Hutchinson's *Life*, and Mr. Spearman's index to his *Works*.<sup>3</sup> And I was more convinced than ever (1) that he had not the least conception, much less experience, of inward religion; (2) that an ingenious man may prove just what he pleases, by well-devised scriptural etymologies; especially if he be in the

<sup>1</sup> Warburton described Rousseau as a 'frank lunatic' (see *Letters*, p. 385). He had a morbid habit of suspecting his friends, even those who helped him most.

<sup>2</sup> See above, vol. iii. p. 387; also vol. iv. p. 292, note.

<sup>3</sup> Hutchinson held that the Old Testa-

ment contained a complete system of natural philosophy, as well as a revelation of religious truth, and that interpretation of it must be not literal but allegorical. His works in twelve volumes appeared in 1748. See Warburton's *Letters*, p. 59; and above, vol. iv. pp. 190-1, 280.

fashion, if he affects to read the Hebrew without vowels ; and (3) that his whole hypothesis, philosophical and theological, is unsupported by any solid proof.<sup>1</sup>

*Fri. 23.*—I was desired to hear Mr. Leoni<sup>2</sup> sing at the Jewish synagogue. I never before saw a Jewish congregation behave so decently. Indeed, the place itself is so solemn that it might strike an awe upon those who have any thought of God.

*Wed. 28.*—I sat down to read and seriously consider some of the writings of Baron Swedenborg.<sup>3</sup> I began with huge prejudice in his favour, knowing him to be a pious man, one of a strong understanding, of much learning, and one who thoroughly believed himself. But I could not hold out long. Any one of his visions puts his real character out of doubt. He is one of the most ingenious, lively, entertaining madmen that ever set pen to paper. But his waking dreams are so wild, so far

<sup>1</sup> On Feb. 17 he wrote to Lady Maxwell, 'I have some thoughts of going to America; but the way is not yet plain' (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 346). On the 21st he wrote what proved to be his last letter to Whitefield. The main subject in the letter was Whitefield's proposal to substitute for the orphan house a college or academy in Georgia. The scheme involved the laying out of a considerable sum of money in purchasing a large number of negroes for the cultivation of the lands, and for the future support of a president, professors, and tutors. He asked the trustees to give him for this purpose two thousand acres of land on the Turtle River. It was this project that led Wesley, with all tenderness, to write his letter of critical expostulation (see Tyerman's *Life of Wesley*, vol. iii. pp. 60-62). The same day he also wrote to Walter Sellon (*Works*, vol. xiii. p. 45). At this date he was at Lewisham.

<sup>2</sup> Leoni, or rather Meyer Lyon, was chorister at the great synagogue, Duke's Place, Aldgate, at the end of the eighteenth century. Leoni sang the Hebrew Yigdal to the melody now known as 'Leoni.' The Yigdal is the Hebrew Doxology, which rehearses in metrical form the thirteen articles of the

Hebrew creed. The most circumstantial account of the hymn, 'The God of Abraham praise,' and its traditional tune Leoni, is that quoted by Miller from an unauthenticated source (*Singers and Songs*, 1869, p. 245). The son of a Wesleyan minister said:

A few years ago, I remember my father telling me that he was once standing in the aisle of City Road Chapel during a Conference in Wesley's time. Thomas Olivers, one of the preachers, came down to him and said: 'Look at this; I have rendered it from the Hebrew, giving it, as far as I could, a Christian character, and I have called on Leoni, the Jew, who has given me a synagogue melody to suit it; here is the tune, and it is to be called Leoni.'

(Julian's *Dictionary of Hymnology*, p. 1149).

<sup>3</sup> Emanuel Swedenborg, Swedish philosopher, whose writings form the doctrinal basis of the New Jerusalem Church (founded by Robert Hindmarsh, a preacher's son, and an old Kingswood scholar; for whom see letter in Journal, May 5, 1768; Hastling, *Kingswood School*, p. 58; *Dict. Nat. Biog.*). His writings are published by the Swedenborg Society, instituted in London in 1810, and still in existence. See *W.H.S.* vol. iv. p. 175; *Arm. Mag.* 1783, p. 437.

remote both from Scripture and common sense, that one might as easily swallow the stories of 'Tom Thumb' or 'Jack the Giant-killer.'<sup>1</sup>

MARCH 5, *Mon.*—I came to Newbury, where I had been much importuned to preach. But where? The Dissenters would not permit me to preach in their meeting-house. Some were then desirous to hire the old playhouse; but the good mayor would not suffer it to be so profaned! So I made use of a workshop<sup>2</sup>—a large, commodious place. But it would by no means contain the congregation. All that could hear behaved well; and I was in hopes God would have a people in this place also. The next evening I preached at Bristol, and spent the rest of the week there.

*Mon. 12.*—I went to Stroud, where the house was well filled as usual. *Tuesday* the 13th I went by Painswick and Gloucester to Tewkesbury. *Wednesday* the 14th I preached in the new room, which is just finished, at Upton; and thence rode on to Worcester, where I preached in a large, old, awkward place,<sup>3</sup> to a crowded and much-affected audience. Afterwards I met the society of about a hundred members, all of one heart and one mind; so lovingly and closely united together that I have scarce seen the like in the kingdom.

*Thur. 15.*<sup>4</sup>—I met the select society. How swiftly has God deepened His work in these! I have seen very few, either in Bristol or London, who are more clear in their experience. The account all whom I had time to examine gave, was scriptural and rational: and, suppose they spoke true, they are witnesses of the Perfection which I preach. Yet, that they *may* fall therefrom I know; but that they *must*, I utterly deny.

After preaching at Evesham about noon, we rode through a furious shower of snow, driven full in our faces, to Broad-

<sup>1</sup> On March 2 he wrote to Matthew Lowes (*Tyerman's Life of Wesley*, vol. iii. p. 70).

<sup>2</sup> See *Meth. Rec.* Oct. 12, 1905. The room was superseded by a chapel in 1804, and again by a larger chapel in 1838.

<sup>3</sup> This was probably a room in the

Butts, a quarter affording concealment in times of mob rule (*W.H.S.* vol. iii. p. 179).

<sup>4</sup> He wrote to Mrs. Jane Barton from Tewkesbury, and the next day to Mrs. Marston (for whom he had 'a great concern') from Broadmarston (*Works*, vol. xii, pp. 375, 493).

marston. The very uncommon severity of the weather somewhat lessened the congregation in the evening. All who were there seemed prepared for that awful subject, 'I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God.'

*Sat. 17.*—We rode, in another bitter day, with the wind and snow just in our face, to Birmingham.<sup>1</sup> In the evening the people were wedged in as close as possible; yet many were obliged to go away. We had just the same congregation in the morning.

*Sun. 18.*—At half-hour after one I was to preach at Bromwich Heath<sup>2</sup>; but the house would scarce contain a fourth part of the congregation. So I made a virtue of necessity, and preached in a ground where there was room for all that came; and I believe God kindled a fire in many frozen hearts.

In the evening I preached in the house at Wednesbury a funeral sermon for Elizabeth Longmore; I think, the first witness of Christian Perfection whom God raised up in these parts. I gave some account of her experience many years ago.<sup>3</sup> From that time her whole life was answerable to her profession, every way holy and unblameable. Frequently she had not bread to eat; but that did not hinder her 'rejoicing evermore.' She had close trials from her poor, apostate husband, in the midst of sharp pain and pining sickness. But she was superior to all; still seeing her Father's hand, and 'in everything giving thanks.' Her death was suitable to her life.

No cloud could arise,  
To darken the skies,

Or hide for a moment her Lord from her eyes.

All was noonday. She praised God with every breath till He took her to Himself.

*Mon. 19.*—I rode to Cradley. Here also the multitude of people obliged me to stand abroad,<sup>4</sup> although the north wind whistled round my head. About one I took the field again at Stourbridge. Many of the hearers were wild as colts untamed;

<sup>1</sup> Where Thomas Rankin and John Helton joined him for his Scottish round (*E.M.P.* vol. v. p. 181).

<sup>2</sup> i.e. West Bromwich. Cf. above, p. 251.

<sup>3</sup> See above, vol. iv. pp. 367, 368.

<sup>4</sup> On Dungeon Head in High Street, next to where the Baptist chapel now stands.



but the bridle was in their mouths. At six I began at Dudley. The air was as cold as I had almost ever felt. But I trust God warmed many hearts.

*Wed. 21.*—I took my leave of Wednesbury at five; preached about ten at Bilston<sup>1</sup>; about one at Bilbrook; and about five in the evening at Wolverhampton.<sup>2</sup> Many here were wild and stupid enough; however, the greater part were deeply attentive.

I now procured an account of two remarkable children, which I think ought not to be buried in oblivion:

About three weeks before Christmas 1768, William Cooper, at Walsall, in Staffordshire, then nine years old, was convinced of sin, and would frequently say he should go to hell, and the devil would fetch him. Sometimes he cried out, 'I hate him.' Being asked, 'Whom?' he answered, with great vehemence, 'God.' This terrified his mother, who, not knowing what was the matter with the child, strove to keep it secret.

But in about a fortnight it pleased God to reveal to him His pardoning love. His mouth was then filled with praise, declaring to all what God had done for his soul.

A few days after Billy was awakened God was pleased to convince his sister Lucy, then eleven years old. He soon put a song of praise into her mouth also, so that they mightily rejoiced together in God their Saviour. At the same time they were both heavily afflicted in their bodies. But so much the more was the power of God manifested, causing them to continue in the triumph of faith, throughout their sharpest pains.

On December 30, one of their sisters coming to see them, Billy told her he had been very ill. 'But,' said he, 'I do not mean in my body, but in my soul: I felt my sins so heavy that I thought I should go to hell; and I saw the devil ready to drag me away. Nay, for a week, I thought myself just in the flames of hell. The sins that troubled me most were, telling lies, and quarrelling with my sister. I saw, if God did not forgive me, I was lost. And I knew quarrelling was as great a sin in Lucy as in me; and if she did not get a pardon, and feel the love of Jesus, she could not go to heaven.'

Lucy said, 'When I heard Mr. A. describe two sorts of people, one

<sup>1</sup> In the house of Samuel Ferriday (*Meth. Rec.* March 21, 1901).

<sup>2</sup> He preached from the doorway of the house of Denman, the printer, in the High Green, now Queen Square.

Amongst those present was Moseley, a drunkard, cockfighter, pugilist, and gambler, who was convinced of sin and became a successful local preacher (*Meth. Rec.* April 3, 1902).

sort washed in the blood of Christ, and the other not, I found I was not; and therefore, if I died so, must go to hell.' Being asked what sin lay most on her conscience, she replied, 'Taking His name in vain, by repeating my prayers when I did not think of God.'

When Billy was confessing that he had loved money, Lucy said, 'And so did I; and was angry if I had not as much as Billy. I loved money more than God, and He might justly have sent me to hell for it.'

When Billy was asked how he knew his sins were forgiven, he answered, 'Christ told me so. I had a great struggle in my heart with the devil and sin, till it pleased Jesus to come into my soul. I now feel His love in my heart, and He tells me He has forgiven my sins.'

Being asked how he did, he replied, 'Happy in Jesus: Jesus is sweet to my soul.' 'Do you choose to live, or die?' He answered, 'Neither. I hope, if I live, I shall praise God; and, if I die, I am sure I shall go to Him; for He has forgiven my sins, and given me His love.'

One asked Lucy how long she had been in the triumph of faith. She answered, 'Only this week. Before I had much to do with Satan; but now Jesus has conquered him for me.' While she was speaking, feeling great pain of body, she said, 'Oh I want more of these pains, more of these pains, to bring me nearer to Jesus!'

One speaking of knowing the voice of Christ, she said, 'The voice of Christ is a strange voice to them who do not know their sins forgiven; but I know it, for He has pardoned all my sins, and given me His love. And oh what a mercy that such a hell-deserving wretch as me, as *me*, should be made to taste of His love!'

Billy had frequent fits. When he found one coming, he, with a smile, laid down his head, saying, 'Oh sweet love!' or, 'Oh sweet Jesus!' And as soon as he came to himself, being asked how he did, he would reply, 'I am happy in the love of Christ.'

When a gentleman said, 'My dear, you could praise God more if it were not for those ugly fits,' he replied, 'Sir, they are not ugly; for my dear Jesus sent them; and He has given me patience to bear them; and He bore more for my sins.'

One night, a gentleman and his wife came to see them; and the gentlewoman, looking on Lucy, said, 'She looks as if nothing was the matter with her; she is so pleasant with her eyes.' She replied, 'I have enough to make me look so; for I am full of the love of God.' While she spoke, her eyes sparkled exceedingly, and the tears flowed down her cheeks. At this Billy smiled, but could not speak; having been speechless for more than an hour. It seemed he was just going into eternity; but the Lord revived him a little; and as soon as he

could speak, he desired to be held up in bed, and looked at the gentleman, who asked him how he did. He answered, 'I am happy in Christ, and I hope you are.' He said, 'I hope I can say I am.' Billy replied, 'Has Christ pardoned your sins?' He said, 'I hope He has.' 'Sir,' said Billy, 'hope will not do; for I had this hope, and yet, if I had died then, I should surely have gone to hell. But He has forgiven me all my sins, and given me a taste of His love. If you have this love, you will know it, and be sure of it; but you cannot know it without the power of God. You may read as many books about Christ as you please' (he was a great reader), 'but if you read all your life, this will only be in your head, and that head will perish. So that, if you have not the love of God in your heart, you will go to hell. But I hope you will not: I will pray to God for you, that He may give you His love.'

Another, coming to see them, inquired how they were. Billy said, 'Happier and happier in Christ: are you so?' He said, 'No: I am not so happy as you.' 'Why,' said Billy, 'what is the matter? I am afraid you do not pray to Christ; for I am sure He is willing to make you happy.'

One who sat by seemed struck with the discourse, but did not speak. Billy, observing her, said, 'And you do not pray as you ought: for, if you had the love of Christ in your heart, you would not look down so. I wish you and every one had it.' One said, 'My dear, would not you give it them if you might?' He answered, 'No; for that would be to take Christ's work out of His hands.'

Many who heard what great things God had done for them said, 'It will not be so with you always. If you should live to come into the world again, He would leave you in the dark.' They answered, 'We do not think so; for our Jesus has promised that He will never leave us.'

A young woman, who had told them so before, speaking in this manner a second time, Billy said to her, 'Miss, are you assured of your interest in Christ?' She answered, 'I hope I am in Christ; but assurance is no way essential.' He replied, 'But if you have His love, you will be sure you have it: you will know it in your heart. I am afraid your hope is only in your head. Do you never quarrel with anybody?' She said, 'No.' 'But,' says he, 'you quarrel with God's word: for He has promised me none shall pluck me out of His hand; and you say the world will: so you make God a story-teller.' At this she went away displeased.

There were few came to see them, when either of them was able to speak, but they inquired into the state of their souls; and, without fear, told them the danger of dying without an assurance of the love of God.

One coming to see them, was talked to very closely by Billy, till she could bear no more. She turned to Lucy, and said, 'You were always good children, and never told stories.' 'Yes, madam,' said Lucy, 'but I did when I was afraid of being beat, and when I said my prayers; for I did not think of God; and I called Him my Father when I was a child of wrath: and as to praying, I could not pray till it pleased Him by His Spirit to show me my sins. And He showed me, we might say as many prayers as we would, and go to church or meeting; yet all this, if we had not Christ for our foundation, would not do.'

When they were asked if they were afraid to die, they always answered, 'No; for what can death do? He can only lay his cold hand upon our bodies.'

One told Lucy, 'Now you may live as you please, since you are sure of going to heaven.' She replied, 'No, I would not sin against my dear Saviour if you would give me this room full of gold.'

On the Monday before he died Billy repeated that hymn with the most triumphant joy:

Come, let us join our cheerful songs  
With angels round the throne.

Afterwards he repeated the Lord's Prayer. The last words he spoke intelligibly were, 'How pleasant it is to be with Christ, for ever and ever—for ever and ever! Amen! Amen! Amen!'

While he lay speechless, there came into the room some who he feared knew not God. He seemed much affected, wept and moaned much, waved his hand, and put it on his sister's mouth; intimating, as she supposed, that she should speak to them. On Wednesday evening, February 1, his happy spirit returned to God. She died soon after.

In the following days<sup>1</sup> I went on slowly, through Staffordshire and Cheshire, to Manchester. In this journey, as well as in many others, I observed a mistake that almost universally prevails; and I desire all travellers to take good notice of it, which may save them both from trouble and danger. Near thirty years ago I was thinking, 'How is it that no horse ever stumbles while I am reading?' (History, poetry, and philosophy I commonly read on horseback, having other employment at other times.) No account can possibly be given but this:

<sup>1</sup> On March 26 he writes from Macclesfield to Miss Bosanquet, indicating his Scotch itinerary, and making allusions to

persons and incidents that no doubt, if fully explained, would be interesting (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 402).

because then I throw the reins on his neck. I then set myself to observe ; and I aver that, in riding above a hundred thousand miles, I scarce ever remember any horse (except two, that would fall head over heels any way) to fall, or make a considerable stumble, while I rode *with a slack rein*. To fancy, therefore, that a tight rein prevents stumbling is a capital blunder. I have repeated the trial more frequently than most men in the kingdom can do. A slack rein will prevent stumbling, if anything will. But in some horses nothing can.

*Thur. 29.*—I preached in the new preaching-house at Rochdale,<sup>1</sup> and on *Saturday* the 31st at Chester.<sup>2</sup>

APRIL 3, *Tues.*—I went on to Liverpool. On *Wednesday* and *Thursday* I read Mr. Sellon's<sup>3</sup> answer to Elisha Coles's book on God's Sovereignty, so plausibly written that it is no wonder so many are deceived thereby.<sup>4</sup>

*Fri. 6.*—I preached in Wigan at noon, and in the evening at Bolton.

*Sun. 8.*—After preaching at eight and one, I hastened on to James Edmundson's, preached to a few serious people, and gave directions to his poor sick daughter, which it is possible may save her life. *Monday* the 9th I rode on to Ambleside<sup>5</sup> ; on *Tuesday* to Whitehaven. Here I found a faintness had spread through all. No wonder, since there had been no morning

<sup>1</sup> In 1760 a room was taken on the site of the present town hall. It is said to have held four hundred persons. Thence the society migrated to Blackwall Lane. The 'new preaching-house' was in Toad Lane. Here the society remained for twenty years. The site is now covered by the Central Stores of the Equitable Pioneers Society. It may have been that during this visit he stayed at Bank House, the home of the Healey family. Mr. Samuel Healey became a noted Methodist in Liverpool. He was the father of the brothers so well known during the nineteenth century (see *W.M. Mag.* 1833, p. 758). It seems necessary to correct the account there given in one respect. The Healeys referred to in Valton's Life (*E.M.P.* vol. vi. p. 56) were evidently a London

family, and probably quite distinct from the Liverpool and Manchester Healeys. For Bank House, see above, vol. iv. p. 16.

<sup>2</sup> On April 1 he wrote to Mrs. Marston (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 494).

<sup>3</sup> Walter Sellon was one of the first masters appointed by Wesley to Kingswood School (1748-50). He was afterwards vicar of Ashby-de-la-Zouch, and, later, rector of Breedon. He vindicated Wesley's actions with a trenchant pen. His confutation of Coles's book was undertaken at Wesley's request. It extends to 360 pages. A copy is in the Conference Office Library.

<sup>4</sup> See above, vol. ii. p. 380; *W.H.S.* vol. iv. p. 176.

<sup>5</sup> For route see De Quincey's *Confessions*, p. 217.

preaching for some months. Yet, every morning I was here, the congregations were as large as they had been for many years.

*Thur. 12.*<sup>1</sup>—I met such a company of children as I have not found within a hundred miles. Several of them appeared to be convinced of sin, five rejoicing in God their Saviour. And, upon inquiry, I found their whole behaviour was suitable to their profession.

*Fri. 13* (being *Good Friday*).—Notice having been given, through mistake, of my preaching at Carlisle, I was obliged to set out from Whitehaven immediately after the morning preaching. I preached in Cockermouth at one, and then rode on to Carlisle. It was here the day of small things, the society consisting but of fifteen members. I preached at six<sup>2</sup>; and as many as could hear behaved with the utmost seriousness. Afterwards I walked to Houghton, a village two miles from Carlisle, and on a hard, clean bed, slept in peace.

*Sat. 14.*—I preached at five to most of the village, though on so short a warning; and at eight in Carlisle. Leaving Mr. Rankin to preach in the evening, I rode on to Longtown; where, finding no better place to screen us from the wind, I stood in a large, broad entry, with a room on either hand. Many crowded in here; the rest stood at the door.

*Sun. 15* (being *Easter Day*).—Joseph Guilford<sup>3</sup> preached at five. At eight I preached in a little square; but at one I was desired to preach in the market-place, where was a far more numerous congregation. Afterwards we took horse, and before eight reached an admirable inn at Dumfries.

*Mon. 16.*—We had a fair morning till we began to climb up Enterkin, one of the highest mountains in the west of Scotland. We then got into a Scotch mist, and were dropping wet before we came to the Leadhills.<sup>4</sup> In the evening we reached Les-

<sup>1</sup> He wrote to Mrs. Elizabeth Bennis (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 389).

<sup>2</sup> He had not preached on an earlier journey through Carlisle. On this occasion a barn in Abbey Street was used for the service. (*W.M. Mag.* 1826, p. 97. See also below, p. 453.)

<sup>3</sup> When in the army Guilford was praying in a meeting of soldiers as the

Duke of Cumberland was passing by. The Duke heard the prayer, and said to those with him, 'Would to God that all the soldiers in the British Army were like these men!'

<sup>4</sup> About 1,300 feet above sea-level, it is the highest village in Scotland. Here Allan Ramsay (1686–1758) author of the 'Gentle Shepherd,' was born.

mahagow, and Glasgow on *Tuesday*, where I spent two days with much satisfaction. I had designed to go straight from hence to Perth; but being desired to take Edinburgh in my way, I rode thither on *Friday*, and endeavoured to confirm those whom many had strove to turn out of the way. What pity is it that the children of God should so zealously do the devil's work! How is it that they are still ignorant of Satan's devices? Lord, what is man?

*Sat. 21.*—Pushing through violent wind and rain, we came to Perth in the afternoon. This evening the Tolbooth contained the congregation, and at eight in the morning. The stormy wind would not suffer me to preach abroad in the evening; so we retired into the court-house, as many as could, and had a solemn and comfortable hour.

*Mon. 23.*—I walked over to Scone,<sup>1</sup> and took another view of that palace of ancient men of renown, long since mouldered into common dust. The buildings, too, are now decaying apace. So passes the dream of human greatness!

*Tues. 24.*—I spent a few agreeable hours with Dr. Oswald,<sup>2</sup> an upright, friendly, sensible man. Such, likewise, I found Mr. Black, the senior minister at Perth, who, soon after, went to Abraham's bosom.

*Wed. 25.*—Taking horse at five, we rode to Dunkeld, the first considerable town in the Highlands. We were agreeably surprised; a pleasanter situation cannot easily be imagined. Afterwards we went some miles on a smooth, delightful road, hanging over the river Tay; and then went on, winding through the mountains, to the Castle of Blair. The mountains, for the next twenty miles, were much higher, and covered with snow. In the evening we came to Dalwhinnie, the dearest inn I have met with in North Britain. In the morning we were informed so much snow had fallen in the night that we could get no farther. And, indeed, three young women, attempting to cross the mountain to Blair, were swallowed up in the snow. However, we resolved, with God's help, to go as far as we could. But about noon we were at a full stop; the snow, driving together on the top of the mountain, had quite blocked

<sup>1</sup> See above, p. 258.

<sup>2</sup> See below, p. 456.

up the road. We dismounted, and, striking out of the road warily, sometimes to the left, sometimes to the right, with many stumbles, but no hurt, we got on to Dalmigavie, and before sunset to Inverness.

Benjamin<sup>1</sup> and William Chappel, who had been here three months, were waiting for a vessel to return to London. They had met a few people every night to sing and pray together; and their behaviour, suitable to their profession, had removed much prejudice.

*Fri. 27.*—I breakfasted with the senior minister, Mr. M'Kenzie,<sup>2</sup> a pious and friendly man. At six in the evening I began preaching in the church, and with very uncommon liberty of spirit. At seven in the morning I preached in the library, a large, commodious room; but it would not contain the congregation: many were constrained to go away. Afterwards I rode over to Fort George, a very regular fortification,<sup>3</sup> capable of containing four thousand men. As I was just taking horse the commanding officer sent word I was welcome to preach. But it was a little too late: I had then but just time to ride back to Inverness.

*Sun. 29.*—At seven, the benches being removed, the library contained us tolerably well; and I am persuaded God shook the hearts of many outside Christians. I preached in the church at five in the afternoon. Mr. Helton designed to preach abroad at seven<sup>4</sup>; but the ministers desired he would preach in the church, which he did, to a large and attentive congregation. Many followed us from the church to our lodgings, with whom I spent some time in prayer, and then advised them, as many as could, to meet together and spend an hour every evening in prayer and useful conversation.

*Mon. 30.*—We set out in a fine morning. A little before we

<sup>1</sup> Benjamin emigrated to Charlotte Town, and was a good Methodist there for more than forty years. He corresponded with Wesley until the time of his death. (*Meth. Mag.* 1816, p. 949; also 1851, p. 837.)

<sup>2</sup> See below, June 8, 1779, and May 11, 1784.

<sup>3</sup> Commenced in 1747, after Culloden. It was one of a series of forts intended

to keep the turbulent Highlands in order.

<sup>4</sup> Burdsall, in his *Life*, p. 184, has an instructive anecdote of Helton, also a good summary account of him and of his leaving Methodism. For Charles Wesley's letter to him, translated from the shorthand papers, see Moore's *Life of Wesley*, vol. ii. pp. 272-3, where also, in a note on p. 274, Moore gives a personal reminiscence of Helton.



reached Nairn we were met by a messenger from the minister, Mr. Dunbar ; who desired I would breakfast with him, and give them a sermon in his church. Afterwards we hastened to Elgin, through a pleasant and well-cultivated country. When we set out from hence the rain began, and poured down till we came to the Spey, the most impetuous river I ever saw. Finding the large boat was in no haste to move, I stepped into a small one, just going off. It whirled us over the stream almost in a minute. I waited at the inn at Fochabers (dark and dirty enough in all reason), till our friends overtook me with the horses. The outside of the inn at Keith was of the same hue, and promised us no great things. But we were agreeably disappointed. We found plenty of everything, and so dried ourselves at leisure.

MAY 1, *Tues.*—I rode on to Aberdeen, and spent the rest of the week there. It fell out well, for the weather was uncommon. We had storms of snow or rain every day. And it seems the weather was the same as far as London. So general a storm has scarce been in the memory of man.

*Sun.* 6.—I preached in the College Kirk, at Old Aberdeen, to a very serious (though mostly genteel) congregation. In the evening I preached at our own room, and early in the morning took my leave of this loving people. We came to Montrose about noon. I had designed to preach there ; but found no notice had been given. However, I went down to the Green, and sung a hymn. People presently flocked from all parts, and God gave me great freedom of speech ; so that I hope we did not meet in vain.

At seven in the evening I preached at Arbroath (properly Aberbrothwick).<sup>1</sup> The whole town seems moved. The congregation was the largest I have seen since we left Inverness ; and the society, though but of nine months' standing, is the largest in the kingdom, next that of Aberdeen.

*Tues.* 8.<sup>2</sup>—I took a view of the small remains of the Abbey.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> For article on the 'Totum Kirkie' at Aberbrothwick, and on the Methodism of the town, see *Meth. Rec.* Winter No., 1905, p. 64. Cf. for spelling below, p. 458. But it ought to be Aberbrothock. It is the scene of Scott's

*Antiquary*, and (the Bell Rock) of Southey's *Inchcape Rock*.

<sup>2</sup> He wrote to Mrs. Jane Barton (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 376).

<sup>3</sup> Built in 1178, it was the largest and richest in Scotland.

I know nothing like it in all North Britain. I paced it, and found it a hundred yards long. The breadth is proportionable. Part of the west end, which is still standing, shows it was full as high as Westminster Abbey. The south end of the cross aisle likewise is standing, near the top of which is a large circular window. The zealous Reformers, they told us, burnt this down. God deliver us from reforming mobs!

I have seen no town in Scotland which increases so fast, or which is built with so much common sense, as this. Two entire new streets, and part of a third, have been built within these two years. They run parallel with each other, and have a row of gardens between them. So that every house has a garden; and thus both health and convenience are consulted.

*Wed. 9.*—I rode on to Dundee. The ministers here, particularly Mr. Small, are bitter enough; notwithstanding which the society is well established, and the congregation exceeding large. I dealt very plainly with them at six, and still more so the next evening; yet none appeared to be offended. *Friday the 11th* I went forward to Edinburgh.

*Sat. 12.*—I received but a melancholy account of the state of things here. The congregations were nearly as usual; but the society which, when I was here before, consisted of above a hundred and sixty members, was now shrunk to about fifty. Such is the fruit of a single preacher's staying a whole year in one place! together with the labours of good Mr. Townsend.<sup>1</sup>

*Sun. 13.*—At seven I preached in the chapel taken by Lady Glenorchy,<sup>2</sup> which stands at a great distance from ours, in the

<sup>1</sup> For an account of Mr. Townsend's work in Edinburgh and of the effect on Wesley's work; of the publication of Hervey's *Theron and Aspasio*, and, later, of Dr. Erskine's edition of *Aspasio Vindicated*; and of the injurious influence of this unhappy controversy upon the work of Methodism in Scotland, see *Life of C. of Huntingdon*, vol. i. p. 410, and Butler's *Wesley and Whitefield in Scotland*. Yet, as Mr. Butler shows, in the long run it was the view of truth presented by Wesley that triumphed even in Scotland. Quoting Wesley's letters to

Lady Maxwell, Jan. 21, and Feb. 26, 1771, Mr. Butler says: 'These letters are sufficient to show the condition of affairs in Scotland, and the battle Wesley had to fight for the larger view of divine truth that is preached to-day, and of which he was then the most outstanding pioneer.'

<sup>2</sup> For the family history of Lady Glenorchy see her *Life*. She admired Wesley, 'hoped he was a child of God,' believed he had been an 'instrument of saving souls,' but differed from him on the doctrine of God's decrees, predestina-

most honourable part of the city. Between twelve and one I preached in the High School yard, it being too stormy to preach on the Castle Hill. A little before six I preached in our chapel,<sup>1</sup> crowded above and below ; but I doubt, with little effect : exceeding few seemed to feel what they heard.

*Mon. 14.*—After ten years' inquiry, I have learned what are the Highlands of Scotland. Some told me, 'The Highlands begin when you cross the Tay'; others, 'when you cross the North Esk'; and others, 'when you cross the river Spey': but all of them missed the mark.<sup>2</sup> For the truth of the matter is, the Highlands are bounded by no river at all, but by cairns, or heaps of stones laid in a row, south-west and north-east, from sea to sea. These formerly divided the kingdom of the Picts from that of the Caledonians, which included all the country north of the cairns, several whereof are still remaining. It takes in Argyleshire, most of Perthshire, Morayshire,<sup>3</sup> with all the north-west counties. This is called the Highlands, because

tion, and the saints' perseverance. In St. Mary's Chapel, which was under her control, Presbyterians, Episcopalians, and Methodists conducted services by turns. She appealed to Wesley for a schoolmaster, an innkeeper, and a minister. He supplied her wants. Nevertheless, before leaving Edinburgh she ignominiously expelled the Methodist preachers from her chapel. With singular inconsistency she appointed her friend Lady Maxwell, who was a staunch Methodist and an Arminian, sole executrix under her will, and the principal manager of her chapels, both in England and across the border. It was some indication of Wesley's broadmindedness, amidst the furious heat of a controversial time, that he selected a pronounced Calvinist, the Rev. Richard De Courcy, who had been an Irish Methodist, of Trinity College, Dublin, as her ladyship's minister. See *Arm. Mag.* 1784, p. 278, for the letter in which Lady Glenorchy asks Wesley for help ; also Tyerman's *Life of Wesley*, vol. iii. pp. 64-5.

<sup>1</sup> In Low Calton.

<sup>2</sup> The 'Highland Line,' or boundary between the Highlands and Lowlands, is an arbitrary 'Line,' which varied at different periods. A detailed description of it will be found in Skene's *Celtic Scotland*, vol. iii. p. 285. With reference to Wesley's 'line of cairns,' a letter written by Henry J. Foster not long before his death may be quoted : 'A great Scottish historian, to whom I got introduction, knew nothing of them [the cairns]. He thought that "somebody was hoaxing Wesley."' Skene, who may be regarded as the highest authority on the subject, makes no allusion to a 'line of cairns' in the detailed description referred to above.

<sup>3</sup> There is no county or town of that name, but 'Moray' was an ancient province that included the counties of Elgin and Nairn, the greater part of Inverness-shire, and part of Banffshire ; and Elginshire, in former times, was occasionally called Morayshire. See A. and C. Black's *Gazetteer*, edited by Bartholomew.

a considerable part of it (though not the whole) is mountainous. But it is not more mountainous than North Wales, nor than many parts of England and Ireland; nor do I believe it has any mountain higher than Snowdon hill, or the Skiddaw<sup>1</sup> in Cumberland. Talking Erse,<sup>2</sup> therefore, is not the thing that distinguishes these from the Lowlands. Neither is this or that river; both the Tay, the Esk, and the Spey running through the Highlands, not south of them.

*Thur.* 17.—At five in the morning I took a solemn leave of our friends at Edinburgh. About eight I preached at Musselburgh, and found some hope there will be a blessing in the remnant. In the evening I preached in the new house at Dunbar, the cheerfullest in the kingdom.

*Fri.* 18.—We rode over to the Earl of Haddington's seat, finely situated between two woods. The house is exceeding large and pleasant, commanding a wide prospect both ways; and the Earl is cutting walks through the woods, smoothing the ground, and much enlarging and beautifying his garden. Yet he is to die! In the evening I trust God broke some of the stony hearts of Dunbar.<sup>3</sup> A little increase here is in the society likewise; and all the members walk unblameably.

*Sat.* 19.—At noon I preached in the town hall at Berwick. Coming to Alnwick in the afternoon, I found that wise and good man, William Coward,<sup>4</sup> had been buried two or three days before. I judged it right to do honour to his memory, by preaching a kind of funeral sermon on 'There is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave, whither thou goest.'

*Sun.* 20.—At seven I preached in the house; at four and at seven in the market-place; but the multitude was so great that I doubt many could not hear. I then met the society, and we seemed to breathe the same spirit with him that was just entered into the joy of his Lord.

<sup>1</sup> Here Wesley is wrong. In Scotland there are fifteen summits higher than Skiddaw, rising to a maximum of 4,406 feet, in Wales six (rising to 3,572 feet). In England Scawfell is higher than Skiddaw.

<sup>2</sup> The more usual term is 'Gaelic,' but Wesley's use of the word Erse for the language of the Gaels or Celts in the Highlands of Scotland was quite correct.

<sup>3</sup> See above, vol. iv. p. 218.

<sup>4</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 219.

*Mon.* 21.—I preached at Morpeth<sup>1</sup> and at Newcastle.<sup>2</sup> On *Wednesday* the 23rd I went over to Sunderland.

*Sat.* 26.—We went by water to North Biddick. The preaching here had been discontinued for many years, as it seemed to be sowing upon the sand; but at length we found the fruit of our labour. Many are both convinced and converted to God. In returning, as we were four large boats in company, we made

The mountains and vales His praises rebound.<sup>3</sup>

So is even the water-language now changed!

*Sun.* 27.—At eight I preached near the Cross in Sunderland to such an assembly as was never seen there before. But I believe that at Gateshead Fell was still larger; as was that at the Castlegarth, in Newcastle.

*Mon.* 28.—I began again the meeting of the children, which had been neglected for some months; and we had a token for good: two or three were cut to the heart, and many seemed much affected.

On *Tuesday* the 29th, and the following days, I took a little circuit through Weardale, Teesdale, and Swaledale. The ten days following I spent in and near Newcastle.

JUNE 11, *Mon.*—I took a cheerful leave of that loving people; about noon preached at Durham; and in the evening, before Mr. Watson's door, to a numerous congregation at Stockton.

*Tues.* 12.—At five I preached in the new house,<sup>4</sup> strangely raised, when the case appeared quite desperate, by God's touching the heart of a man of substance, who bought the ground and built it without delay. I preached at Norton at

<sup>1</sup> Here Thomas Rutherford, afterwards an itinerant, saw Wesley for the first time. 'He was in the pulpit when I went into the chapel. His apostolic and angelic appearance struck me exceedingly. His text was Heb. viii. 10-12: "This is the covenant that I will make," &c. To me he seemed like one of the apostles going about confirming the churches.' See *Meth. Mag.* 1808, p. 437.

<sup>2</sup> This was his head quarters until June 11. His stepdaughter, Jane Vazeille, had been married a year to William Smith, a class-leader, local preacher, and Wesley's chief official in the Orphan House Society. See below, June 20, 1774.

<sup>3</sup> See *W.H.S.* vol. v. p. 179; above, vol. iii. p. 334, iv. p. 445.

<sup>4</sup> Built in the previous year (see *Meth. Mag.* 1824, p. 190).

noon, and afterwards met those who can 'rejoice evermore,' and 'pray without ceasing.' We had another comfortable opportunity at Yarm in the evening, where I found a greater number of those who believe God has enabled them to love Him with all their heart and soul.

*Wed.* 13.<sup>1</sup>—I preached at Harlsey, ten miles from Yarm, and in the evening at Thirsk; *Thursday* the 14th, about two, at Potto; and in the evening at Hutton [Rudby]. Here, as well as elsewhere, those who believe they are saved from sin undergo many trials from their brethren. But so much the more will 'the God of all grace, after' they 'have suffered a while, stablish, strengthen, and settle' them.

*Fri.* 15.—I was agreeably surprised to find the whole road from Thirsk to Stokesley, which used to be extremely bad, better than most turnpikes. The gentlemen had exerted themselves, and raised money enough to mend it effectually. So they have done for several hundred miles in Scotland, and throughout all Connaught in Ireland; and so they undoubtedly might do throughout all England, without saddling the poor people with the vile imposition of turnpikes for ever.

In the afternoon we came to Whitby. Having preached thrice a day for five days, I was willing to preach in the house; but notice had been given of my preaching in the market-place; so I began at six, to a large congregation, most of them deeply attentive.

*Sat.* 16.—I found our preacher, James Brownfield,<sup>2</sup> had just set up for himself. The reasons he gave for leaving the Methodists were (1) that they went to church; (2) that they held Perfection. I earnestly desired our society to leave him to God, and say nothing about him, good or bad. In the afternoon I looked over Dr. Priestley's *English Grammar*. I wonder he would publish it after Bishop Lowth's.

*Sun.* 17.—I met the select society, consisting of sixty-five members. I believe all of these were saved from sin; most of them are still in glorious liberty. Many of them spake with

<sup>1</sup> He wrote to Mrs. Elizabeth Bennis (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 389, and more fully in *The Correspondence of Mrs. E. Bennis*, p. 27).

<sup>2</sup> See extracts from William Ripley's Journal in *Meth. Rec.* Dec. 3, 1908, p. 36. For Ripley see *W.H.S.* vol. vi. pp. 37, 44.

admirable simplicity; and their words were like fire. Immediately the flame kindled, and spread from heart to heart. At eight I preached; at nine met the children, most of whom had known the love of God; and several of them were able still to rejoice in God their Saviour. Almost as soon as I began to speak, God spoke to their hearts, and they were ill able to contain themselves. I observed one little maid in particular, who heaved and strove for some time, till at length she was constrained to yield, and break out into strong cries and tears.

We had a poor sermon at church. However, I went again in the afternoon, remembering the words of Mr. Philip Henry, 'If the preacher does not know his duty, I bless God that I know mine.'

Between one and two I met the bands, being near two-thirds of the society. Their openness was quite surprising, as well as the spirit with which they spoke. One plain woman cried, and spoke, and cried again, so that they were in tears on every side. I suppose, if I could have stayed so long, some or other would have spoke till night.

At five I preached in the market-place again, to a far larger congregation than before. Our lovefeast<sup>1</sup> took up the next two hours, at which many were filled with solemn joy. Afterwards I met a few of the children again, all of whom had tasted that the Lord is gracious. I asked her that cried so violently in the morning, what was the matter with her. She said, 'I was so overwhelmed with the power and love of God that I could not hide it.' When I questioned her farther, she said, 'A quarter of a year ago, one Saturday night, I was quite convinced I was a sinner, and afraid of dropping into hell; but on Sunday I felt the pardoning love of God; yet I had many doubts till Monday evening, when they were all taken away in a moment. After this, I saw and felt the wickedness of my heart, and longed to be delivered from it; and on Sunday I was delivered, and had as clear a witness of this as of my justification. But I was sometimes off my watch; then it was not

<sup>1</sup> John Nelson took part in this lovefeast. 'There was not bread enough to supply the great congregation. William

Ripley went out and procured a quantity of gingerbread' (*Meth. Rec.* Dec. 3, 1908).

so clear ; and people commended me, till, by little and little, I lost it. Indeed I still feel the love of God, but not as I did before.'

*Mon.* 18.—I preached at Robin Hood's Bay about noon ; at Scarborough<sup>1</sup> in the evening. *Wednesday* the 20th I rode to Bridlington,<sup>2</sup> and preached on the quay to many plain and many genteel people. I preached at Hull in the evening ; and the next at Beverley.

*Fri.* 22.—I went on to York, where there is now more life among the people than has been for several years.<sup>3</sup> We found much of the presence of God this evening, and much more the next. One young man was in a violent agony, and could not refrain from crying aloud. Several continued with him in prayer till ten o'clock. He was then filled with joy unspeakable.

*Sun.* 24.<sup>4</sup>—I met the select society at six, and had the pleasure to find that some who had lost the great blessing for months or years, had recovered it with large increase. At eight I preached to a people ready prepared for the Lord. At nine I met the children. At five, by taking out the benches, we made room for the greatest part of the congregation. Afterwards I spent an hour with the society, and so concluded the busy, happy day.

*Mon.* 25.—I preached in Tadcaster at noon, and at Pateley Bridge in the evening. It rained, as usual, all the time ; but the congregation stood as still as the trees ; and God did satisfy the hungry with good things, many of whom have given Him all their heart.

<sup>1</sup> The society in 1768 sent half a guinea to the York Quarterly Meeting. It must have prospered rapidly. See below, p. 473.

<sup>2</sup> Mr. William Robinson in 1769 had removed to Bridlington Quay from North Shields (see the memoirs of the two brothers William and Thomas Robinson, *W.M. Mag.* 1826, pp. 289 and 361). The mother of Thomas Robinson Allan, founder of the Allan Library, was daughter of this Thomas Robinson. The brothers lived to extreme old age, dying in the Bridlington society, beloved and honoured. They introduced Methodism into that part of the country (*Meth. Mag.* 1819, p. 783). On May 22, 1770, Wesley

wrote to one of the brothers as follows : ' I hope to be at Scarborough on Monday, June 18, and on Wednesday the 20th at Hull. If you can show me how to take Burlington [Bridlington] on my way to Hull on the 20th I shall be glad to call on you. Perhaps one of you will see me at Scarborough.'

<sup>3</sup> He attended the York Quarterly Meeting, and appointed William Tomlinson and Thomas Robinson circuit stewards. The division of the Round was discussed. The Conference that met two months later determined to carry it out (*Lyth's Meth. in York*, p. 105).

<sup>4</sup> He wrote to Mr. Merryweather (*Tyerman's Life of Wesley*, vol. iii. p. 83)



*Tues. 26.*—It rained all the time I was preaching at Otley, to a numerous congregation ; and they drank in the words of life, just as the thirsting earth the showers. The next evening I preached in the house at Yeadon, the rain not suffering us to stand abroad.

*Thur. 28.*—I rode to Mr. Sutcliffe's at Hoo Hoyle,<sup>1</sup> a lovely valley encompassed with high mountains. I stood on the smooth grass before his house (which stands on a gently rising ground), and all the people on the slope before me. It was a glorious opportunity. I trust many 'came boldly to the throne,' and found 'grace to help in time of need.'

I can hardly believe that I am this day entered into the sixty-eighth year of my age.<sup>2</sup> How marvellous are the ways of God ! How has He kept me even from a child ! From ten to thirteen or fourteen I had little but bread to eat, and not great plenty of that. I believe this was so far from hurting me, that it laid the foundation of lasting health. When I grew up, in consequence of reading Dr. Cheyne, I chose to eat sparingly, and drink water. This was another great means of continuing my health, till I was about seven-and-twenty. I then began spitting of blood, which continued several years. A warm climate cured this. I was afterwards brought to the brink of death by a fever ; but it left me healthier than before. Eleven years after I was in the third stage of a consumption ; in three months it pleased God to remove this also. Since that time I have known neither pain nor sickness, and am now healthier than I was forty years ago. This hath God wrought !

<sup>1</sup> The first wife of Rev. John Crosse, vicar of Bradford (he was twice married), was the widow of Samuel Sutcliffe of Hoo Hoyle, near Sowerby ; at whose house Wesley, when visiting in that neighbourhood, was generally entertained. She was a lady of great Christian simplicity. (*W.M. Mag.* 1844, p. 102.)

<sup>2</sup> The apparent confusion in this statement simply arises from the change in the calendar. In Sept. 1752 the calendar of Pope Gregory XIII was substituted for the inaccurate calendar of Julius Caesar. Wesley, on June 28, was by the new

calendar sixty-seven years and eleven days old, and he had entered upon his sixty-eighth year. The actual register of his birth and baptism was destroyed in the fire that consumed the Rectory. He was dependent upon a certificate given by his father to the Bishop of Oxford (Dr. Potter) in 1725, and repeated when he was ordained priest by the same bishop. Adam Clarke copied S. Wesley's certificate of John's baptism into the Wesley Diary of 1782-90. See MS. Diary in Conference Office, also *Wesley Studies*, p. 19.

On *Friday* and *Saturday* I preached at Heptonstall, Colne, and Keighley.<sup>1</sup>

JULY 1, *Sun.*—Being much concerned for the poor parishioners of Haworth, who hear and hear, and are no more affected than stones, I spoke to them in the most cutting manner I could. May God apply it to their hearts!

On *Monday* and *Tuesday* I preached at Bingley and Bradford; and *Wednesday* the 4th rode to Halifax. Here I had an opportunity of inquiring thoroughly into a very extraordinary case. On January 26, 1760, a young woman<sup>2</sup> of two-and-twenty felt, in the evening, an uncommon coldness at her feet. Presently after she was seized with convulsions. The disorder from that time attended her, more or less, every day, in spite of all the medicines which were administered by the most skilful physicians. One of her fits began a little before we went in. At first she fell back in her chair, seemingly senseless, and wrought (like one strangled) in her breast and throat. In two or three minutes she sprung up, turned round many times, then dropped down, and began beating her head against the stone floor. Quickly she started up, leaped right upwards many times; then ran to and fro with a hundred odd gesticulations. She beat herself on the head, tore her hair, and attempted to run into the fire. Being put into a chair, she spoke a good deal, but not articulately. She was convulsed again from head to foot; and afterwards said wildly, 'Where am I? Who are these? I want my father. I *will* go to my father.' In about an hour she came to her senses.

I should have imagined the physicians would have supposed all this to be counterfeit. But it seems one and all thought that could not be, as she could have no motive to feign, since she gained nothing thereby, living upon the fruit of her own and her father's labour. And many of the circumstances could not be accounted for upon that supposition. Such were her tears,

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<sup>1</sup> The Haworth Round at this period extended from Otley to Whitehaven, a distance of a hundred and twenty miles (Tyerman's *Life of Wesley*, vol. iii. p. 68).

<sup>2</sup> She was the daughter of one Zechariah Simpson; her name was Sally, and the

family resided in the fold or yard adjoining the Ring of Bells public-house. For a circumstantial account of this strange case, from an authentic source, see a note by J. M. Walker (*Hist. of Meth. in Halifax*, p. 118).

her foaming at the mouth, her tearing her hair, striking herself, and beating her head against the stones ; her strong convulsions ; and, what none can well conceive unless he saw it, the change of her countenance, which was horrid and dreadful, yea, diabolical, as long as the fits were upon her, but was remarkably pretty and agreeable as soon as she came to herself.

When old Dr. Alexander<sup>1</sup> was asked what her disorder was, he answered, 'It is what formerly they would have called being bewitched.' And why should they not call it so now? Because the infidels have hooted witchcraft out of the world ; and the complaisant Christians, in large numbers, have joined with them in the cry. I do not so much wonder at this—that many of these should herein talk like infidels. But I have sometimes been inclined to wonder at the pert, saucy, indecent manner wherein some of those trample upon men far wiser than themselves ; at their speaking so dogmatically against what not only the whole world, heathen and Christian, believed in past ages, but thousands, learned as well as unlearned, firmly believe at this day. I instance in Dr. Smollett and Mr. Guthrie, whose manner of speaking concerning witchcraft must be extremely offensive to every sensible man who cannot give up his Bible.

*Thur. 5.*—I preached at six at Dawgreen, near Dewsbury. All things contributed to make it a refreshing season: the gently-declining sun, the stillness of the evening, the beauty of the meadows and fields, through which

'The smooth, clear 'river drew its sinuous train' ;

the opposite hills and woods, and the earnestness of the people, covering the top of the hill on which we stood ; and, above all, the day-spring from on high, the consolation of the Holy One!<sup>2</sup>

*Sat. 7.*—I rode to Miss Bosanquet's.<sup>3</sup> Her family is still a

<sup>1</sup> In 1913 there was still a Dr. Alexander practising in Halifax, the great-great-grandson of 'Old Dr. Alexander' and sixth in direct succession to follow the practice of medicine (*W.H.S.* vol. vi. pp. 147-8).

<sup>2</sup> On July 6 he wrote to 'A Member' (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 287).

<sup>3</sup> She had removed from Leytonstone in Essex to Cross Hall in Yorkshire, about two miles from Batley near Leeds. Her family consisted of orphan children, whom she supported from her own resources, also of a few Christian ladies like-minded with herself. (*Moore's Life of Mrs. Fletcher*, pp. 76 ff.)

pattern and a general blessing to the country. *Sunday* the 8th I preached at Whitechapel, Birstall, and Leeds, at each to as many as my voice could reach.

*Mon.* 9.—About noon I preached at Woodhouse,<sup>1</sup> a village near Leeds, where a flame is suddenly broke out. Few days pass without fresh displays of the grace of God converting sinners to Himself; and a spirit of childlike, simple love runs through the whole body of the people.

*Tues.* 10.—I rode to Harewood, and preached to a large congregation of the same spirit with that at Woodhouse. Here, too, the word of God runs swiftly; many are convinced, and many converted to God.

*Wed.* 11.—I rode to Doncaster, and preached at noon in the new house,<sup>2</sup> one of the neatest in England. It was sufficiently crowded, and (what is more strange) with serious and attentive hearers. What was more unlikely, some years since, than that such a house or such a congregation should be seen here! In the evening I preached at Finningley. The church was filled; but I fear few *felt* the word.

*Thur.* 12.—I preached at Epworth.

*Fri.* 13.<sup>3</sup>—We rode through heavy rain to Newton-upon-Trent. The weather clearing up, I preached before the house to an earnest congregation. A people more loving, more art-

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<sup>1</sup> In 1756 there was preaching in a dwelling-house at the north-west end of the Moor. Thomas Garforth was leader of the class, and is remembered as the father of Methodism in Woodhouse. The death of the tenant of the house compelled Thomas Garforth to remove his class to the house of a widow named Driver. In 1769 the first chapel was erected at Woodhouse, at the entire expense of Mr. Garforth. It was opened by William Thompson, who was elected President of the first Conference after Wesley's death. For this and the subsequent history of Woodhouse Methodism see *W.M. Mag.* 1840, p. 1044.

<sup>2</sup> Mr. Hampson the elder preached the first Methodist sermon in Doncaster, in a common lodging-house in Marsh-

gate, kept by Elizabeth Riley, a poor, eminently pious woman. She was one of the first members. In 1763 Wesley preached there for the first time. The ground for the first preaching-house was purchased in St. Sepulchre Gate. See, for an interesting account by W. W. Stamp, *W.M. Mag.* 1828, p. 738; see also *Meth. Rec.* April 28, 1904.

<sup>3</sup> Sarah Crosby, writing on this date to Miss Bosanquet, refers to Wesley's work in Leeds: 'I never heard him preach better, if so well. In every sermon he set forth Christian Perfection in the most beautiful light.' After referring to the fearlessness of Thomas Rankin, she adds: 'I believe there has not been such a time at Leeds for many years.' Tyerman's *Wesley*, vol. iii. p. 68.

less, or more athirst for God, I have seldom seen. Taking horse about eleven, we rode, broiling in the sun, through Lincoln to Horncastle. Our brethren desiring me to preach in the market-place, I cried to an unbroken multitude, 'What is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?' The power of God was upon them, and they all calmly attended, till I commended them to God. This was the first day that I have been weary (the violent heat drinking up my spirits) since I set out from London.

*Sat.* 14.—In another sultry day we rode to Louth, formerly another den of lions. At first great part of the congregation seemed to 'care for none of these things.' But God made them care; the Lord looked down from heaven, and 'His arrows went abroad.' I have seldom seen persons more sensibly struck. They gathered closer and closer together, till there was not one inattentive hearer, and hardly one unaffected. In riding hence the heat was as intense as ever; so that I was again tired before we reached Grimsby. But I soon recovered, and preached, to a congregation of good old Methodists, on Daniel in the den of lions.

*Sun.* 15.—I preached at eight, and again at two, and then hastened away to Barrow. The people here much resembled those at Horncastle. So I would not take them out of their depth, but explained and enforced these solemn words, 'It is appointed unto men once to die.'

*Mon.* 16.—At nine I preached in Alkborough, to a people of quite another kind. So I spoke to them directly of 'Christ Crucified,' and the salvation which is through Him. About noon I preached to a people of the same spirit at Amcotts. In the evening, the house at Swinefleet not being able to contain a third of the congregation, I preached on a smooth, green place, sheltered from the wind, on Heb. vii. 25. Many rejoiced to hear of being 'saved to the uttermost,' the very thing which their souls longed after.

*Tues.* 17.—I preached in the market-place at Thorne. All were quiet, and tolerably attentive.

*Wed.* 18.—About noon I preached at Crowle. This is the place the former rector of which, contemporary with my father, ordered those words to be inscribed upon his tombstone :

Here lies the Body  
OF  
SOLOMON ASHBURN,<sup>1</sup>  
FORTY YEARS RECTOR OF THIS PARISH.

'All the day long have I stretched out my hands  
Unto a disobedient and gainsaying people.  
So I gave them up unto their own hearts' lusts,  
And let them follow their own imaginations.'

They *did* follow them for many years ; but at length God hath visited them.

*Friday* and *Saturday* I spent at Epworth. *Sunday* the 22nd, about eight, I preached at Misterton ; at one about half a mile from Haxey Church ; and at five on Epworth Cross, to the largest congregation in Lincolnshire, on 'I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ.'

*Mon.* 23.—I preached at Doncaster and Rotherham ; on *Tuesday* and *Wednesday* at Sheffield. On *Wednesday* evening my heart was so enlarged that I knew not how to leave off. Do some say, 'I preach longer than usual when I am barren?' It is quite the contrary with me. I never exceed but when I am full of matter ; and still I consider it may not be with my audience as with me. So that it is strange if I exceed my time above a quarter of an hour.

On *Thursday* and *Friday*<sup>2</sup> I preached at Crich, Derby, Burton-upon-Trent, and Ashby.

*Sat.* 28.—I rode to Castle Donington ; but hay-making had emptied the town till a violent shower brought all the hay-makers home, who received the good word with gladness.

At seven I preached in Nottingham<sup>3</sup> ; *Sunday* the 29th at

<sup>1</sup> See below, July 12, 1779, where he gives a more exact and circumstantial version of the inscription. It has been noted that the first two lines as here given were actually placed upon Fletcher's monument at Madeley. Solomon Ashburn graduated at Cambridge, A.B. 1663, A.M. 1667. There is another variant of the inscription in Stonehouse's *Isle of Axholme*. The words quoted are only said to have been 'ordered to be inscribed.'

<sup>2</sup> On July 27 he wrote to Mrs. Eliza-

beth Bennis (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 390; and more fully in the *Correspondence of Mrs. Bennis*, p. 30); and near this date to Mr. Merryweather from Nottingham (*Meth. Rec.* Winter No., 1894, p. 94).

<sup>3</sup> See Harwood's *Hist. of Meth. in Nottingham*, pp. 40, 41. He seems to have paid this special visit to Nottingham on the invitation of the father of Zechariah and Dr. Henry Taft, both of whom entered the ministry of the Methodist Church. See *Memoir of Dr. Taft*, p. 5.

Sandiacre, where God was eminently present. At five in the evening I went to the market-place in Nottingham. Thousands upon thousands flocked together ; and all were still as night, while I opened and applied ' I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ.' We closed the day with a lovefeast, during which four mourners found peace with God ; two of them could not avoid declaring it in the presence of all their brethren.

*Mon. 30.*—I preached at Bingham,<sup>1</sup> ten miles from Nottingham. I really admired the exquisite stupidity of the people. They gaped and stared while I was speaking of death and judgement, as if they had never heard of such things before. And they were not helped by two surly, ill-mannered clergymen, who seemed to be just as wise as themselves. The congregation at Hoton in the evening was more noble, behaving with the utmost decency.

*Tues. 31.*—At nine I preached in the market-place at Loughborough, to almost as large a congregation as at Nottingham, and equally attentive. Thence I rode to Markfield. Notwithstanding the harvest, the church was quickly filled. And great was our rejoicing in our great High-priest, through whom we 'came boldly to the throne of grace.' In the evening I preached in the Castleyard at Leicester to a multitude of awakened and unawakened. One feeble attempt was made to disturb them ; a man was sent to cry 'fresh salmon' at a little distance ; but he might as well have spared the pains, for none took the least notice of him.

*AUG. 1, Wed.*—I rode to Northampton. It being still extremely hot, I determined not to be cooped up, but took my stand on the side of the Common, and cried aloud to a large

<sup>1</sup> A local annalist says that William Huckerby was the means of inducing Wesley to turn aside to visit Bingham. William Huckerby was the first Methodist of any influence in the town, and was chiefly instrumental in building the first preaching-place (his obituary notice says that he built it, and in his own house entertained Wesley, Brackenbury, 'and other esteemed fathers of our body'). The preaching-house was a room

up 'Huckerby's Yard,' off Market Street, which was afterwards the County Court office. It was a small building seating fifty persons. Of the second room no trace is left. Huckerby died in 1836, in his ninetieth year, having been for more than seventy years an irreproachable member of the Methodist society and for sixty-three years a class-leader and trustee. See *W.M. Mag.* 1836, p. 966, and 1906, p. 607.

multitude of rich and poor, 'Acquaint thyself now with Him, and be at peace.'

*Thur. 2.*—Some friends from London met us at St. Albans. Before dinner we took a walk in the Abbey,<sup>1</sup> one of the most ancient buildings in the kingdom, near a thousand years old; and one of the largest, being five hundred and sixty feet in length (considerably more than Westminster Abbey), and broad and high in proportion. Near the east end is the tomb and vault of 'good Duke Humphrey.' Some now living remember since his body was entire. But after the coffin was opened, so many were curious to taste the liquor in which it was preserved that in a little time the corpse was left bare, and then soon mouldered away. A few bones are now all that remain. How little is the spirit concerned at this!<sup>2</sup>

*Sunday* the 5th, and for five or six days this week, the heat was as great as I remember in Georgia.

*Tues. 7.*—Our Conference<sup>3</sup> began, and ended on *Friday* the

<sup>1</sup> Offa reared a Benedictine monastery here in 793 in memory of the first English martyr. 'In happier days, a few years after the martyrdom of St. Alban, under Constantine, a church had been erected on the site.' See Nye, *The Church and her Story*. But the church which Wesley saw dates from 1115. The length is 550 ft. 1 $\frac{1}{4}$  in., being 61 ft. longer than Westminster Abbey, and only 7 ft. shorter than Winchester Cathedral. The skeleton was discovered in 1703. The title 'Good Duke Humphrey' is from Shakespeare, 2 Henry VI. Act i. sc. 1.

<sup>2</sup> On Aug. 4, he wrote from London to Mrs. Gains (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 509).

<sup>3</sup> The twenty-seventh. It was mainly, though by no means exclusively, concerned with the question of Antinomian Calvinism. The Minutes, with great clearness and precision, state the Methodist position in relation to the extreme form of Calvinism which was playing havoc in all the Methodist borders, and also in the most fruitful pastures of the Church of England, of the dissenting congregations in England, and of the

Presbyterian Churches in Scotland. See *Octavo Minutes*, vol. i. pp. 95, 96; also Henry Moore's *Life of Wesley*, vol. ii. pp. 227, 233, and Tyerman's *Life of Wesley*, vol. iii. pp. 70-75. Reading these Minutes in the light of modern evangelical opinion, we have difficulty in understanding why they should have created so great a sensation, resulting in a disastrous controversy. Whitefield, it must be remembered, Howell Harris, and leading evangelical clergy who formed a special circle around the Countess of Huntingdon, were from the first Calvinists. The Wesleys, John Fletcher, Walter Sellon, and the great majority of the Methodist itinerants, were Arminians. Wesley himself, anxious to preserve the unity of spirit which he and Lady Huntingdon believed to be all-important if the Evangelical Revival was to accomplish its purpose, more than once tried to meet his friends at a sort of half-way house; 'but,' as Tyerman truly says, 'the attempt was dangerous; it exposed Wesley to suspicion, and it issued in a failure.' Wesley, and all those who sympathized with his position



10th.<sup>1</sup> On *Sunday* evening I set out in the machine, and the next evening preached at Bristol.

*Sat.* 18.—I gave a solemn warning to a large congregation on Redcliff hill, from those awful words, 'The time is come that judgement must begin at the house of God.' Surely it will; unless a general repentance prevent a general visitation.

*Mon.* 20.—I rode to Charlton. The violent heat continuing, I preached in the evening under a tree to a congregation who were all attention.

*Tuesday,* 21.—I rode on to Tiverton, and thence through Launceston, Camelford, Port Isaac, Cubert, St. Agnes, and Redruth, to St. Ives. Here God has made all our enemies to be at peace with us, so that I might have preached in any part of the town; but I rather chose a meadow, where such as would might sit down, either on the grass or on the hedges—so the Cornish term their broad stone walls—which are usually covered with grass. Here I enforced 'Fear God and keep His commandments, for this is the whole of man.'

and work, had now come to realize the terrible danger of Antinomian Calvinism. It was at this juncture that John Fletcher came so prominently to the front. No one more keenly realized the danger than he. To him Calvinism, as taught by the leaders on the other side, was a 'fatal delusion.' The doctrines of the Bible, of the Reformation, and of the Church of England were now preached, as Henry Moore says, in almost every part of the land. And, to use the words of Fletcher, describing the 'practical Christianity' which was the result of the Methodist revival, 'Leaning on her fair daughters, Truth and Love, she took a solemn walk through the kingdom, and gave a foretaste of heaven to all that entertained her.' The peril which now everywhere confronted the high work of Methodism he describes in equally striking terms: 'She might, by this time, have turned this favourite isle into a land flowing with spiritual milk and honey, if Apollyon, disguised in his angelic robes, had not played, and did not continue to play, his old Antinomian game.' The

controversy that followed the publication of the *Minutes*, to be understood, must be studied in the original documents. It was opened by a circular letter written by Walter Shirley, on behalf of Lady Huntingdon and other Christian friends, proposing a meeting at Bristol at the time of Wesley's next Conference. Shirley urged that clergy and laity who disapproved of the *Minutes* should 'go in a body to the said Conference, and insist upon a formal recantation of the said *Minutes*.' This letter led John Fletcher to place his services at the disposal of Wesley for the conflict which he saw was now inevitable. It was the opening of a memorable theological campaign. Compare also the letter Wesley wrote to Lady Huntingdon June 19, 1771 (*Arm. Mag.* 1797, p. 563); also a letter written by Vincent Perronet to Wesley on July 9, 1771, published in the *Wesley Banner*, vol. i. p. 125.

<sup>1</sup> On Aug. 11 he wrote to Mrs. Marston (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 495), and to Mr. Merryweather (Tyerman's *Life of Wesley*, vol. iii. p. 70).

*Sun. 26.*—Being desired to preach in the town, for the sake of some who could not come up the hill, I began near the market-place at eight on 'Without holiness no man shall see the Lord.' We had a useful sermon at church, and another in the afternoon, delivered in a strong and earnest manner. At five I preached again. Wellnigh all the town were present, and thousands from all parts of the country; to whom I explained 'The Son of God was manifested to destroy the works of the devil.'

*Mon. 27.*—I was surprised to find that the select society had been wholly neglected. I got a few of them together; but did not find so much as one who had not given up his confidence. At nine I renewed the meeting of the children, which had also been given up for a long season. But so dead a company have I seldom seen. I found scarce one spark of even the fear of God among them.

In the evening I preached before the house at St. Just on 'I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God.' It was a glorious hour. The same spirit breathed upon us at the meeting of the society. At such a season who does not feel that nothing is too hard for God?

On *Tuesday* and *Wednesday* I preached at Newlyn, Goldsithney, and St. John's. *Thursday* the 30th I rode to Falmouth,<sup>1</sup> and preached at two in the afternoon near the church, to a greater number of people than I ever saw there before, except the mob, five-and-twenty years ago. I preached at Penryn in the evening; *Friday* noon in Crowan; in the evening at Trewergy, near Redruth.

Here I met with an ingenious book, the late Lord Lyttelton's<sup>2</sup> *Dialogues of the Dead*. A great part of it I could heartily subscribe to, though not to every word. I believe Madam Guyon was in several mistakes, speculative and practical too. Yet I would no more dare to call her, than her friend Archbishop

<sup>1</sup> Where he would find a host in Martin Martin, who for half a century served Methodism as a local preacher, and of whom it was said, 'Some of the first Methodist preachers found the kindest reception under his roof, when there were but few to receive them' (*W.M. Mag.* 1825, p. 429).

<sup>2</sup> The friend of Pope, and a liberal

patron of literature (1709-73). He was known as the good Lord Lyttelton, and was the author of a tract on *The Conversion of St. Paul* (for which the University of Oxford offered him a degree, which he declined), and a *History of Henry II.* In 1756 he became Chancellor of the Exchequer. He was the first Lord Lyttelton. See *W.H.S.* vol. iv, p. 176.

Fénelon, 'a distracted enthusiast.' She was undoubtedly a woman of a very uncommon understanding, and of excellent piety. Nor was she any more 'a lunatic' than she was a heretic.<sup>2</sup>

Another of this lively writer's assertions is: 'Martin has spawned a strange brood of fellows, called Methodists, Moravians, Hutchinsonians, who are madder than Jack was in his worst days.'<sup>3</sup> I would ask any one who knows what good breeding means, Is this language for a nobleman, or a porter? But let the language be as it may, is the sentiment just? To say nothing of the Methodists (although some of them, too, are not quite out of their senses), could his lordship show me in England many more sensible men than Mr. Gambold and Mr. Okeley?<sup>4</sup> And yet both of these were called Moravians. Or could he point out many men of stronger and deeper understanding than Dr. Horne and Mr. William Jones? (if he could pardon them for believing the Trinity!) And yet both of these are Hutchinsonians. What pity is it that so ingenious a man, like many others gone before him, should pass so peremptory a sentence in a cause which he does not understand! Indeed, how could he understand it? How much has he read upon the question? What sensible Methodist, Moravian, or Hutchinsonian did he ever calmly converse with? What does he know of them, but from the caricaturas<sup>5</sup> drawn by Bishop Lavington or Bishop Warburton?<sup>6</sup> And did he ever

<sup>1</sup> In Dialogue 3 Plato expresses to Fénelon his surprise 'that a man so superior to all other follies could give in to the reveries of a Madam Guyon, a distracted enthusiast,' and says how strange it was to see 'the two great lights of France . . . engaged in a controversy whether a mad woman was a heretic or a saint.'

<sup>2</sup> Though her work was denounced by the S.P.C.K.

<sup>3</sup> Dialogue 4, between Addison and Swift. In Swift's *Tale of a Tub* the three brothers, Peter, Martin, and Jack, represent the Roman Catholic, the Anglican, and the Puritanical [*John Calvin*] types of Christianity. See *W.H.S.* vol. v. p. 120.

<sup>4</sup> Francis Okeley was educated at the

Charterhouse, and at St. John's, Cambridge. He intended to take Anglican orders, but as an ordained Moravian deacon. As such the bishop refused to ordain him, and he remained to the end a Moravian minister of Bedford. He was versed in old German literature, and was an admirer of Behmen and Law. (See article by J. A. Sharp, in *Bedford Monthly Meth. Mag.*, March 1894.) A letter from Okeley to Wesley, written in 1772, was published in the *Arm. Mag.* 1785, p. 552. See also above, vol. iv. pp. 254, 256-7.

<sup>5</sup> Formerly spelt thus (Century Dictionary).

<sup>6</sup> In *The Spectator*, No. 537.

give himself the trouble of reading the answers to those warm, lively men? Why should a good-natured and a thinking man thus condemn whole bodies of men by the lump? In this I can neither read the gentleman, the scholar, nor the Christian.

(Since the writing of this, Lord Lyttelton is no more; he is mingled with common dust.<sup>1</sup> But, as his book survives, there still needs an answer to the unjust reflections contained therein.)

SEPT. 1, *Sat.*—I took a walk to the top of that celebrated hill, Carn Brea. Here are many monuments of remote antiquity, scarce to be found in any other part of Europe: Druid altars of enormous size, being only huge rocks, strangely suspended one upon the other; and rock-basins, hollowed on the surface of the rock, it is supposed, to contain the holy water. It is probable these are at least coeval with Pompey's Theatre, if not with the Pyramids of Egypt.<sup>2</sup> And what are they the better for this? Of what consequence is it either to the dead or the living whether they have withstood the wastes of time for three thousand or three hundred years?

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<sup>1</sup> He died in 1773; and the fifteenth number of the Journal was published in 1774.

<sup>2</sup> Wesley had read Borlase's *Antiquities of Cornwall*, in which Carn Brea is

spoken of in the language here used; but later authorities see the vestiges of convulsions in nature rather than the worship of the Druids.

PART THE SIXTEENTH

THE JOURNAL

FROM SEPTEMBER 2, 1770, TO SEPTEMBER 12, 1773

*In these volumes we see George Whitefield through Wesley's eyes. The two men were friends, and their friendship was all the more helpful to themselves, as well as the more interesting to students, because in so many respects they differed. Always on one subject or another they disagreed, and sometimes quarrelled. The most extraordinary fact about Whitefield, and one that Wesley apparently never understood, was his adoption of Calvinistic opinions. In one so emotional, and with such reserves of affection, whose mission was to the multitudes in a world-wide parish, we should have expected intolerance of limitations. Probably, as in the case of his friend Lady Huntingdon, the atmosphere created by Moravian and Evangelical Church clergy accounted for it. He also may have been influenced more than he knew, and certainly more than Wesley ever was, by New England Puritanism and Scottish Presbyterianism. Whitefield's popularity survived the infirmities of premature age, and outlived the chilling influence of controversy and failure. His greatest triumph crowned the last day of his life. Greatly as Wesley admired the indefatigable labours and the dauntless courage of his friend, he was most of all impressed by the sincerity of his piety and by the catholicity of his spirit. He was a many-sided man: 'He loved privacy, but always lived in public; he was the foremost philanthropist of his time, but owned fifty slaves to maintain his orphans, and bequeathed them in his will to Lady Huntingdon in trust for the same use; he was slim in person, but occasionally stormed in his preaching as if he were a giant; he was weak, but worked to the last, and crowded a long life into a short one; he was the favourite preacher of colliers and London roughs, but was an equal favourite of peers and scholars; he believed in a limited atonement for sin, but proclaimed the love of God with a tenderness which made all feel that Christ had died for them; he was a clergyman of the Church of England, and also practically an Independent minister, but, at his own request, lies buried in a Presbyterian church; he was a Calvinist in doctrine, but chose an Arminian to preach his funeral sermon. (Gledstone's 'George Whitefield, M.A.,' p. 342.)*

## THE JOURNAL

*From September 2, 1770, to September 12, 1773*

SEPT. 2, *Sun.*—At five in the evening I preached in the natural amphitheatre at Gwennap.<sup>1</sup> The people covered a circle of near fourscore yards' diameter, and could not be fewer than twenty thousand. Yet, upon inquiry, I found they could all hear distinctly, it being a calm, still evening.

*Mon.* 3.—Between eight and nine, while I was preaching at Truro, we had only a few light showers; although, a few miles off, there was impetuous rain, with violent thunder and lightning. About noon I preached at Mevagissey, in a vacant space near the middle of the town, and strongly applied those words, 'Turn ye, turn ye, from your evil ways; for why will ye die, O house of Israel?' At six I stood at the head of the street in St. Austell, and enforced, on a large and quiet congregation, 'Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and Him only shalt thou serve.'

After visiting Medrose, Plymouth, and Cullompton, I came on *Friday* the 7th to Taunton. Presently after preaching, I took horse. The rain obliged us to make haste; but in a while the saddle came over his neck, and then turned under his belly. I had then only to throw myself off, or I must have fallen under him. I was a little bruised, but soon mounted again, and rode to Lympsham, and the next day to Bristol.

<sup>1</sup> The 'Gwennap Pit' of a later date scarcely answers to Wesley's descriptions. It is now, apparently, an artificial circular hollow terraced round with seats, tier above tier. The estimate of twenty thousand hearers in the Pit, as it now is, is physically impossible. Many have thought, after careful investigation, that much may be said in support of Wesley's measurements and calculations.

See an interesting article in *W.H.S.* vol. iv. p. 86. In 1806 repair and reconstruction took place, with the formation of twelve terraced steps 4 ft. wide for seating; the old shafts were filled in and the road diverted. It was reopened on Whit-Monday, June 18, 1807, and has been used continuously for preaching on Whit-Monday ever since. See above, p. 187.

*Sun.* 9.—My voice was weak when I preached at Prince Street in the morning. It was stronger at two in the afternoon, while I was preaching under the sycamore-tree in Kingswood; and strongest of all at five in the evening, when we assembled near King Square in Bristol.

*Tues.* 11.—In the evening I preached at Frome; but not abroad, as I designed, because of the rain. The next evening I preached in the adjoining meadow, to as quiet a congregation as that in the house.<sup>1</sup>

*Sun.* 16.—The appointed preacher not coming in time, I preached myself at five; at eight in Prince Street, at two in Kingswood, and near King Square at five in the evening.

It was the day before (*Saturday* the 15th) that I first observed a very uncommon concern in the children at Kingswood School<sup>2</sup> while I was explaining and enforcing upon them the first principles of religion.

*Tues.* 18.—Most of them went to see the body of Francis Evans, one of our neighbours, who died two or three days before. About seven Mr. Hindmarsh met them all in the school, and gave an exhortation suited to the occasion. He then gave out that hymn:

And am I born to die,  
To lay this body down?  
And must my trembling spirit fly  
Into a world unknown?<sup>3</sup>

This increased their concern; so that it was with great difficulty they contained themselves till he began to pray. Then Al[exande]r M[athe]r and R[ichard] N[oble] cried aloud for mercy; and quickly another and another, till all but two or three were constrained to do the same; and, as long as he continued to pray, they continued the same loud and bitter cry. One of the maids, Elizabeth Nutt, was as deeply convinced as any of them. After prayer, Mr. H[indmarsh] said, 'Those of

<sup>1</sup> On Sept. 15 he wrote to 'A Member of the Society' (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 288).

<sup>2</sup> For an earlier revival among the Kingswood boys, and for the Hindmarsh family, see above, pp. 258-60.

<sup>3</sup> Hymn 43 (1875 ed.): from C. Wesley's

*Hymns for Children*, No. LIX. Marlowe's *Edward II*:

To die, sweet Spenser, therefore live we all.

Drummond of Hawthornden:

If I, when I was born, was born to die.



you who are resolved to serve God may go and pray together.' Fifteen of them did so, and continued wrestling with God, with strong cries and tears, till about nine o'clock.

*Wed. 19.*—At the morning prayer many of them cried out again, though not so violently. From this time their whole spirit and behaviour were changed. They were all serious and loving to each other. The same seriousness and mildness continued on *Thursday*; and they walked together, talking only of the things of God. On *Friday* evening their concern greatly increased, and caused them to break out again into strong cries.

*Sat. 22.*—They seemed to lose none of their concern, and spent all their spare time in prayer.

*Sun. 23.*<sup>1</sup>—Fifteen of them gave me their names; being resolved, they said, to serve God. In the afternoon I gave them a strong exhortation, and afterward Mr. Rankin. Their very countenances were entirely changed. They drank in every word.

*Tues. 25.*—During the time of prayer in the evening they were affected just as the Tuesday before. The two other maids were then present, and were both cut to the heart.

*Wed. 26.*—I rode [says Mr. Rankin] in the afternoon to Kingswood, and went upstairs in order to retire a little. But when I came up I heard one of the boys at prayer in an adjoining room. I listened awhile, and was exceedingly struck with many of his expressions. When he ceased I went in, and found two others with him. Just then three more came in. I went to prayer. The Lord seemed to rest upon them all, and pierced their hearts with deep conviction. The next morning I spent some time with all the children, and then desired those who were resolved to save their souls to come upstairs with me. I went up, and nine of the children followed me, who said they were determined to 'flee from the wrath to come.' I exhorted them never to rest till they found peace with God; and then sung and prayed. The power of God came down in so wonderful a manner that my voice was drowned by their cries. When I concluded, one of them broke out into prayer in a manner that quite astonished me; and, during the whole day, a peculiar spirit of seriousness rested on all the children.

After spending some time in the school on Friday, I desired those

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<sup>1</sup> On this date he wrote to Joseph Thompson (*Wesley Banner*, vol. iii. p. 229).

I had spoke to the day before to follow me ; which they did, and one more. I pressed each of them severally not to rest till he had a clear sense of the pardoning love of God. I then prayed, and the Lord poured out His Spirit as the day before ; so that, in a few minutes, my voice could not be heard amidst their cries and groans.

On Friday 28 [says Mr. Hindmarsh] when I came out into the ground, ten of the children quickly gathered round about me, earnestly asking what they must do to be saved. Nor could I disengage myself from them till the bell rang for dinner. All this time we observed the children who were most affected learned faster and better than any of the rest.

In the evening I explained to all the children the nature of the Lord's Supper. I then met twelve of them apart, and spoke to them particularly. When I asked one of them, Simon Lloyd, 'What do you want to make you happy?' after a little pause he answered, 'God.' We went to prayer. Presently a cry arose from one and another, till it ran through all, vehemently calling upon God, and refusing to be comforted without the knowledge and the love of God.

About half-hour after eight I bade them good night, and sent them up to bed. But Lloyd, Brown, and Robert Hindmarsh slipped aside, when the rest went up, being resolved they would not sleep, nor rest, till God revealed Himself to them. When they began to pray, some of the others heard them, and one and another stole down, some half-dressed, some almost naked. They continued praying by turns near three quarters of an hour, in which time, first one, then a second, and, before they concluded, two more found peace with God. I then went to them, and asked Bobby Hindmarsh, 'Why did you slip aside?' He said, 'Simon Lloyd, and Jacky Brown, and I had agreed together that we would not sleep till the Lord set us at liberty.' After I had prayed with them, and praised God till about half-hour past nine, I desired them to go to bed. They did so ; all but those three, who slipped away, and stayed with Richard Piercy, who was in deep agony of soul, and would by no means be persuaded to rise from his knees. The children above, hearing them pray, in a few minutes ran down again. They continued wrestling, with still increasing cries and tears, till three more found peace with God. About a quarter past ten I went to them again, and, observing some of them quite hoarse, insisted upon their going to bed, which all of them then did. But quickly one, and then another, stole out of bed, till, in a quarter of an hour, they were all at prayer again. And the concern among them was deeper than ever, as well as more general ; there being but four of our five-and-twenty children that did not appear to be cut to the heart. However, fearing they might hurt themselves, I sent one of our maids to persuade them to go up. But Jacky Brown, catching

hold of her, said, 'Oh, Betty,<sup>1</sup> seek the salvation of your soul! Seek it in earnest! It is not too late: and it is not too soon.' Immediately she fell upon her knees, and burst out into tears and strong cries. The two other maids, hearing this, ran in, and were presently seized as violently as her. Jacky Brown then began praying for Betty, and continued in prayer near three quarters of an hour. By that time there was a general cry from all the maids, as well as the boys. This continued till past eleven. My wife and I, and Mr. Keard,<sup>2</sup> then went in, and, fearing some of them might be hurt, with difficulty prevailed upon them to go to bed, and went up with them.

The maids continued below in much distress. We talked with them a little, and left them praying. But it was not above a quarter of an hour before Betty broke out into thanksgiving. Going in, I asked her, 'Now is the love of God free?' She answered, 'Free as air. Blessed be God that ever I came under this roof!' The other two remained on their knees, praying as in an agony. I desired them to go into their own room, and they did; yet would not go to bed, but continued in prayer.

Saturday the 29th, I was waked between four and five by the children vehemently crying to God. The maids went to them at five; and first one of the boys, then another, then one and another of the maids, earnestly poured out their souls before God, both for themselves and for the rest. They continued weeping and praying till nine o'clock, not thinking about meat or drink. Nay, Richard Piercy took no food all the day, but remained, in words or groans, calling upon God.

About nine Diana went into her own room and prayed, partly alone, partly with Betty. About ten (as Betty was praying), her strength was quite spent, and she sunk down as dead. She lay so for some minutes, while the other prayed on; but then suddenly started up, praising God with all her might, and rejoicing with joy unspeakable.

Mary, hearing her voice, broke off her work and ran in to her in haste. They all remained praying by turns till twelve, when she lay like one at the point to die. But there was not yet any answer to prayer, nor any deliverance.

About one all the maids and three of the boys went upstairs and began praying again. And now they found the Lord's hand was not shortened. Between two and three Mary likewise rejoiced with joy unspeakable. They all continued together till after four, praising the God of their salvation. Indeed they seemed to have forgotten all things here below, and to think of nothing but God and heaven.

<sup>1</sup> Probably Elizabeth Nutt.

<sup>2</sup> The master.

In the evening all the maids, and many of the boys, not having been used to so long and violent speaking, were worn out, as to bodily strength, and so hoarse that they were scarce able to speak ; but they were strong in the spirit, full of love, and of joy and peace in believing. Sunday the 30th. Eight of the children, and three maids, received the Lord's Supper for the first time. And hitherto they are all rejoicing in God and walking worthy of the gospel.<sup>1</sup>

All this time it was observed that there was an uncommon revival of the work of God in all the societies round about. That in Kingswood, within a few months, increased from a hundred and eighteen to above three hundred members ; and every day more and more were convinced of sin, and more and more enabled to rejoice in God their Saviour.

*Mon.* OCTOBER 1, and the following days, I preached at many of the towns round Bristol, and found the congregations increasing in every place.<sup>2</sup>

*Sun.* 7.—My brother and I complied with the desire of many of our friends, and agreed to administer the Lord's Supper every other Sunday, at Bristol. We judged it best to have the entire service, and so began at nine o'clock. After it was ended I rode to Kingswood, gave an exhortation to the children, and preached to as many as the house would contain. A little before five I began at the Square, and found no want of strength. At the conclusion of the morning service I was weak and weary, hardly able to speak. After preaching at Kingswood, I was better ; and at night quite fresh and well.

*Mon.* 8.—I preached at Pensford and Shepton Mallet in my way to Wincanton, one of the dullest places in all the county. I preached on Death in the evening, and Hell in the morning.

*Tues.* 9.—It seemed these were the very subjects they wanted. I never saw this careless people so much affected before.

I preached in Shaftesbury at noon, in Salisbury<sup>3</sup> at night.

<sup>1</sup> But see below, p. 430.

<sup>2</sup> On October 5 he wrote to Joseph Benson (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 412).

<sup>3</sup> About this time William Sanger

joined the Methodists in Salisbury, and for fifty years was steward and leader in the society (*Meth. Mag.* 1821, p. 538).

*Wed. 10.*—I preached at Fordingbridge to a serious, well-behaved congregation. Only two young gentlewomen were at first inclined to mirth. But, in the evening, two young women at Salisbury retained their mirth to the end; being greatly diverted with hearing of ‘the dead, small and great, standing before God’! Now what understanding have these pretty things? Have they as much as many children six years old?

*Thur. 11.*—About eleven I preached at Winchester to a genteel and yet serious congregation. I was a little tired before I came to Portsmouth, but the congregation soon made me forget my weariness.<sup>1</sup> Indeed the people in general here are more noble than most in the south of England. They receive the word of God ‘with all readiness of mind,’ and show civility, at least, to all that preach it.

*Fri. 12.*—I walked round the Dock, much larger than any other in England. The late fire began in a place where no one comes, just at low water, and at a time when all were fast asleep; so that none can doubt its being done by design. It spread with such amazing violence, among tow, and cordage, and dry wood, that none could come near without the utmost danger. Nor was anything expected but that the whole Dock would be consumed, if not the town also. But this God would not permit. It stopped on one side, close to the Commissioner’s house; and, just as it was seizing the town on the other side, the wind changed and drove it back. Afterwards the fury of it was checked, by water, by sand, and by pulling down some buildings. And yet it was full five weeks before it was wholly put out.

*Sat. 13.*<sup>2</sup>—I set out at two, and in the afternoon came to the Foundry.

*Mon. 15.*—I set out for Oxfordshire, and was thoroughly wet in my way to Wallingford. The congregation was large, and deeply serious.

*Tues. 16.*—I preached at Witney, in the new house, and

<sup>1</sup> See above, p. 235; *Meth. Mag.* 1819, p. 881, and Henry Smith’s *Meth. in Portsmouth*, p. 24.

<sup>2</sup> He wrote to Christopher Hopper

(*Works*, vol. xii. p. 310), and also to Matthew Lowes distinguishing a supernumerary preacher from a supernumerary (Tyerman’s *Life of Wesley*, vol. iii. p. 78).

again on *Thursday* morning. After service, many crowding with me into the house, I spent some time with them in prayer. It was a happy opportunity; and many praised God for the consolation they received.

We had afterwards a fair and pleasant ride to High Wycombe. For many years we had little prospect of doing good here; but now the seed which had been so long dead springs up into a plentiful harvest.

*Fri. 19.*—I conversed particularly with several, who believe God has saved them from sin; and their lives, I find, are suitable thereto, and do in no wise dishonour their profession.

*Sat. 20.*—I returned to London. So rainy a week I have seldom seen; yet we have not had one shower while we were abroad, except on Monday morning. Poor reasoners! who think any instance of providence too *small* to be observed or acknowledged!

*Mon. 22.*—I took horse a little before five, in an exceeding thick fog; but it was gone by noon. The rain, which was suspended all day, began again when we came to Whittlebury; where, notwithstanding the rain and boisterous wind, the room was filled, both in the evening and morning. On *Tuesday* noon I preached at Towcester, and in the evening at Weedon. Here I heard a remarkable account. An eminently profane man, two or three days ago, was swearing to his companions that he should outlive forty of them. Instantly he began vomiting blood, and in ten minutes was stone-dead.

*Wed. 24.*—I preached at Weedon at five, and about nine at Kislingbury, where I was obliged, by the largeness of the congregation, to stand in the open air. At first the sun on the side was full warm, as it was about noon at Harlestone. Thence I rode to Northampton, where we had now a more commodious place to preach in,<sup>1</sup> formerly used by the Presbyterians. The people heard with great attention, and many of them came at five in the morning.

*Thur. 25.*—About ten I began at Brington, where, likewise,

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<sup>1</sup> 'The meeting-house on the Green, built some forty years before by a small church of Strict Baptists.' A tradition has it that Wesley visited at this time a

prisoner and rode with him to the race-course, both sitting on a coffin, and ministered to him until he was hanged (*Meth. Rec.* May 30, 1907).

the multitude of people constrained me to preach abroad. About two I preached at [East] Haddon, to a far greater multitude, in a delightful meadow. Nor did I find any want of strength when I concluded the day by preaching and meeting the society at Northampton. On *Friday* I preached at Bedford, on *Saturday* noon at Hertford; and in the afternoon went on to London.

*Mon. 29.*—I rode to Colchester, and on *Tuesday* to Norwich.

*Wed. 31.*—In applying those solemn words, 'As the Lord liveth, and as thy soul liveth, there is but a step between me and death,' my heart was enlarged, and my mouth opened both to convince and comfort. Surely, in spite of the marvellous ignorance which prevails among the generality of people in this city, and the uncommon stumbling-blocks which have been thrown in their way, the work of God will not only continue, but increase.

*Nov. 1, Thur.*—I rode to Yarmouth—a dull, cold place. Yet this evening we had a remarkable blessing, as also the next evening. Lord, Thy thoughts are not as our thoughts! Thou wilt work, and who shall hinder?

*Sun. 4.*—At seven I met the society at Norwich, and administered the Lord's Supper to about a hundred and fourscore persons.

*Mon. 5.*<sup>1</sup>—I met the leaders, and inquired into the state of the society. In all England I find no people like those of Norwich. They are eminently 'unstable as water.' Out of two hundred, whom I left here last year, sixty-nine are gone already! What a blessing is knowledge when it is sanctified! What stability can be expected without it? For, let their affections be ever so lively for the present, yet what hold can you have upon a people who neither know books nor men; neither themselves nor the Bible; neither natural nor spiritual things?

*Wed. 7.*—I read and abridged an old treatise on *The Origin of the Soul*.<sup>2</sup> I never before saw anything on the subject so

<sup>1</sup> He wrote to Mrs. Barton on praying for temporal things, and to Miss Bishop on the progress of the 'little society.' 'Are you all united in love?' (*Works*,

vol. xii. p. 376; vol. xiii. p. 19).

<sup>2</sup> This he published in twelve short sections in the *Arm. Mag.* 1783, beginning on p. 41.

satisfactory. I think he proves to a demonstration that God has enabled man, as all other creatures, to propagate his whole species, consisting of soul and body.

*Thur. 8.*—I set out for London. It rained almost all the day; and in the afternoon so impetuously (the rain being driven upon us by a furious wind), that it was with difficulty we reached Lakenheath. Here we found Mr. Evans<sup>1</sup> just worn out, a picture of human nature in disgrace. He had not only no more strength than a little child, but no more understanding!

*Fri. 9.*—About ten I preached at Bury [St. Edmunds], and at Braintree in the evening. Finding I was among stocks, I was obliged to strike with all my might; and I trust God did strike some of the flinty hearts.

*Sat. 10.*—I returned to London, and had the melancholy news of Mr. Whitefield's death confirmed by his executors, who desired me to preach his funeral sermon on *Sunday* the 18th.<sup>2</sup> In order to write this, I retired to Lewisham on *Monday*;

<sup>1</sup> See above, vol. iv. p. 245.

<sup>2</sup> George Whitefield embarked on his last voyage to America on Sept. 5, 1769. He reached Charlestown after a voyage of nearly thirteen weeks. He preached in Georgia, Philadelphia, New York, and New England. After holding many services in Boston, where he was received with greater eagerness than ever, he passed to Newbury, where he was attacked with sudden illness. Recovering, he resumed his preaching tour. His last sermon was preached to a vast assembly in the open air at Exeter. He is said to have spoken for two hours—'an effort of stupendous eloquence'—the last of those sermons which for thirty-four years had resounded like trumpet-blasts throughout England and America. The same day he left for Newburyport, where he was to have preached on the morrow. At supper the pavement in front of the house, and the hall itself, were crowded with people impatient to hear a few words from his lips. But he was exhausted. Taking a candle, he hastened towards his bedroom, was arrested by

the sight of eager faces, paused on the stairs, spoke to the people, who gazed up at him with tearful eyes. His voice, never surpassed in pathos, 'flowed on until the candle which he held in his hand burned away and went out in its socket. The next morning he was not, for God had taken him.'

He left Wesley a mourning-ring and a request that he would preach his funeral sermon. Wesley's sermon was preached in the Tabernacle and in many other places. Charles Wesley wrote an elegy on his friend's death. Wesley's sermon is published in his *Works*, vol. vi. It contains a brief sketch of Whitefield's life and work, an estimate of his character, and an inquiry how the 'awful providence' of his sudden removal may be improved.

Whitefield's greatness did not consist in scholarship. He was 'an eloquent man,' full of faith and hope and love. Above all, he was wise to win souls. He died on Sept. 30, 1770, in the fifty-sixth year of his age. See Stevens's *History of Methodism*, vol. i. p. 467.



and on *Sunday* following went to the chapel in Tottenham Court Road. An immense multitude was gathered together from all corners of the town. I was at first afraid that a great part of the congregation would not be able to hear; but it pleased God so to strengthen my voice that even those at the door heard distinctly. It was an awful season. All were still as night; most appeared to be deeply affected; and an impression was made on many which one would hope will not speedily be effaced.

The time appointed for my beginning at the Tabernacle was half-hour after five, but it was quite filled at three; so I began at four. At first the noise was exceeding great; but it ceased when I began to speak; and my voice was again so strengthened that all who were within could hear, unless an accidental noise hindered here or there for a few moments. Oh that all may hear the voice of Him with whom are the issues of life and death; and who so loudly, by this unexpected stroke, calls all His children to love one another.<sup>1</sup>

*Fri. 23.*—Being desired by the trustees of the Tabernacle at Greenwich to preach Mr. Whitefield's funeral sermon there, I went over to-day for that purpose; but neither would this house contain the congregation. Those who could not get in made some noise at first; but in a little while all were silent. Here, likewise, I trust God has given a blow to that bigotry which had prevailed for many years.<sup>2</sup>

*DEC. 3, Mon.*—I took a little journey into Kent. In the evening I preached at Chatham, in the new house,<sup>3</sup> which was sufficiently crowded with attentive hearers. *Tuesday* the 4th I preached at Canterbury.

*Wed. 5.*—We went to Dover, where, with some difficulty, we

<sup>1</sup> On Nov. 16 he wrote to an unnamed correspondent (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 455); the same day to Miss Bolton (*Works*, vol. xiii. p. 164); and on Nov. 24 to Samuel Bardsley (Everett's *Meth. in Sheffield*, p. 235).

<sup>2</sup> On Nov. 30 he wrote to Joseph Benson, acknowledging that he had not hitherto done his duty as a Christian minister with regard to 'that valuable

woman.' He seems to refer to Lady Huntingdon, to whom he had written a letter of advice and warning (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 414).

<sup>3</sup> See *Meth. Rec.* Aug. 28, 1902. An old account-book has the entry:

Monday, Decemr the 3rd, 1770, Mr. John Wesley preached in Chapple the 1st time at  $\frac{1}{2}$  past 7 clock. His text ye 20 Chap. of ye 1st Book of Samuel, ye latter part of ye 3rd verse.

climbed to the top of Shakespeare's Cliff. It is exceeding high, and commands a vast prospect both by sea and land ; but it is nothing so terrible in itself as it is in his description.<sup>1</sup> I preached to a very serious congregation in the evening as well as in the morning. The same, likewise, we observed at Canterbury ; so that I hope to see good days here also.

*Fri. 7.*—I preached in Faversham at nine, and in the evening at Chatham. So we go through water and fire ! And all is well, so we are doing or suffering the will of our Lord !<sup>2</sup>

*Wed. 19.*—About noon I preached at Dorking. The hearers were many, and seemed all attention. About a hundred attended at Reigate in the evening, and between twenty and thirty in the morning. Dull indeed as stones ; but cannot God 'out of these stones raise up children unto Abraham' ?

*Tues. 25.*—This was a day full of work ; but, blessed be God, not tiresome work. I began in the Foundry at four ; the service at West Street began at nine. In the afternoon I met the children at three,<sup>3</sup> preached at five, and then had a comfortable season with the society.<sup>4</sup>

*Mon. 31.*—We concluded the year at the chapel, with the voice of praise and thanksgiving. How many blessings has God poured upon us this year ! May the next be as this, and much more abundant !

1771. JAN. 1, *Tues.*—A large congregation met at Spital-fields in the evening, in order to renew, with one heart and one voice, their covenant with God. This was not in vain ; the Spirit of glory and of God, as usual, rested upon them.

<sup>1</sup> See the description in *King Lear*, Act IV. Sir Walter Scott was told that some of the highest parts had fallen since Shakespeare's days ; but he held that the dramatist, writing long after he had visited the spot, described it as he considered it to have been.

<sup>2</sup> On Dec. 14 he wrote to Mrs. Marston (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 496) and on the 21st to Christopher Hopper (vol. xii. p. 311).

<sup>3</sup> *Arm. Mag.* 1781, p. 253. Mr. William Green attended Wesley's children's service at West Street on Christmas Day and heard him 'read the letters' about the Kingswood School revival.

<sup>4</sup> On the 28th he wrote to Joseph Benson, and the next day to Miss Foard (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 415 ; Tyerman's *Life of Wesley*, vol. iii. p. 79).

*Wed. 2.*—I preached in the evening, at Deptford, a kind of funeral sermon for Mr. Whitefield. In every place I wish to show all possible respect to the memory of that great and good man.

*Thur. 3.*—I spent an hour and a half in beating the air, in reasoning with an infidel of the lowest class. He told me roundly, 'I believe God is powerful, and the Creator of all things. But I am nothing obliged to Him for creating me, since He did it only for His own pleasure. Neither can I believe that He is good, since He can remove all the evil in the world if He will. And therefore it is God's fault, and no one's else, that there is any evil in the universe.' I am afraid we could not deny this, if we allowed that God had 'from all eternity, unchangeably determined everything, great and small, which comes to pass in time.'

*Mon. 7.*—I had an hour's conversation with that amiable young man, Mr. de C[ourcy],<sup>1</sup> whose opinion has not yet spoiled his temper. But how long will he hold out against its baleful tendency? I fear, not to the end of the year.

*Tues. 15.*—I dined at Mr. M——'s,<sup>2</sup> an upright man, willing to know and to live the gospel. I cannot but think he would be an eminent Christian if he were not rich.

*Sun. 20.*—While I was opening and applying, at West Street Chapel, those comfortable words, 'He knoweth whereof we are made; He remembereth that we are but dust,' it pleased God to speak to many hearts, and to fill them with strong consolation. Now let them 'walk as children of the light,' and they shall no more come into darkness.<sup>3</sup>

*Wed. 23.*—For what cause I know not to this day,—

<sup>1</sup> Richard de Courcy, the descendant of an ancient family in Ireland, whose original seat was Stoke Courcy, Somerset. Educated at Trinity College, Dublin, and curate to Mr. Shirley. Preaching in St. Andrew's, Dublin, to a crowded congregation, his pulpit was seized by order of the Metropolitan. He withdrew and preached to the congregation in the open air. At the instance of Lady

Huntingdon, he was ordained priest and joined her circle of evangelical preachers. (*Life of C. of Huntingdon*, vol. ii. p. 156, and above, p. 367.)

<sup>2</sup> Possibly Mr. Marriott.

<sup>3</sup> On Jan. 21 he wrote to Joseph Benson suggesting that he should take the rest of his terms at Oxford, and his bachelor's degree (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 417).

set out for Newcastle,<sup>1</sup> purposing 'never to return.' *Non eam reliqui; non dimisi; non revocabo.*<sup>2</sup>

*Fri.* 25.<sup>3</sup>—I revised and transcribed my will, declaring as simply, as plainly, and as briefly as I could, nothing more nor nothing else, but 'what I would have done with the worldly goods which I leave behind me.'<sup>4</sup>

*Sun.* 27.—I buried the remains of Joan Turner, who spent all her last hours in rejoicing and praising God, and died full of faith and of the Holy Ghost, at three years and a half old.

*FEB. 7, Thur.*—I met with that ingenious tract, *A Dialogue between Moses and Lord Bolingbroke*.<sup>5</sup> It contains many striking and beautiful thoughts; yet some things in it are not quite clear. It is not clear that Moses includes in his account neither more nor less than the solar system. Probably he speaks either solely of the creation of the earth, and of other bodies as related thereto; or of the universe, the fixed stars (mentioned Gen. i. 16), including their satellites also. But, be this as it may, is it well thus to run down all that differ from us? Dr. Pye is an ingenious man; but so is Dr. Robinson also. So are twenty more, although they understand Moses in a quite different manner.

*Thur.* 14.—I went through both the upper and lower rooms

<sup>1</sup> To her married daughter.

<sup>2</sup> 'I have not left her; I have not sent her away; I will not recall her.' Miss Elizabeth Ritchie, writing in her Journal under date July 5, 1772, says:

Last Tuesday (June 30), that venerable servant of God, Mr. Wesley, came here [Otley]. He preached to large and attentive congregations. . . . He went to Parkgate (July 2); I accompanied him and Mrs. Wesley in the chaise; and as we walked up the hill he discoursed with me on spiritual subjects. He was humble as a little child.

Miss Ritchie was at this time in her nineteenth year. From this it would appear that Mrs. Wesley did return to him. See also June 30, 1772, where he refers to a conversation between his wife and the wife of the innkeeper on the moors, on the way from Pateley Bridge to Otley.

<sup>3</sup> On Jan. 24 he wrote to Lady Maxwell, on the coming to Edinburgh of Mr. Richard de Courcy and the hurt he was likely to do, if only because of his youth and inexperience (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 347). On the same day he wrote to Hannah Ball, of High Wycombe—see new ed. *Wesley Letters and Memoir of Hannah Ball*, p. 89. The following day he wrote to 'A Young Disciple,' on daily reading and ordered private study. (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 440.)

<sup>4</sup> Writing in his Journal, Jan. 26, 1771, John Valton says: 'This evening I went to spend the Sabbath in London, and met Mr. Wesley at Brother Windsor's.' (*E.M.F.* vol. vi. p. 86.)

<sup>5</sup> Dr. Samuel Pye's *Dialogue, &c.* London, 1765. See *W.H.S.* vol. iv. p. 176.

of the London Workhouse. It contains about a hundred children, who are in as good order as any private family; and the whole house is as clean, from top to bottom, as any gentleman's needs be. And why is not every workhouse in London, yea, through the kingdom, in the same order? Purely for want either of sense, or of honesty and activity, in them that superintend it.<sup>1</sup>

*Tues. 19.*—I preached once more at Welling, to a larger congregation than I have seen there for many years. And many seemed to be uncommonly affected; particularly one young gentlewoman, who had never heard any preaching of this kind before this evening. After struggling some time, she cried out aloud, and could not be comforted; although her mother told her how good she was—nay, and had been all her life.

*Wed. 20.*—We never, that I remember, before had such a congregation at Wapping, either of hearers or communicants; and very seldom such an outpouring of the Spirit.<sup>2</sup>

*Sat. 23.*—We had the greatest number of communicants at Snowsfields that we have had since the chapel was built. It seems as if God were about thoroughly to heal the wound which we received here in the house of our friends.

*Mon. 25.*—I showed a friend coming out of the country the tombs in Westminster Abbey. The two with which I still think none of the others worthy to be compared are that of Mrs. Nightingale and that of the Admiral rising out of his tomb at the resurrection.<sup>3</sup> But the vile flattery inscribed on many of them reminded me of that just reflection:

<sup>1</sup> On Feb. 16 he wrote to Miss Bishop a letter containing his considered opinion of the *Minutes* of 1770 that led to the great controversy, to the writing of Fletcher's *Checks*, and the separating of so many friendships (*Works*, vol. xiii. p. 20).

<sup>2</sup> On Feb. 21 he wrote to Mr. Walter Churchey of Brecon, who, with Joseph Benson and John Fletcher, had an opportunity of discussing with Lady Huntingdon the questions controverted. The letter defines Entire Sanctification, or Christian Perfection. (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 432.)

<sup>3</sup> Lady Elizabeth Nightingale was the eldest sister of Lady Huntingdon (*Life of C. of Huntingdon*, vol. i. p. 7). The monument is by Roubiliac. 'The vulgar and pretentious cenotaph to the now utterly forgotten Admiral Tyrrell, who died in 1766,' had a great reputation in the eighteenth century. This work by Read (a pupil of Roubiliac), though since then considerably cut down, 'marks,' says Archdeacon Farrar, 'almost the nadir of degradation in art.' See Bradley's *Westminster Abbey* (published with the imprimatur and under the guidance of Dean Bradley).

If on the sculptured marble you rely,  
 Pity that worth like his should ever die.  
 If credit to the real life you give,  
 Pity a wretch like him should ever live! <sup>1</sup>

MARCH 3, *Sun.*<sup>2</sup>—After preaching at the chapel morning and afternoon, in the evening I preached at Brentford, the next evening at Newbury, and on *Tuesday* at Bristol. *Friday* the 8th I went over to Kingswood, and found several of the boys still alive to God.

*Mon.* 11.—I set out with John Pritchard, in a severe frost, and about two came to Stroud. Being desired to preach a funeral sermon for good old Mr. Arundel, I willingly complied, and enlarged on 'These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.'

*Tues.* 12.—The frost changed into rain. About noon I preached at Tewkesbury; and at Worcester in the evening.

*Wed.* 13.—I had the pleasure of spending an hour at Kidderminster with that good man, Mr. Fawcett.<sup>3</sup> I reached Shrewsbury but a few minutes before the time of preaching. The mob were quieter than usual, as they were likewise the next night.

*Fri.* 15.—Being desired to give them a sermon at Wem, and finding no house would hold the congregation, I stood in Mr. Henshaw's yard,<sup>4</sup> where I opened and strongly applied those words, 'The disciples were called Christians first at Antioch.'

<sup>1</sup> Inexactly quoted from an epigram by Samuel Wesley, jun. (*W.H.S.* vol. v. p. 120).

<sup>2</sup> On Feb. 26 he wrote to Lady Maxwell, and on the same day to *Lloyd's Evening Post*, defending his sermon on the death of George Whitefield against an attack by Mr. Romaine. (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 348; vol. xiii. p. 400.)

<sup>3</sup> One of Doddridge's pupils (*Life of C. of Huntingdon*, vol. i. p. 137); later, p. 200, he is referred to as the Rev. Benjamin Fawcett, 'minister of Kidderminster,' who had incurred the censure of his metropolitan brethren by preaching for Whitefield at the Tabernacle.

For the effect produced upon him as a boy, lying under the platform erected at Haworth for one of Whitefield's services, see *ibid.* p. 267. He ministered at Kidderminster for thirty-five years (*Life of C. of Huntingdon*, vol. ii. p. 413).

<sup>4</sup> Samuel Henshaw, attorney-at-law, was one of the converts of the Evangelical Revival. He opened his house for preaching, built a chapel, married the daughter of one of Samuel Walker's converts, at Truro, whose sister married David Simpson of Macclesfield. See *Life of C. of Huntingdon*, vol. ii. pp. 39, 40, and, for Wem, above, vol. iv. p. 491.

We were more at a loss what to do with the congregation at Whitchurch in the evening. At length we desired all that could to squeeze into the house; the rest stood quietly without; and none, I believe, repented their labour, for God was eminently present.

*Sat.* 16.<sup>1</sup>—Between nine and ten I began at Cardenmarsh. I have not seen the bulk of a congregation so melted down since I left London. In the evening we had a Sunday congregation at Chester; and many were filled with consolation.<sup>2</sup>

Both on *Sunday*, *Monday*, and *Tuesday* all our congregations were uncommonly large; otherwise I should have regretted staying so long, while the weather was pleasant and the wind fair.

*Wed.* 20.—Having agreed with a captain who promised to sail immediately, we went down to Parkgate; but, the wind turning, I preached in the evening to most of the gentry of the town. I preached likewise, morning and evening, on *Thursday*.

*Fri.* 22.—I embarked on board the *Kildare*, abundantly the best and cleanest ship which I have sailed in for many years; but, the wind failing, we could not cross the bar till about noon.

*Sat.* 23.—About one, the wind being high and the sea rough, I judged it was my best way to lie down and go to sleep. Meantime the ship went forty leagues in about twelve hours, and reached Dublin early on *Sunday* morning. Landing at the quay, I walked straight to the new room,<sup>3</sup> very well (blessed be God), and very hungry.

I immediately set myself to inquire into the state of the society in Dublin. It was plain there had been a continual jar for at least two years last past, which had stumbled the people,

<sup>1</sup> Between March 16 and 23, while on his way from Chester to Ireland, he wrote to Fletcher, asserting his views, held for thirty or forty years, with regard to total depravity and the necessity and sufficiency of the grace of God to save from sin. A fragment is preserved in Fletcher's *Vindication*, 1st ed. p. 21.

<sup>2</sup> On March 17 Samuel Bradburn received the sacrament at Wesley's hands in Chester, and the thought came

into his mind that he was called to preach (Bretherton's *Meth. in Chester*, p. 105). The same day Wesley wrote to Miss Briggs, Miss Stokes, and E. B. (*Works*, vol. xii. pp. 461, 514; vol. xiii. p. 92).

<sup>3</sup> In Gravel Walk, now Blackhall Place, opened by Thomas Taylor in July 1770. See Crookshank's *Meth. in Ireland*, vol. i. p. 238, and *E.M.P.* vol. v. p. 42.

weakened the hands of the preachers, and greatly hindered [the work of God].<sup>1</sup> I wanted to know the ground of this; and, that I might do nothing rashly, determined to hear the parties, separately first, and then face to face. Having already talked with the preachers, I talked this evening with the leaders at large; and, from the spirit which appeared in all, I had a good hope that all hindrances would be removed. On *Wednesday*<sup>2</sup> evening I met the leaders again, and gave them an opportunity of explaining themselves further; and on *Friday* I appointed an extraordinary meeting, at which some spoke with much warmth. But I tempered them on each side, so that they parted in peace.

*Sat.* 30.<sup>3</sup>—I preached at the new preaching-house, near the barracks, about six in the evening. Many attended here who cannot, and many who will not, come to the other end of the town. So that I am persuaded the preaching here twice or thrice a week will be much for the glory of God.

*Sun.* 31.—The leaders, stewards, and preachers spoke their minds freely to each other. I now saw the whole evil might be removed, all parties being desirous of peace.

On *Monday*, *Tuesday*, and *Wednesday* I visited the classes, and found a general faintness had run through the society. Yet for several days God has given a general blessing, and strengthened many of the feeble-minded. On *Tuesday* I preached again at the new house, and many were greatly comforted.

On *Wednesday* evening I read over to the leaders the following paper:

1. That it may be more easily discerned whether the members of our societies are working out their own salvation, they are divided into little companies, called classes. One person in each of these is styled the leader. It is his business (1) to see each person in his class once a week; to inquire how their souls prosper; to advise, reprove, comfort,

<sup>1</sup> Not in 1st ed.

<sup>2</sup> On March 27 he wrote to Mr. Pilmoor 'at Mr. Lupton's, merchant, in New York.' A story had been circulated in Dublin condemning Pilmoor and Boardman for fraudulent dealing with the preaching-houses in New York and

Philadelphia. Wesley refused to believe the charge, and in affectionate terms begs Pilmoor to write fully and frequently. See new ed. of *Wesley's Letters*.

<sup>3</sup> He wrote to Miss Damaris Perronet and to 'A Young Disciple' (*Works*, vol. xiii. p. 48; vol. xii. p. 440).



or exhort them ; (2) to receive what they are willing to give toward the expenses of the society ; and, (3) to meet the assistant and the stewards once a week.

2. This is the whole and sole business of a leader, or any number of leaders. But it is common for the assistant in any place when several leaders are met together, to ask their advice, as to anything that concerns either the temporal or spiritual welfare of the society. This he may or he may not do, as he sees best. I frequently do it in the larger societies ; and on many occasions I have found that in a multitude of counsellors there is safety.

3. From this short view of the original design of leaders, it is easy to answer the following questions :

Q. 1. What authority has a single leader ?

He has authority to meet his class, to receive their contributions, and to visit the sick in his class.

Q. 2. What authority have all the leaders of a society met together ?

They have authority to show their class-papers to the assistant, to deliver the money they have received to the stewards, and to bring in the names of the sick.

Q. 3. But have they not authority to restrain the assistant, if they think he acts improperly ?

No more than any member of the society has. After mildly speaking to him, they are to refer the thing to Mr. W.

Q. 4. Have they not authority to hinder a person from preaching ?

None but the assistant has this authority.

Q. 5. Have they not authority to displace a particular leader ?

No more than the door-keeper has. To place and to displace leaders belongs to the assistant alone.

Q. 6. Have they not authority to expel a particular member of the society ?

No ; the assistant only can do this.

Q. 7. But have they not authority to regulate the temporal and spiritual affairs of the society ?

Neither the one nor the other. Temporal affairs belong to the stewards ; spiritual to the assistant.

Q. 8. Have they authority to make any collection of a public nature ?

No ; the assistant only can do this.

Q. 9. Have they authority to receive the yearly subscription ?

No ; this belongs to the assistant.

4. Considering these things, can we wonder at the confusion which has been here for some years ?

If one wheel of a machine gets out of its place what disorder must ensue !

In the Methodist discipline the wheels regularly stand thus : the assistant, the preachers, the stewards, the leaders, the people.

But here the leaders, who are the lowest wheel but one, were got quite out of their place. They were got at the top of all, above the stewards, the preachers, yea, and above the assistant himself.

5. To this, chiefly, I impute the gradual decay of the work of God in Dublin.

There has been a jar throughout the whole machine. Most of the wheels were hindered in their motion. The stewards, the preachers, the assistant, all moved heavily. They felt all was not right. But if they saw where the fault lay, they had not strength to remedy it.

But it may be effectually remedied now. Without rehearsing former grievances (which may all die and be forgotten) for the time to come, let each wheel keep its own place. Let the assistant, the preachers, the stewards, the leaders, know and execute their several offices. Let none encroach upon another, but all move together in harmony and love. So shall the work of God flourish among you, perhaps as it never did before, while you all hold the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace.<sup>1</sup>

DUBLIN, *March 29, 1771.*

*Sat. 6.*<sup>2</sup>—I gave the sacrament at the Widows' House to four or five and twenty that are widows indeed ; all poor enough, several sick or infirm, three bed-ridden, one on the brink of eternity. But almost all know in whom they have believed, and walk worthy of their profession.

*Sun. 7.*—I was agreeably surprised to see the largest congregation to-day which I have seen since I landed. The congregations used to be large for three or four days and then gradually to decline ; but they have now continually increased from first to last. This also is a token for good.

*Mon. 8.*—As the weather continued extremely cold, I judged it best to visit the inland counties and the south of Ireland first. So to-day I rode to Edenderry, but was constrained by the keen north wind to preach within. The case was the same at Tyrrell's Pass, on *Tuesday* the 9th, where I preached in the shell of the new house.

*Wed. 10.*—I preached in the court-house at Mullingar to a

<sup>1</sup> What the result would have been if this constitution had been more liberal it is impossible now to say, but it was not satisfactory to all parties in Dublin,

and there were subsequent years of contention.

<sup>2</sup> On April 4 he wrote to Miss Stokes (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 515).

serious and decent congregation, but they seemed quite unconcerned. Those who met in the court-house at Longford in the evening were of quite another spirit. They drank in every word while I explained 'Lord, are there few that be saved?' Who can despair of doing good in any place? None in this kingdom seemed so barren as Longford, and that for many years. After near twenty years' labour we sought fruit but found none; but on a sudden the seed so long hid is sprung up and promises a plentiful harvest.

*Thur.* 11.—I preached at Loughan and Athlone; *Friday* the 12th at Aughrim.

*Sat.* 13.—I rode back to Athlone, where there is now no opposition either from rich or poor. The consequence of this is there is no zeal, while the people 'dwell at ease.' Oh what state upon earth is exempt from danger! When persecution arises, how many are offended! When it does not arise, how many grow cold and leave their 'first love'! Some perish by the storm, but far more by the calm. 'Lord, save, or we perish!'

*Sun.* 14.<sup>1</sup>—I designed to preach abroad, but the storm drove us into the house. This house was built and given, with the ground on which it stands, by a single gentleman.<sup>2</sup> In Cork one person, Mr. Thomas Jones,<sup>3</sup> gave between three and four hundred pounds towards the preaching-house. Towards that in Dublin Mr. Lunell<sup>4</sup> gave four hundred. I know no such benefactors among the Methodists in England.

*Mon.* 15.—I rode to Birr,<sup>5</sup> through much hail and snow, driven in our face by a furious wind. So was the hail the next day as we rode to Tullamore. Here, likewise, I lamented the want of

<sup>1</sup> He wrote to 'A Member of the Society,' and the same day to Miss Briggs (*Works*, vol. xii. pp. 289, 461).

<sup>2</sup> Samuel Simpson, J.P., of Oatfield (see above, vol. iii. pp. 351, 398, 423, 469; vol. iv. p. 270; below, June 30, 1775; see also Crookshank's *Meth. in Ireland*, vol. i. pp. 50, 208, 294 n.; and *W.H.S.* vol. ii. p. 34). His first wife having died, he married in 1758 a daughter of the Rev. William Digby, son of the Bishop of Elphin, and cousin of Lord

Digby. The first Methodist chapel in Athlone continued in use until the present chapel was erected in 1865. Mr. Simpson subsequently removed to Dublin, where his name appears in a list of members made by Wesley in 1771: 'Samuel Simpson, Gent., William St.' He died in 1783, and his will is in the Public Record Office.

<sup>3</sup> See above, vol. iii. p. 470.

<sup>4</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 312.

<sup>5</sup> Now Parsonstown.

zeal. So the society here also is no larger than it was two years ago.

On the following days I preached at Coolalough, Mountmellick, and Portarlinton.

*Mon. 22.*—I rode to Kilkenny. The new preaching-house was just finished—a neat and commodious building. But before we came to it in the evening it was filled from end to end. So it was the next evening.<sup>1</sup> On *Wednesday* the 24th I cheerfully commended them to the grace of God.

In the evening I knew not where to preach at Enniscorthy, the wind being very high and very cold. But I was in some measure sheltered by the side of a house, and the people, standing close together, sheltered one another. Only a few careless ones were blown away.

*Thur. 25.*—Two of our brethren from Wexford earnestly entreated me to go thither. I preached in the market-house at ten o'clock. The congregation was very large and very genteel, and yet as remarkably well-behaved as any I have seen in the kingdom.

By hard riding we reached Waterford before six, where the house tolerably well contained the congregation; so it generally does the first night I am here.

*Fri. 26.*—I laboured to calm the minds of some that had separated from their brethren; but it was labour lost. After two or three hours spent in fruitless altercation, I was thoroughly convinced that they would not and ought not to be reunited to them.

*Sun. 28.*—At eleven, and again in the afternoon, I went to the cathedral, where a young gentleman<sup>2</sup> most valiantly encountered the 'grievous wolves,' as he termed the Methodists. I never heard a man strike more wide of the mark. However, the shallow discourse did good, for it sent abundance of people, rich and poor, to hear and judge for themselves. So that the court, at the top of which I stood, was filled from end to end.

<sup>1</sup> On April 23 he wrote to Miss Pywell (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 363).

<sup>2</sup> The Rev. George L. Fleury, who two years afterwards was appointed Archdeacon of Waterford. Wesley wrote

a pointed reply to this sermon, which was published in Dublin, and entitled 'A Letter to the Rev. Mr. Fleury' (*Works*, vol. ix. p. 179). Archdeacon Fleury lived to acknowledge his folly.





*Mon.* 29.—In the evening I preached in the market-place at Clonmel to a listening multitude. Some seemed inclined to disturb, but the serious, well-behaved troopers kept them all in awe.

*Tues.* 30.—I rode to Cork, and on *Wednesday*, MAY 1, to Bandon; but the north-east wind forbade my preaching in the street. I was the less concerned at this because my business now lay chiefly with the society. Those who had been scattered I laboured to gather up; those who were drowsy, to awaken; those that were dead, to quicken; and to unite all together in following after peace and holiness.<sup>1</sup>

*Sun.* 5.<sup>2</sup>—I returned to Cork, and would fain have preached abroad, but the violent wind would not suffer it.

*Mon.* 6.—I spake severally to the members of the society. Two years ago they were reduced to about a hundred and ninety. They are now only a hundred and seventy, and yet the work of God deepens in those that remain. I found many growing in grace, many rejoicing in the pure love of God, and many more who were earnestly panting after the whole mind that was in Christ.

*Sun.* 12.—I assisted at the funeral of Susanna Pilson. She was one of the first members of this society, and continued firm in the hottest of the persecution. Upwards of twenty years she adorned the gospel, steadily and uniformly walking with God. For great part of the time she was a living witness that 'the blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin.' After a lingering illness she calmly resigned her soul into the hands of her faithful Creator.

*Mon.* 13.—We had an agreeable ride to Kilfinane. I designed to preach under the court-house, but was offered the use of the room above, where the church service has been for these two years, as the church lies in ruins. In a very short time we had a large and attentive congregation. If the parish

<sup>1</sup> On May 2 he wrote to Miss Bolton and to 'A Young Disciple' (*Works*, vol. xii. pp. 478, 441).

<sup>2</sup> On this day he wrote to Christopher Hopper respecting the correction of nine or ten out of the 'portable volumes' of

his Works: 'All the verse works I have corrected in conjunction with the preachers, and left the corrected copy in London' (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 311). Next day he wrote to Mrs. Marston (vol. xii. p. 497).

ministers were zealous for God, the Protestants in Ireland would soon outnumber the Papists.

*Tues. 14.*—I rode on to Limerick, and told the congregation plainly, 'If, as is your manner, you attend three days, and then fall off, I can bestow my time better elsewhere; but if you continue to come, I will stay with you longer.' They took me at my word, and continued to increase both morning and evening as long as I stayed in the city.

*Wed. 15.*<sup>1</sup>—A gentleman desired me to visit his daughter. I found a lovely, sensible woman in the bloom of youth, scarce one-and-twenty, in the last stage of a consumption. From that time I visited her every day. In two or three days she was considerably better. But, as I expected, when the hot weather came on, the sweet flower withered away.

*Sat. 18.*—I dined at Mr. —'s. Such another family I have not seen in the kingdom. He and Mrs. — are in person, in understanding, and in temper made for each other. And their ten children are in such order as I have not seen for many years; indeed, never since I left my father's house. May they never depart from the good way!

*Sun. 19* (being *Whit-Sunday*).—The ground in the island being wet, I preached in the evening near the new custom-house, on 'If any man thirst, let him come unto Me and drink.' I was not a little refreshed, observing so many who seemed to thirst for the living water. I preached there again the following evening to nearly the same number of hearers. I should have thought it well worth while to have come to Limerick, were it only for these two evenings.

*Wed. 22.*—After preaching at Ballingarrane,<sup>2</sup> I rode to Askaton. There are no ruins, I believe, in the kingdom of Ireland to be compared to these. The old Earl of Desmond's castle is very large, and has been exceeding strong.<sup>3</sup> Not far from this, and formerly communicating with it by a gallery, is his great hall or banqueting-room. The walls are still firm and entire; and these, with the fine carvings of the window-frames (all of

<sup>1</sup> He wrote to Mrs. Elizabeth Bennis (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 390).

<sup>2</sup> He wrote from Galway on 'May 20' to 'A Young Disciple.' This, probably,

is a mistake for the 28th, when he was in Galway. (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 442.)

<sup>3</sup> For the rebellion of Desmond see Spencer's *Present State of Ireland*.



polished marble), give some idea of what it was once. Its last master lived like a prince for many years, and rebelled over and over against Queen Elizabeth. After his last rebellion, his army being totally routed, he fled into the woods with two or three hundred men. But the pursuit was so hot that these were soon scattered from him, and he crept alone into a small cabin. He was sitting there, when a soldier came in and struck him. He rose and said, 'I am the Earl of Desmond.' The wretch, rejoicing that he had found so great a prize, cut off his head at once. Queen Elizabeth and King James allowed a pension to his relict for many years. I have seen a striking picture of her, in her widow's weeds, said to be taken when she was a hundred and forty years old.

At a small distance from the castle stands the old abbey, the finest ruin of the kind in the kingdom. Not only the walls of the church, and many of the apartments, but the whole cloisters, are entire. They are built of black marble exquisitely polished, and vaulted over with the same. So that they are as firm now as when they were built, perhaps seven or eight hundred years ago; and, if not purposely destroyed (as most of the ancient buildings in Ireland have been), may last these thousand years. But add these to the years they have stood already, and what is it to eternity? A moment!

*Fri. 24.*—I spoke severally to the members of the society in Limerick. I have found no society in Ireland, number for number, so rooted and grounded in love. We observed this as a day of fasting and prayer, and were much comforted together.

*Sun. 26.*—The rain obliged me to preach within, at five in the evening. It was a season of solemn joy and sorrow. I took horse immediately after preaching, and rode through continued rain to Snugborough, about fourteen Irish miles from Limerick.

*Mon. 27.*—We pushed on through violent wind and rain, and reached Galway in the afternoon. About six I preached in the court-house, by far the neatest which I have seen in the kingdom. Abundance of the soldiers, who were to march for Dublin the next day, willingly attended, and not a few of the townsfolk; but (what is rarely seen in Ireland) five or six men to one woman. I was enabled to speak exceeding close; and many

were stunned, if not wounded. The next evening the number of townsmen was doubled, among whom were the mayor and several other people of fashion. Again I spoke with the utmost plainness, and could not but hope there will be a work of God even in Galway.

*Wed.* 29.—Heavy rain, with furious wind, accompanied us all day. However, I reached Ballinrobe between twelve and one, and preached in the court-house to forty or fifty hearers. Five miles short of Castlebar we took shelter for a while in a little cabin. The poor man brought us the best thing he had, a glass of rum. We talked a little with him and his wife, sung a hymn, and went to prayer; and then, the rain abating, rode cheerfully on to Castlebar.

*Thur.* 30.<sup>1</sup>—I preached about noon at Cappavicar, four miles from Castlebar. It is a lone house; but the people soon flocked together. Every one seemed to be exceeding serious; six-and-twenty appeared resolved to work out their own salvation, and help each other therein.

*Fri.* 31.<sup>2</sup>—Observing many fashionable people in the court-house at Castlebar, I spoke with such closeness and pungency as I cannot do but at some peculiar seasons. It is indeed the gift of God, and cannot be attained by all the efforts of nature and art united.

JUNE 1, *Sat.*—This is the twelfth day that we have had continued rain, together with March winds. I dined at Rahans,<sup>3</sup> near Castlebar, one of the pleasant seats in Connaught. It was an old castle, standing between two loughs, with a river behind, and a wood before. And the inhabitants—

Did like the scene appear,  
Serenely pleasant, calmly fair;  
Soft fell her words, as flew the air.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> He wrote to Thomas Mason, a shop-keeper in Limerick, all but forbidding a proposed marriage with a lady who was 'far too young'; and advising him to marry Molly Penington—'I hardly know her fellow in the kingdom.' Mr. Mason did not marry Molly Penington. (*W.H.S.* vol. v. p. 192.)

<sup>2</sup> He wrote to Miss Briggs and to

'a Member of the Society' (*Works*, vol. xii. pp. 462, 290).

<sup>3</sup> Where Wesley was the guest of Mr. Brown.

<sup>4</sup> From Prior, *The Lady's Looking-glass*, altered. See also below, May 22, 1775; quoted there, as here, with reference to Mr. Brown's place—'one of the loveliest . . . with one of the loveliest

Oh that the love of God may add to these amiable qualities all 'the mind which was in Christ Jesus.'

*Sun.* 2.—In the evening I expounded the Gospel for the day—the story of Dives and Lazarus. And now God opened both my mouth and the hearts of the hearers. His word seemed to take fast hold of them, even of the gay and rich, many of whom had wandered in among us.

*Mon.* 3.—I rode to Sligo, and preached in our own room to an exceeding serious congregation, such as I have not seen here for many years. But the next evening, a young officer, with several pretty gay things, behaved so ill that I was obliged to reprove them. They took it well; but we could not recover the fervour which was before swiftly spreading through the people.

*Wed.* 5.—I rode to Ballyshannon,<sup>1</sup> and preached in the assembly-room. I was acquainted with some of the chief persons in the town; but they were ashamed to own me. Only some of them sent their compliments to me, properly so called.

Hence I rode to Manorhamilton, and in the evening preached in a pleasant meadow, to a very large congregation. But I found little life in the society.

*Thur.* 6.—We came to Swanlinbar, and seemed to be got into another world. The people were all alive, full of faith and love, and panting after the whole image of God. The congregation in the evening refreshed me much, by their spirit as well as their number. They made—

The hills and the dales  
With praises resound;

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families'—at Rahans, near Castlebar in Connaught. The last line he also quoted (Oct. 9, 1774) after a Sunday evening 'fair and mild' in the new Square at Bristol (see the very suggestive environment, Oct. 3 to 9). The poem is discussed and criticized with warm approval in *Thoughts on the Character and Writings of Mr. Prior* (*Works*, vol. xiii. p. 420). See also, for revision of his earlier opinion of Prior and Pope, and for changes in his own style, an inter-

esting letter to Furlly in which he quotes one of his brother Samuel's stories. See *Works*, vol. xiii. p. 416; *W.H.S.* vol. v. p. 120.

<sup>1</sup> See above, p. 127, where he calls it the largest and pleasantest town in the county. The room was either at the back of the present Imperial Hotel, formerly used for entertainments, or the room in the market buildings used by the old corporation for its sittings. Methodism in Ballyshannon dates from 1789.

singing with the spirit and with the understanding also. I have heard no such voices since we left Cork, nor seen so earnest a people since we left Limerick.

*Fri. 7.*—About noon I preached at Tonyman, four miles short of Enniskillen, to just such another congregation, deeply athirst for the full salvation of God. In the afternoon we rode to Mr. A[rmstrong]'s at Sidaire.<sup>1</sup> Some time since, one of his neighbours,<sup>2</sup> being angry that his sister resolved to save her soul, by the advice, as he supposed, of Nancy A[rmstrong], came one Sunday in the afternoon while they were at prayers, burst into the room, struck a woman in the face who would have stopped him, and with his loaded whip struck Nancy A[rmstrong] on the temple; so that she lay as dead for several hours. He designed, it seems, to make an end of her at once. And indeed she never has been well since.

Here a tent was set up on a green, grassy place, amidst abundance of people ripe for the gospel. So I cried, in our Lord's words, 'If any man thirst, let him come unto Me and drink.' And it is not easy to express the thirst, the vehement desire, which appeared in a great part of the congregation.

*Sat. 8.*—We set out for Roosky,<sup>3</sup> a little town near Maguiresbridge. But before we had gone nine miles, we found a congregation waiting in the street at Lisbellaw, where I know not who had given notice that I was to preach. I at first thought of riding on; but, fearing it might hurt the poor people, I alighted and preached immediately. They were all attention while I explained 'Ye are saved through faith.' About noon I preached at Roosky.

<sup>1</sup> For a detailed account of the Armstrong family—William, his son John, and his daughters Mary and Nancy, see Crookshank's *Meth. in Ireland*, vol. i. p. 216; *Arm. Mag.* 1793, pp. 400 and 455. The grandfather of James Macdonald was converted here.

<sup>2</sup> The Rev. C. H. Crookshank gives a full account of the persecution in which this wild youth was ringleader. Among other tragedies, George Magee (cousin of Dr. William Magee, Archbishop of Dublin) had his jaw-bone broken. The terrorism continued until William Little, a muscular

local preacher, cowed the ruffian with his horse-whip. (*Meth. in Ireland*, vol. i. p. 217.)

<sup>3</sup> Here he was the guest of Mrs. Whitley (Crookshank's *Meth. in Ireland*, vol. i. p. 247). A directory of 1814 shows a village named Ruskey (or Rooskey) near Lisnaskea, which quite well answers the note of locality 'near Maguiresbridge.' There are in Ireland, however, nearly thirty places of these related names. It is therefore scarcely possible to do more than identify conjecturally.

In the evening we came to Augher. For several days we have been among some of the warmest Christians in the kingdom. All at once we came to a people cold as ice. Here *was* a lively people! But they have long grieved the Holy Spirit of God, and He seems to be departed from them. Knowing few would come to the house, I stood abroad, and had forty or fifty hearers, but unconcerned enough.

*Sun. 9.*—About eight I had a few more, and about a hundred in the evening. I went to church at Clogher.<sup>1</sup> The Dean is one of the best readers I have heard, and one of the most easy, natural preachers. And the congregation was not only large, but remarkably well-behaved.

I seldom look at the old castle at Augher without thinking of the famous Sir Phelim O'Neale.<sup>2</sup> In the beginning of the Irish Rebellion, he called one night at Mr. Kennedy's, an intimate acquaintance and foster-brother (a very sacred relation among the Irish), and said, 'Rise, come away with me, that I may protect you, for fear some of my straggling parties should hurt you.' Mrs. Kennedy, being very near her time, said, 'Nay, gossip, consider my condition, and do not take my husband from me.' He replied, 'You fool, it is for his own good.' But soon after they were gone, Mrs. K. said, 'My heart misgives me; whatever comes of it, I must follow them.' So, as well as she could, she walked between her man-servant and her maid, an Irish girl. About sunrise they came near Augher Castle, where Sir Phelim was standing with his men. Just by him was her husband, hanged on a tree. Sir Phelim, seeing her, sent and ordered the man and maid to stand from her. The man did so. The maid replied, 'No; I will die with my mistress.' On this he ordered his men to fire. She fell, and two infants fell out of her. Such was the mercy of the Irish at that time! Such the spirit which their good priests infused into them!<sup>3</sup>

*Mon. 10.*—I was surprised at the improvements made in this county within a few years. For above thirty miles it is now

<sup>1</sup> The cathedral is the parish church, and the see one of the most ancient in Ireland.

<sup>2</sup> O'Neale failed to take it. Afterwards the building fell into ruins, but

was restored by the Richardson family.

<sup>3</sup> Sir Phelim ordered the massacre of all the Protestants in the three adjoining parishes.

cultivated like England, and sprinkled up and down with little new-built houses. A gentleman of Drumquin, desiring me to preach there, I began without delay, at the end of his house. It being the fair-day, there was a numerous congregation; but not so numerous as that at Magheralough,<sup>1</sup> where I preached about noon. Between six and seven, after riding more than fifty Irish miles,<sup>2</sup> I reached Derry, and preached on 'There hath no temptation taken you, but such as is common to men.' God spake by His word to many tempted souls, and comforted them over all their troubles.<sup>3</sup>

Every morning and evening, on the following days, the congregations were larger than I ever remember; and several clergymen were present every evening.

*Thur.* 13.<sup>4</sup>—I spoke severally to the members of the society. I found far more life among them than I expected. Near one half of the sixty (that was the number of those that remained) I judged to be real believers. What a mischievous injustice it is to represent all this people as dead! It has weakened the hands of the preachers much, and has greatly discouraged the people. The continually telling people they are dead is the ready way to make them so.

*Fri.* 14.—I looked over a volume of Mr. Skelton's <sup>5</sup> Works. He is a surprising writer. When there is occasion, he shows all the wit of Dr. Swift, joined with ten times his judgement; and with (what is far more) a deep fear of God and a tender love to mankind. About noon I preached at the New Buildings,

<sup>1</sup> For George Brown's description of Wesley's preaching at Magheralough in May of this year, and of his own conversion, see *Arm. Mag.* 1784, p. 520.

<sup>2</sup> An Irish mile is 2,240 yards.

<sup>3</sup> On June 11 he wrote from Londonderry to Mr. Duncan Wright, then stationed in Edinburgh, urging him to speak largely and strongly against Antinomianism. Brother Hamilton he advises not to give up his business. 'It is a talent.' 'It would be wise to contract it, that he may have time for business of greater importance.' See new ed. of *Wesley Letters*.

<sup>4</sup> In a letter to Mrs. Crosby he dis-

cusses the question of an *extraordinary* call *v.* the *ordinary*, with reference to women speaking in the congregation (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 356).

<sup>5</sup> The Rev. Philip Skelton, an exemplary clergyman (scholar of Trinity Coll., Dublin) who wrote *Deism Revealed*, *Sermons*, and *Miscellaneous Tracts*. Burdy wrote his *Life*. For his honourable recognition of Dillon before the magistrate's court at Enniskillen see Crookshank's *Meth. in Ireland*, vol. i. p. 214; also *Life of C. of Huntingdon*, vol. ii. pp. 172, 196; *W.M. Mag.* 1870, p. 529, and *W.H.S.* vol. ii. p. 137.

two miles from Londonderry. The people, some time past, bore a near resemblance to the colliers of Kingswood. They were equally without God in the world, and eminent for all manner of wickedness; but old things are passed away, and they are eminent now for the fear of God and the love of their neighbour.<sup>1</sup> I preached there again on *Sunday* the 16th, and administered the Lord's Supper to the society. I think they were all in tears; but, with the greatest part, they were tears of joy and love.

*Mon.* 17.—I met the singers<sup>2</sup> for the last time. I joined them together two years ago; but, as the preachers following took no care or thought about them, they of course flew asunder. And no wonder; for nothing will stand in the Methodist plan, unless the preacher has his heart and his hand in it. Every preacher, therefore, should consider it is not his business to mind this or that thing only, but everything.

*Tues.* 18.—Cheerfully leaving Londonderry, I rode through the wild, dreary mountains to Cookstown. Here the scene was changed. The house at which I alighted was filled with whisky-drinkers; and the whole town, it being the fair-day, was all hurry and confusion. However, about seven the tent<sup>3</sup> was set up. The people flocked from all quarters; and, considering many of them were far from sober, behaved tolerably well.

*Wed.* 19.<sup>4</sup>—I preached at five and at twelve to a lifeless company; and then rode,<sup>5</sup> through a fruitful country, to Stewartstown. A large congregation soon assembled in the court-house, most of whom behaved with decency, though very few of them appeared to understand anything of the matter.

*Thur.* 20.—We went on to Castlecaulfield. As we were

<sup>1</sup> On June 15 he wrote to Miss Bolton as from London instead of Londonderry (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 479).

<sup>2</sup> See above, p. 313.

<sup>3</sup> Made by the society at Terryhoogan two years previously (*Crookshank's Meth. in Ireland*, vol. i. p. 248).

<sup>4</sup> He wrote from 'London' (meaning, as in the case of several letters written about this time, Londonderry. In a certain class of semi-official letters he seems to have dated from his head

quarters. This may explain a few apparent discrepancies) to Lady Huntington. The letter claims that his teaching on Christian Perfection was in harmony with the teaching of many years, and had been signally owned of God. He protests continued affection, but foresees an inevitable severance of friendship. (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 368; Tyerman's *Wesley*, vol. iii. p. 92.)

<sup>5</sup> Accompanied by Francis Wrigley and John Smith.

walking in the afternoon, a horse that was feeding turned short and struck me on the small of my back. Had he been but an inch or two nearer I should not have travelled any farther. As it was, I was well again in a few days. In the evening I preached on the lovely Green, before the castle, to a serious and large congregation. This was the first summer day we have had this year; and this was only warm, not hot.

*Fri.* 21.—About eleven we had a still larger congregation near the castle in Charlemont, whom I exhorted to be 'not slothful in business,' but 'fervent in spirit, serving the Lord.' At seven in the evening I preached at Armagh, in Mr. M'Geough's avenue. The congregation was in an arbour, the wide-spread trees quite overshadowing them, while—

The setting sun adorned the coast,  
His beams entire, his fierceness lost.<sup>1</sup>

*Sat.* 22.—I rode to Caledon, where, two years ago, Mr. C[ongreve]<sup>2</sup> was ready to put me in his bosom. But he did not know me now. So I preached in the street, to an exceeding quiet congregation, and rode back in the evening. Is it strange that men, or the moon, should change?

*Sun.* 23.—In the evening such a multitude of people assembled, and stood so close together, that, though we were in open air, the heat was almost insupportable. Surely God will have a people in this place! The poor, at least, will receive the gospel.

*Mon.* 24.<sup>3</sup>—I preached, about noon, at a village which takes its name from the black water<sup>4</sup> in which the Irish Papists drowned so many Protestants in 1641. In the evening I

<sup>1</sup> From Prior's *Lady's Looking-glass*. See above, p. 414. For these lines, and for the influence of Prior on the Wesley hymns, see *W.H.S.* vol. v. p. 121. For a full discussion, with many illustrations of the Prior influence on the Wesley poetry, see Henry Bett's *Hymns of Methodism in their Literary Relations*, pp. 84, 85, 96–102.

<sup>2</sup> Rev. C. W. Congreve, Archdeacon of Armagh. At Wesley's first visit to Caledon, April 19, 1769, he opened a

new church; at his last, May 30, 1785, a new preaching-house.

<sup>3</sup> He wrote to Miss Ball, 'at Mr. Ball's, laceman, in High Wycombe.' The letter contains a motto for Sunday-schools. 'It pleases Him sometimes, to let us sow much seed, before there is any visible fruit. But frequently much grows upon a sudden, at a time and in a manner which we least expected.' See new ed. of *Wesley Letters*.

<sup>4</sup> Hence the name Blackwater-town.



preached at Clonmain, to a very dull congregation. It is well if the first are not last!

*Tues. 25.*<sup>1</sup>—I preached at Cockhill, in a delightful evening, under some shady trees. Many of the people were alive to God.

*Wed. 26.*—I preached at The Grange, to a still livelier and larger congregation; but I found the liveliest of all at Derryanvil.<sup>2</sup> Six or seven of this little society still rejoice in the pure love of God. Thus has God His secret ones, in a little corner of the land, surrounded with bogs, and out of all road.

*Fri. 28.*—I preached in the street at Portadown to a serious, well-behaved congregation; and in the evening at Kilmoriarty, to the largest congregation I have seen since we left Armagh.

This day I entered the sixty-ninth year of my age. I am still a wonder to myself. My voice and strength are the same as at nine-and-twenty. This also hath God wrought.

*Sat. 29.*—I preached at the end of the market-house in Tanderagee.<sup>3</sup>

*Sun. 30.*—At nine the people flocked from all parts; but much more at six in the evening, when we had a London congregation both for number and seriousness.

JULY 1, *Mon.*—I preached at Kilwarlin, where, a few weeks ago, Thomas Motte<sup>4</sup> died in peace. In the evening I preached in the linen-hall at Lisburn to a numerous congregation.

*Tues. 2.*—I preached on the Green at Newtownards; but the people had not the spirit of those at Lisburn.

*Wed. 3.*—At ten I preached to a small congregation, a mile from Belfast, and in the market-place there at twelve. I never saw so large a congregation there before, nor one so remarkably stupid and ill-mannered: yet a few should be excepted, even gentlemen, who seemed to know sense from nonsense. I have found as sensible men at Dublin as at Belfast; but men so self-sufficient I have not found.

I preached at Carrickfergus in the evening; and *Thursday*

<sup>1</sup> He wrote to 'A Member of Society.' is in the neighbourhood of Tanderagee. (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 291.)

<sup>2</sup> Near Portadown.

<sup>3</sup> The seat of the Duke of Manchester

<sup>4</sup> He travelled two years only, and died 'worn out with excessive toil.'

the 4th went on to Larne, and preached at nine in the main street, to a very attentive congregation. Thence I rode to Glenarm. The preaching began here in an uncommon manner. Some months since, John Smith,<sup>1</sup> now with God, was pressed in spirit to go and preach there, though he knew no one in the town. Near it he overtook a young lady riding behind a servant; and on her saying it was a very wicked place, he asked, 'Are there no good men there?' She said, 'Yes; there is one, William Hunter.' He rode into the town, and inquired for William Hunter's house. When he came to the door a young woman was sweeping the house. He asked her name, and, being answered 'Betty Hunter,'<sup>2</sup> alighted and said, 'Betty, take my horse to an inn, and tell every one you meet, "A gentleman at our house has good news to tell you, at seven o'clock."' At seven the house was well filled. John preached to them twice a day for nine days; but when he took his leave, he had only three pence; however, he asked the landlady, 'What is to pay for my horse?' 'Nothing, sir,' said the woman. 'A gentleman has paid all; and will do, if you stay a month.'

I preached near the market-house about noon to a large number of decent hearers; but to a much larger in the market-house at Ballymena, in the evening.

*Fri. 5.*—I rode to Ballinderry, and found an earnest, simple-hearted people. A great multitude here 'received the word with all readiness of mind.' A specimen of the society, consisting of about fifty members, I had in the house where I dined; wherein a father and mother, with a son and five daughters,

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<sup>1</sup> See *Arm. Mag.* 1783, p. 48, for a letter to Wesley in which John Smith reports the good work in Dublin and Newry. He died in March 1774 (see *Life of John Smith*, p. 130). He was deceased when this portion of the Journal was published. So general was the interest excited in John Smith's services at Glenarm that even some members of Lord Antrim's family were present, and would allow none to molest the servant of God, saying they believed him to be an honest and good man. See Crookshank's *Meth.*

*in Ireland*, vol. i. p. 243, and his *Life of John Smith*.

<sup>2</sup> In Stevenson's *City Road Chapel*, p. 465, is recorded the story of Dr. James Hunter, son of Betty Hunter, a surgeon with a large practice among the Methodists of Islington. He lived on the Green. With Mr. Bruce he promoted the building of the first Methodist chapel in Islington. For more than fifty years he was a Methodist and the host of Irish preachers visiting London. He and his wife are buried at City Road.

were all walking in the light of God's countenance. Afterwards I prayed with an ancient woman; while a little girl, her grandchild, kneeling behind me, was all in tears, and said, 'O grand-mamma, have *you* no sins to cry for, as well as me?'

*Sat. 6.*—After spending two hours very agreeably at Moira,<sup>1</sup> I rode to Drumbanagher, and preached to a serious congregation. That at Newry in the evening was much larger; at nine in the morning it was larger still; but nothing to that in the evening. Yet I think all heard, and most of them seemed much affected.

*Mon. 8.*—I cheerfully left Newry, and in the evening preached at Dublin.

Having rested a day, on *Wednesday* the 10th<sup>2</sup> I went to Carlow, and preached in the sessions-house to a large, wild congregation. In the morning I once more composed the differences of the poor, shattered society. About noon I preached in the street at Baltinglass; in the evening to a lovely congregation at Donard.

*Fri. 12.*—I returned to Dublin, well satisfied with my little excursion.

On *Monday* and *Tuesday* I revised the classes. The number of members in the society is shrunk from upwards of five hundred to beneath four hundred, in two years; but I trust they will now increase, as the offences are removed, and brotherly love restored.

On *Thursday* and *Friday* we had our little conference<sup>3</sup>: a solemn and useful meeting.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Lady Huntingdon's eldest daughter resided at Moira House, now demolished. See above, vol. iv. p. 379, note. Horace Walpole wrote: 'The Queen of the Methodists got her daughter named "Lady of the Bed-chamber" to the princesses, but it is all off again, as she will not allow her to play cards on Sunday.' She held the office a few months in 1749.

<sup>2</sup> He wrote to Miss Bishop from Dublin (see new ed. *Wesley Letters*); the day following to Robert Costerdine on finance and appointments (*W.M. Mag.* 1845, p. 579); and on the 13th to 'A Member of Society' and to 'A Young

Disciple.' (*Works*, vol. xii. pp. 292, 443.)

<sup>3</sup> The ninth. The net increase in the number of members during the year was upwards of five hundred (Crookshank's *Meth. in Ireland*, vol. i. p. 250).

<sup>4</sup> On July 20 he wrote from Dublin to Miss Bishop. The letter was written at the head of a printed circular dated Dublin, July 10, 1771, beginning, 'Dear Sir,—You desire my farther thoughts on those propositions which close the *Minutes* of our last Conference.' See new ed. *Wesley Letters*. On the same day he wrote also to Mrs. Elizabeth Bennis, objecting to Milton's doctrine of election (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 391).

*Sun. 21.*—At the meeting of the society many were comforted, and all seemed determined to set out anew, and take the kingdom of heaven by violence.

*Mon. 22.*—In the evening I embarked on board the *Nonpareil* for Parkgate, with a small, fair wind, so that the sea was smooth as a looking-glass.

*Tues. 23.*—As we went slowly on, the gentlemen (of whom we had many on board) desired me to give them a sermon. This I willingly did; and all were seriously attentive. We landed about seven on *Wednesday* the 24th, and took chaise for Liverpool.

*Thur. 25.*—I rode across the country to Whitchurch, and spent an agreeable evening with that lovely family.<sup>1</sup>

*Fri. 26.*—I went on to Shrewsbury, where Mr. Fletcher met me.

*Sun. 28.*—I preached at Madeley, morning and afternoon. The church could not near contain the congregation; but, the window near the pulpit being open, those without could hear as well as those within.

*Mon. 29.*—I went on to Worcester. Our brethren had chosen a place for me, in a broad street, not far from the cathedral, where there was room for thousands of people; and we soon had company enough, part serious, part like the wild ass's colt; but in a while the serious part prevailed, and silenced or drove away the rabble, till we had a tolerable degree of quietness, and concluded in peace.

*AUG. 1, Thur.*—I rode to Cheltenham, and preached near the market-place to a large and quiet congregation.

*Fri. 2.*—I went on to Kingswood.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Mr. R. Thursfield Smith believed that the 'lovely family' was named 'Brown.' A descendant was still living when the information was given. See W. Phillips, *Early Meth. in Shropshire*, p. 92, where it is reasonably conjectured that the friendly hospitality of the Brown family accounts for this, an earlier, and a later visit to Whitchurch. Phillips calls attention to the *Minutes* for 1746, where a rule is laid down as to a sufficient call to a new place, viz. 'an invitation from a serious man, fearing God, who has a house to receive us.' This no doubt accounts for many new beginnings in

early Methodism. Francis Gilbert, however, was resident in Whitchurch from Jan. 21, 1768. Alice, the younger sister, died there in 1772. (Bretherton's *Early Meth. in Chester*, p. 81.)

<sup>2</sup> On Aug. 3 he wrote from Kingswood to his brother Charles and to 'A Member' (*Works*, vol. xii. pp. 137, 293). On the 5th he wrote to Samuel Bardsley. He had intended him for a distant circuit, but 'for your mother's sake I will alter my design.' See new ed. of *Wesley Letters*. On Aug. 10 he wrote to John Hallam. See new ed. of *Wesley Letters*.

*Sun. 4.*—We had above six hundred and fifty communicants at Bristol. In the afternoon I preached in St. James's Barton to a huge multitude; and all were still as night.

*Tues. 6.*—We had more preachers than usual at the Conference in consequence of Mr. Shirley's circular letter.<sup>1</sup> At ten on *Thursday* morning he came, with nine or ten of his friends. We conversed freely for about two hours; and I believe they were satisfied that we were not so 'dreadful heretics' as they imagined, but were tolerably sound in the faith.

*Mon. 12.*—I set out for Wales, and, after preaching at Chepstow and Brecknock, on *Wednesday* the 14th<sup>2</sup> came to the Hay.<sup>3</sup> Here I met with Dr. Maclaine's translation of Mosheim's

<sup>1</sup> For this letter, which was sent to a large number of Calvinistic friends, summoning a meeting in Bristol coincidently with Wesley's annual Conference, see Tyerman's *Life of Wesley*, vol. iii. pp. 93, 94, and Fletcher's *Works*, vol. i. p. 201. The deputation included two ministers of Lady Huntingdon's chapels, Messrs. Lloyd, Ireland, and Winter, two students from Trevecca, and, presumably, others. Wesley prayed. Shirley was allowed to read two explanatory, if not apologetic, letters received by Wesley on the evening before the Conference, one from Lady Huntingdon, the other from himself (see *Life of C. of Huntingdon*, vol. ii. pp. 241, 242, where quotations from these letters are given). Tyerman, in his account of the interview, says that Shirley produced a written declaration which he wished the Conference to sign; that Wesley read it, and made some alterations which, Shirley says, were 'not very material,' and then he and fifty-three of his preachers signed it. The account given in *The Life of the Countess of Huntingdon* (which it is supposed Shirley himself wrote) is very different:

Mr. Wesley drew up a declaration, which was acquiesced in by Mr. Shirley and his friends, who candidly acknowledged their too hasty conduct in judging his (Wesley's) sentiments. The original document now lies before us, in the handwriting of Mr. Wesley, and with the signatures of the 53 preachers.

After the signing of the declaration drawn

up by Wesley, Walter Shirley, on his part, consented to make a public acknowledgment that he had mistaken the meaning of the *Minutes*.

Before the Conference began Fletcher wrote a *Vindication of the Minutes*, in five letters addressed to the Hon. and Rev. Walter Shirley. He put the MS. into Wesley's hands, who published it at once. This was Fletcher's *First Check to Antinomianism*. Its publication was a great grievance to Shirley, Lady Huntingdon, and the Calvinistic party generally, while it proved to be an additional incentive to the ire and invectives of the ultra-predestinarians, Richard Hill, Rowland Hill, and Toplady, and to the scurrility of *The Gospel Magazine*, not so much against Fletcher as against Wesley. This controversy lasted more than six years. (*Life of Sir Richard Hill*, pp. 185 ff; also Southey's *Life of Wesley*, chapter xxv.)

<sup>2</sup> On Aug. 14 he wrote to Lady Huntingdon, apparently in reply to her letter delivered on the 5th inst. The reply deals with the Minutes controversy. (Whitehead's *Life of Wesley*, vol. ii. pp. 338-9. *Works*, vol. xii. p. 462, gives the same version, but misdates it Sept. 14, 1772.)

<sup>3</sup> The old chapel at Hay is no longer used for worship. For W. Seward's death at Hay see above, vol. ii. pp. 396-7. See also *Christian Miscellany*, 1863, p. 99.

*Ecclesiastical History*.<sup>1</sup> Certainly he is a very sensible translator of a very sensible writer ; but I dare not affirm that either one or the other was acquainted with inward religion. The translator mentions, without any blame, Mr. Stinstra's *Letter against Fanaticism* ; which, if the reasoning were just, would fix the charge of fanaticism on our Lord Himself and all His Apostles. In truth, I cannot but fear Mr. Stinstra is in the same class with Dr. Conyers Middleton ; and aims every blow, though he seems to look another way, at the fanatics who wrote the Bible.<sup>2</sup>

The very thing which Mr. Stinstra<sup>3</sup> calls fanaticism is no other than heart-religion ; in other words, 'righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost.' These must be *felt*, or they have no being. All, therefore, who condemn inward feelings in the gross, leave no place either for joy, peace, or love in religion ; and consequently reduce it to a dry, dead carcass.

In the evening I preached in the new, neat preaching-house, to many more than it would contain. The next evening I was constrained to preach abroad.

*Fri.* 16.—I returned to Brecknock ; and, after spending two comfortable days there, on *Monday* the 19th rode to Carmarthen. The rain obliged me to preach within.

*Tues.* 20.—I rode to Haverfordwest ; and in the evening preached in St. Martin's churchyard to a numerous and deeply attentive congregation. The next evening I strongly applied the story of Dives and Lazarus ; and many were almost persuaded to be Christians.

I rode, on *Thursday* the 22nd, to Dale, a little village at the mouth of Milford Haven.<sup>4</sup> It seemed to me that our preachers had bestowed here much pains to little purpose. The people, one and all, seemed as dead as stones—perfectly quiet, and perfectly unconcerned. I told them just what I thought. It went as a sword to their hearts. They felt the truth, and wept bitterly. I know not where we have found more of the presence of God. Shall we at last have fruit here also ?

<sup>1</sup> See *W.H.S.* vol. iv. p. 176.

<sup>2</sup> Hume, the author of the *Essay on Miracles*, was strengthened in his opinions by those of Dr. Conyers Middleton.

<sup>3</sup> John Stinstra was an Anabaptist minister at Harlingen in Friesland. His

pastoral letter, published at Leyden in 1752, was addressed to his own congregation. See above, vol. iv. p. 72.

<sup>4</sup> The chapel here was erected in 1809. See the Rev. David Young's *History of Meth. in Wales*, p. 270.

Bristol  
August the 9<sup>th</sup> 1771

Whereas the Doctrinal points in y<sup>e</sup> Minutes of Conference held in London, August the 5<sup>th</sup> 1770 have been understood to favour Justification by Works: Now this Rev<sup>d</sup> John Wesley & others assembled in Conference do declare, That we had no such meaning; & that we allow the Doctrine of Justification by Works, as a most pernicious & abominable Doctrine. And as the said Minutes are not sufficiently guarded in the way they are expressed, we hereby solemnly declare, in y<sup>e</sup> sight of God that we have not intended to affirm but in the alone Merits of our Lord & Saviour Jesus Christ for Justification or Salvation, either in Life, Death or the Day of Judgment. And that no one, it a real Christian Believer (and consequently cannot be saved) who doth not good works, shall there be time, opportunity, yet our Works have no part in either purchasing our Justification, from private Love, either in whole or in part.

John Wesley  
J<sup>r</sup> Counley

Elitton

Th<sup>o</sup>. Shuck

J<sup>r</sup>. Easton

Sam<sup>l</sup> B. Buntick

J<sup>r</sup>. Pearson

Alex<sup>r</sup>. Mather

Joseph Thompson

James Dismister

Th<sup>o</sup>. Westell

Barnabas Thomas

Joseph Guilford

J<sup>r</sup> Gatty

John Smith

John Goodwin

James Garbrooke

Th<sup>o</sup>. Taylor

J<sup>r</sup>. Oliver

Samuel Wills

J<sup>r</sup>. Benson

James Cough

Martin Rodda

John Duncan

Francis Walker

Will<sup>m</sup>. Barker

Gr<sup>o</sup>. Shadford

William Pitt

Richard Bourke

Jonathan Corneille

James Marfell

Ben<sup>o</sup>. P. Rhodes

Th<sup>o</sup>. Hanson

John Murray

Richard Scott

Richard Anderson

Will<sup>m</sup>. Whiteaker

Edward Slater

John Poole

Thomas Potter

Isaac Winscom

Th<sup>o</sup>. Twinnay

Jer<sup>m</sup>. Robertshaw

Sam<sup>l</sup>. Toth

Sam<sup>l</sup>. Moor

Matt<sup>h</sup>. Mayes

Richard Laddick

Christopher Walker

Th<sup>o</sup>. Don

Sam<sup>l</sup>. Norton

James Nield

Will<sup>m</sup>. Wimbe

Th<sup>o</sup>. Drisco

FACSIMILE OF THE DECLARATION SIGNED BY WESLEY AND FIFTY-THREE PREACHERS AT THE CONFERENCE OF 1771.





*Fri. 23.*—I preached at noon to a lovely congregation of plain, artless people at Houghton; and in the town hall at Pembroke, in the evening, to many rich and elegant hearers.<sup>1</sup>

*Sun. 25.*—At ten I began the service at St. Daniel's. The church, as usual, would ill contain the congregation. In the afternoon I preached in Monkton Priory church<sup>2</sup> (one of the three belonging to Pembroke), a large, old, ruinous building. I suppose it has scarce had such a congregation in it during this century. Many of them were gay, genteel people: so I spake on the first elements of the gospel. But I was still out of their depth. Oh how hard it is to be shallow enough for a polite audience!

*Mon. 26.*—I rode to Llanelly, and at six read prayers, and preached in another large church,<sup>3</sup> almost as ruinous as that at Pembroke. The congregation was numerous; yet most of them seemed to understand what they heard.

*Tues. 27.*—We crept through a right Welsh road, and reached Oxwich between twelve and one. The congregation had waited for some time; so I began without delay. The road to Swansea was a little better; so I reached the town in time; and at six preached in the yard, as our room would contain hardly a third of the people.

*Wed. 28.*—I called at Neath, on one of our friends; but, before I could sit down, was informed a congregation was waiting for me. This I had no thought of: however, I gave them a short sermon, and hastened on to Coyt church, near Bridgend. I preached as deliberately as possible, as great part of the audience were Welsh; and I believe, by this means, all of them could understand at least the substance of the discourse. About six I preached in the town hall at Cowbridge<sup>4</sup> to high and low, rich and poor; and the two next evenings in the court-house at Cardiff to a still larger congregation. Afterwards we had a comfortable lovefeast, which brought to our mind former days, when we praised God with Ann Jenkins, Arthur Price, and

<sup>1</sup> On Aug. 24 he wrote to 'A Young Disciple' (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 443).

<sup>2</sup> Part of the Benedictine Priory. It has since been restored (*Meth. Rec.* April 30, 1901).

<sup>3</sup> The Rev. Theophilus Davies was vicar from 1761 to 1787. He rests in the

south of the chancel. The church has a massive military tower. In South Wales, near the coast, church towers were built as places of refuge from pirates.

<sup>4</sup> It stood in the centre of High Street, at the junction with Church Street (see above, p. 157).

Thomas Glascot, before Thomas Prosser sowed the deadly tares among them.

*Sat.* 31.<sup>1</sup>—I returned to Bristol, and in part of the following week visited some of the neighbouring societies.

*SEPT.* 6, *Fri.*—I spent an hour among our children at Kingswood. It is strange! How long shall we be constrained to weave Penelope's web? What is become of the wonderful work of grace which God wrought in them last September?<sup>2</sup> It is gone! It is lost! It is vanished away! There is scarce any trace of it remaining! Then we must begin again; and in due time we shall reap, if we faint not.

*Mon.* 9.—I read over Dr. Cadogan's ingenious treatise<sup>3</sup> on Chronical Distempers. It is certainly true that 'very few of them are properly hereditary'; that most of them spring either from indolence, or intemperance, or irregular passions. But why should he condemn wine *toto genere*, which is one of the noblest cordials in nature? Yet stranger, why should he condemn bread? Great whims belong to great men.

*Tues.* 10.—I preached at Bath; *Wednesday* the 11th at Frome; *Thursday* the 12th<sup>4</sup> at Keynsham. Here, too, the seed which seemed lost for so many years at length begins to spring up. After seeing so many instances of this kind, how can we despair of any people?

*Sat.* 14.—I preached abroad at Bedminster. Many horsemen stopped, and had strange things brought to their ears; perhaps some of whom, we may hear by-and-by, were found of Him they sought not.

*Sun.* 15.—At eight I preached on the quay; at five in St. James's Barton. Many strangers stopped at both places. Surely this is casting our bread upon the waters! This week I visited the rest of the neighbouring societies, and found them increasing both in grace and number.<sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> He wrote from Bristol to Mrs. Mary Savage, of Worcester (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 497); and on Sept. 1 to Miss Bishop (vol. xiii. p. 22).

<sup>2</sup> See above, pp. 388-92.

<sup>3</sup> Tyerman's *Life of Wesley*, vol. iii. p. 182.

<sup>4</sup> On Sept. 13 he wrote from Kings-

wood to 'A young disciple, who was in danger of having more sail than ballast, more liveliness of imagination than solid wisdom' (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 444).

<sup>5</sup> On Sept. 19 he wrote from Bristol to Mrs. Mary Savage (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 498). In *W.M. Mag.* 1826, p. 818, the letter is dated Sept. 29.

*Thur.* 26.—I preached once more at Bath, to an elegant congregation, on 'Knowledge puffeth up.' But, I trust, many of them can witness that 'love edifieth'—builds us up both in holiness and happiness.

*Mon.* 30.—I took leave of Bristol for the present; and, having preached at Pensford and Shepton Mallet in the way, came to Shaftesbury, and preached to a numerous congregation, but wonderfully unconcerned. I scarce know a town in England where so much preaching has been to so very little purpose.

OCT. 1, *Tues.*—I went on to Salisbury. *Wednesday* the 2nd I preached at Whitchurch; *Thursday* the 3rd at Winchester. I now found time to take a view of the cathedral. Here the sight of that bad Cardinal's tomb, whom the sculptor has placed in a posture of prayer, brought to my mind those fine lines of Shakespeare, which he puts into the mouth of King Henry the Sixth:

Lord Cardinal,  
If thou hast any hope of Heaven's grace,  
Give us a sign. He dies, and makes no sign.<sup>1</sup>

On *Thursday* and *Friday* evening I preached at Portsmouth Common.

*Sat.* 5.—I set out at two. About ten some of our London friends met me at Cobham,<sup>2</sup> with whom I took a walk in the neighbouring gardens,<sup>3</sup> inexpressibly pleasant, through the variety of hills and dales, and the admirable contrivance of the whole. And now, after spending his life in bringing it to perfection, the grey-headed owner<sup>4</sup> advertises it to be sold!

<sup>1</sup> He quotes doubtless from memory, and in exactly. See 2 *Hen. VI.*, Act III. sc. iii. lines 27-29:

Lord Cardinal, if thou think'st on Heaven's bliss,  
Hold up thy hand, make signal of thy hope.  
He dies, and makes no sign.

The 'bad Cardinal' was Beaufort, Bishop of Winchester. He 'died in custody, popular suspicions of foul play being groundless' (*Dict. of Nat. Biog.*). Charles Wesley had the Shakespeare version in mind when he wrote the line, 'And hopeless die—without a sign' in one of

his hymns on Preparation for Death (see Osborn's *Wesley Poetry*, vol. vii. p. 399). See *W.H.S.* vol. v. p. 152.

<sup>2</sup> In Surrey, which must be distinguished from Cobham in Kent.

<sup>3</sup> The Pains Hill Gardens. See more fully below, Oct. 8, 11, 1779; also *W.H.S.* vol. iv. pp. 36-9.

<sup>4</sup> The Hon. Charles Hamilton, who had created the park from a barren heath. He retired to Bath, where he died in 1787. The Park was sold to Mr. Benjamin Bond-Hopkins. See Oct. 2, 1790; also Manning and Bray, *Hist. of Surrey*, vol. ii. p. 765.

Is there anything under the sun that can satisfy a spirit made for God?

On *Monday* and *Tuesday* I preached at Whittlebury, Towcester, and Weedon; on *Wednesday* at Kislingbury, Harlestone, and Northampton.

*Thur.* 10.—I preached at Holmby House, where poor King Charles [I] was formerly lodged.<sup>1</sup> It has been a noble pile of buildings, finely situated on a hill; but little is left except the kitchens, which, however, give a strong idea of its ancient grandeur.

*Fri.* 11.—In the evening I preached at Bedford; and on *Saturday* returned to London.<sup>2</sup>

*Mon.* 14.—In my way to Wallingford I read Dr. Hodge's *Elihu*.<sup>3</sup> It contains abundance of fine remarks worthy of a scholar and of a Christian; but none of them prove his main proposition, that Elihu was the second person in the blessed Trinity. I preached at Wallingford in the evening, and at five in the morning. Many were moved; but who will endure to the end?

*Tues.* 15.—I went on to Witney. I am surprised at the plainness and artlessness of this people. Who would imagine that they lived within ten, yea, or fifty miles of Oxford?

*Wed.* 16.<sup>4</sup>—I preached at South Leigh.<sup>5</sup> Here it was that I preached my first sermon, six-and-forty years ago. One man was in my present audience who heard it. Most of the rest are gone to their long home. After preaching at

<sup>1</sup> After being delivered up by the Scotch in 1647. The house was built by Queen Elizabeth's favourite, Sir Christopher Hatton, and had been a royal palace under James I. It was destroyed in the Civil War, and Evelyn says 'stands like a Roman ruin.'

<sup>2</sup> On Oct. 11 he wrote from London to Benson on the fullness of the Spirit, and on the 12th to Fletcher with reference to his 'Letters' on the current controversy (see new ed. *Wesley Letters*); and the next day to Christopher Hopper, then at Yarm, one of the best circuits in England, with an inconvenient house. (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 311.)

<sup>3</sup> The sub-title is *An Inquiry into the Principal Scope and Design of the Book of Job*, 1750. Dr. Walter Hodge was a Hutchinsonian.

<sup>4</sup> He wrote to 'A Young Disciple' (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 444).

<sup>5</sup> In the South Midlands, where the name is not infrequently found, it is pronounced as Wesley originally wrote it, South Lye. See above, vol. i. pp. 59-60. Illustrations of the church and pulpit with notes may be found in *Meth. Rec.* Winter No., 1904, pp. 46-7. The 'one man' was named Winter. Wesley is said to have preached in his house on Oct. 16.

Witney in the evening I met the believers apart, and was greatly refreshed among them. So simple a people I scarce ever saw. They did 'open the window in their breast'; and it was easy to discern that God was there, filling them 'with joy and peace in believing.'

*Thur. 17.*—About ten I preached at Oxford, in a room well filled with deeply attentive hearers, on part of the Sermon on the Mount, the noblest compendium of religion which is to be found even in the oracles of God. In the evening I preached at High Wycombe; the next at Chesham,<sup>1</sup> where, our own room being too small, that friendly man, Mr. Spooner, willingly gave me the use of his meeting-house. I found the little society much alive; many knowing in whom they had believed; several enjoying, and others thirsting after, the whole image of God. On *Saturday* I had a pleasant journey to London.

*Mon. 21.*—As I drove to Chatham I read Mr. Hoole's fine translation of Tasso's *Jerusalem Delivered*<sup>2</sup>; allowed, I suppose, by most judges of poetry, to be not much inferior to the *Aeneid*. But I wonder Mr. Hoole was so imprudently faithful as to present Protestants with all Tasso's Popish fooleries. Those excrescences might have been pared off without the least injury to the work. In the evening I preached to a crowded audience, ripe for all the promises of God. How good is it for fallen man to earn his food by the

<sup>1</sup> Probably this is the visit referred to by 'J. H., Worcester College, Oxon.' In a touching letter to Wesley published in the *Arm. Mag.* 1785, pp. 165-6, he says: 'Mr. S., who entered at my college, is very promising. He informed me he saw you at Chesham in company with Mr. J. and another serious youth; and was encouraged by your friendly exhortation. Not long after another sincere young man repaired to Oxford, and entered at Worcester College. . . . This was Mr. Owen. He was intended for a counsellor, but seems now to bid fair for being an able advocate for God.' For an interesting account of the Rev. Thomas Spooner, minister of the Con-

gregational Church at Chesham from 1748 to 1779, see *W.H.S.* vol. ix. p. 9.

<sup>2</sup> John Hoole, born in Moorfields in 1727, clerk in the India House for forty years, in 1763 published a translation of Tasso's *Jerusalem Delivered*; and in 1773 translations of *Orlando Furioso* by Ariosto. His son, the Rev. Samuel Hoole, of Abinger, near Dorking, read the church prayers at the death-bed of his father's friend, Dr. Johnson. For an amusing reference to John Hoole see Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, p. 440 and Indexes (Fitzgerald ed.). Reviewers have since written strongly against Hoole as a translator. Scott describes him as 'a noble transmuter of gold into lead.'

sweat of his brow! Everywhere we find the labouring part of mankind the readiest to receive the gospel.

*Tues. 22.*—I went down to Sheerness, and preached in the new room. But it would not near contain the congregation. I believe all that could hear found that God was there. Both morning and evening I warned them against being sick of opinions and strife of words; which has been the main hindrance of the work of God here from the beginning.

*Thur. 24.*—I returned to Chatham, and on *Friday*<sup>1</sup> to London.

*Sat. 26.*—Mr. N—— gave me a melancholy account of his dismissal from the Tabernacle. Surely affairs will not stand thus at the Foundery when my head is laid! If I thought they would, I would do just as I do now—all the good I can while I live.

*Mon. 28.*—I rode to Staplehurst, to Mr. Ch[apman]'s,<sup>2</sup> a pattern of love and patience. One eye is quite lost by his late illness. His reflection upon it was, 'I bless God that I had one eye to give Him; and if He calls for it, I am ready to give Him the other.' I preached at six to a willing people, simply desiring to save their souls; and the next evening at Rye, to a far more numerous but not more earnest congregation.

*Wed. 30.*—I walked over to Winchelsea, said to have been once a large city, with abundance of trade and of inhabitants, the sea washing the foot of the hill on which it stands. The situation is exceeding bold, the hill being high and steep on all sides. But the town is shrunk almost into nothing, and the seven churches into half a one.<sup>3</sup> I preached at eleven in the

<sup>1</sup> On Oct. 25 he wrote to Robert Costerdine (*W.M. Mag.* 1845, p. 579). The letter contains a variation of one of his favourite sayings: 'Do what you can, and you do enough.' On Oct. 28 he wrote from Rye to Mrs. Elizabeth Bennis (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 392).

<sup>2</sup> Rev. Jacob Chapman (*Meth. Mag.* 1821, p. 881; see above, p. 42).

<sup>3</sup> The Rev. T. F. Lockyer (*W.H.S.* vol. iii. p. 114) shows conclusively that Wesley, here, and below, Jan. 29, 1789, is in some respects inaccurate. There

was an Old Winchelsea, situated about three miles to the south-east of the present New Winchelsea, of which Wesley does not appear to have heard. It was on the plain, and was often inundated by the sea, and was finally destroyed in 1287. This Old Winchelsea played an important part in the eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth centuries. The history of this ancient, submerged town seems to have been transferred in part by Wesley's authority to the New Winchelsea, which he alone knew.

new Square to a considerable number of serious people; and at Rye in the evening, where were many that are 'not far from the kingdom of God.'

*Thur. 31.*—I preached at Robertsbridge. As yet the whole town is willing to hear: and we may hope, after the stony- and the thorny-ground hearers are deducted, some will 'bring forth fruit with patience.'

Nov. 2, *Sat.*—I returned to London.

*Mon. 4.*—I went in the stage-coach to Colchester, in which I met with two agreeable companions, whose hearts were quite open to instruction.

*Tues. 5.*—In our way to Bury we called at Felsham, near which is the seat of the late Mr. Reynolds. The house is, I think, the best contrived and the most beautiful I ever saw. It has four fronts, and five rooms on a floor, elegantly, though not sumptuously, furnished. At a small distance stands a delightful grove. On every side of this, the poor rich man,<sup>1</sup> who had no hope beyond the grave, placed seats, to enjoy life as long as he could. But being resolved none of his family should be 'put into the ground,' he built a structure in the midst of the grove, vaulted above and beneath, with niches for coffins, strong enough to stand for ages.<sup>2</sup> In one of these he had soon the satisfaction of laying the remains of his only child; and, two years after, those of his wife. After two years more, in the year 1759, having eat, and drank, and forgotten God, for eighty-four years, he went himself to give an account of his stewardship.

In the evening I preached at Bury [St. Edmunds]; and on *Wednesday* the 6th rode on, through heavy rain, to Lynn.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Recalling Cowley's lines:

The beggars but a common lot deplore;  
The rich poor man's emphatically poor.

In the essay *Of Avarice*.

<sup>2</sup> Pulled down more than a century ago. An old man living about 1880 remembered seeing the coffins in their niches. A view of the ruins is found in the *Christian Miscellany*, 1899, p. 130.

<sup>3</sup> See *Meth. Mag.* 1817, pp. 450-4, for biography of Samuel Newham of Lynn. The chapel in Lynn of that time stood on the site of a small private house which about 1775 was the place of meet-

ing. The house was occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Crawford, who were among the first-fruits of the Wesleys' work in Newcastle-on-Tyne. In obscure life, they yet ventured to invite Wesley to send his itinerants to Lynn, and in 1777 their house was the permanent lodging of the preachers. Mrs. Crawford was still living in 1817, aged 103, probably the oldest member of the Methodist society in the world. By a curious coincidence, the Lynn circuit seems to have had several extremely aged members of society. (*W.M. Mag.* 1830, p. 141.)

The people 'received the word with joy'; though few, as yet, had any 'root in themselves.'

*Thur. 7.*<sup>1</sup>—I was desired by the prisoners to give them a word of exhortation. They received it with the utmost eagerness. Who knows but one or two may retain it? In the evening, those who could not get in were noisy at first; but in a while they went quietly away.

Here I received a particular account of a poor, desolate one—Betty Fairbridge, formerly Hewerdine, of Whitby. For some time after she came to Lynn she was cold and weary, quite choked with the cares of this world. But this time twelvemonth, when she saw me, though she was in a deep consumption, her spirit revived. She began again earnestly to seek God; and He healed her backsliding. But her bodily weakness increased: so much the more did her faith and love increase; till prayer was swallowed up in praise, and she went away with triumphant joy.

Lynn seems to be considerably larger than Yarmouth: I believe it stands on double the ground; and the houses in general are better built—some of them are little palaces. The market-place is a spacious and noble square, more beautiful than either that at Yarmouth or Norwich; and the people are quite of another turn, affable and humane. They have the openness and frankness common throughout the county; and they add to it good-nature and courtesy.

*Sat. 9.*<sup>2</sup>—I rode to Norwich.

*Sun. 10.*—Our house was far too small in the evening. I suppose many hundreds went away. To as many as could hear, I described the 'strait gate.' I believe God applied it to their hearts.

Every day I found more and more reason to hope that we

<sup>1</sup> He wrote from Lynn to Miss Bolton (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 479).

<sup>2</sup> He wrote from Lynn to Miss Mary Stokes (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 516), and on the 10th to Mr. Matthew Lowes, who had been sick. Wesley advises a little work and travel; and, seeing that he is not now travelling, permits him to make balsam. See Tyerman's account of

Matthew Lowes (one of Wesley's most useful itinerants), and his balsam. It was a crucial case in a momentous controversy with respect to preachers engaging in trade (Tyerman's *Life of Wesley*, vol. iii. p. 72). On the 12th he wrote from Norwich to John Valton, then in government employ at Purfleet. See new edition of *Wesley Letters*.



shall at length reap the fruit of that labour which we have bestowed on this people for so many years, as it seemed, almost in vain. In this hope I left them on *Thursday* the 14th, and preached at Lakenheath in the evening with an uncommon blessing. Among them that attended at five in the morning was poor A—— R——,<sup>1</sup> the man who first invited me to this town, but has for a long time forgotten everything of the kind, seldom deigning even to hear the preaching. However, he *felt* it to-day, being in tears all the time that I was enforcing our Lord's words, 'He who setteth his hand to the plough, and looketh back, is not fit for the kingdom of God.'

I came to Mr. Smitheman's, at Braintree, just as he had buried his daughter. So on this occasion we had (what I never saw before) the house filled from end to end: I preached on 'The grass withereth; the flower fadeth; but the word of the Lord shall stand for ever.'

*Sun. 17.*—I preached, both morning and afternoon, on the education of children. But, oh how few had ears to hear! Perhaps not ten mothers in the whole congregation.

*Fri. 22.*—I went over to Barnet, and paid my last debt to that excellent man, Mr. John Shewell, by preaching his funeral sermon from 'It is appointed unto men once to die.' All the time that I knew him he was a pattern of seriousness, piety, patience, and beneficence.<sup>2</sup>

*Thur. 28.*—I went to Staines, where a house is just fitted up for preaching. But it would not contain one half of the people who flocked together from every side. Those that could not get in were noisy enough; those that could were still as night.

*Fri. 29.*—We viewed the improvements of that active and useful man, the late Duke of Cumberland.<sup>3</sup> The most remarkable work is the triangular tower which he built on the edge of Windsor Park. It is surrounded with shrubberies and

<sup>1</sup> See above, vol. iv. p. 295.

<sup>2</sup> On November 24 he wrote from London to Samuel Bardsley (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 501).

<sup>3</sup> Who died in 1765. He commanded at Fontenoy and Culloden. The Duke was rewarded for the victory at Culloden by being made Chief Ranger of Windsor Forest. He resided at the

Lodge. Wesley probably refers to the lofty clock-tower, not far from the high road, between Egham and Bagshot. The Duke and his protégé, Lundby, planned Virginia Water. Mrs. Delany makes many references to the Duke and to these improvements (1st Series of *Life and Letters*, vol. iii. pp. 461 and 462).

woods, having some straight, some serpentine, walks in them, and commands a beautiful prospect all three ways ; a very extensive one to the south-west. In the lower part is an alcove, which must be extremely pleasant in a summer evening. There is a little circular projection at each corner, one of which is filled by a geometrical staircase : the other two contain little apartments, one of which is a study. I was agreeably surprised to find many of the books not only religious, but admirably well chosen. Perhaps the great man spent many hours here with only Him that seeth in secret ; and who can say how deep that change went, which was so discernible in the latter part of his life ?<sup>1</sup>

Hence we went to Mr. Bateman's house, the oddest I ever saw with my eyes. Everything breathes antiquity ; scarce a bedstead is to be seen that is not a hundred and fifty years old ; and everything is quite out of the common way : he scorns to have anything like his neighbours. For six hours, I suppose, these elegant oddities would much delight a curious man ; but after six months they would probably give him no more pleasure than a collection of feathers.

DEC. 2, *Mon.*—I went down with several of our friends to Gravesend,<sup>2</sup> where a building, designed for an assembly-room, was employed for a better purpose. It was quite crowded ; yet abundance could not get in. After reading prayers, I preached on part of the second lesson, Heb. viii. 9, 10, 11. The room was pretty well filled at five in the morning. Fair blossoms ! But what fruit will there be ?

*Tues.* 3.<sup>3</sup>—I preached at Canterbury.

*Wed.* 4.—I rode to Ashford, one of the pleasantest towns in Kent. The preaching-house, newly fitted up, was well filled with attentive hearers. Hence we hastened to Dover, where the house was quickly filled with serious, well-behaved people. Here I found L[ady] H[untingdon]'s preachers<sup>4</sup> had gleaned up most of those whom we had discarded. They call them 'My Lady's society,' and have my free leave to do them all the good they can.

<sup>1</sup> The Duke, who was the youngest son of George II, occasionally attended Whitefield's ministry at the Tabernacle in 1742. History does not praise his private character.

<sup>2</sup> See below, p. 492.

<sup>3</sup> He wrote from Canterbury to Mrs. Elizabeth Bennis (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 393).

<sup>4</sup> See below, pp. 490-1.

*Thur. 5.*—I preached at Sandwich about eleven, and at Canterbury in the evening.

*Fri. 6.*—Having preached to a small but much-affected company at Sittingbourne, I went on to Chatham. The huge congregation here devoured the word ; yet I hope they digested it too. We were strangely kept from this place for many years ; at length there is an open door.

*Sat. 7.*—In my way home I finished the first volume of Mr. Hooke's *Roman History*.<sup>1</sup> On this I remark (1) that it is immeasurably too long, containing a thousand passages not worth relating ; (2) that he relates abundance of contradictory accounts, often without telling us which is best ; (3) that he recites at large the senseless tales of Clelia swimming in the Tiber, Mucius Scaevola, and twenty more ; and afterwards knocks them all on the head. What need, then, of reciting them ? We want history, not romance, though compiled by Livy himself. Yet (4) I admire him for doing justice to many great men, who have been generally misrepresented ; Manlius Capitolinus, in particular, as well as the two Gracchi. So that, upon the whole, this is far the best history of Rome that I have seen.

I read to-day a circumstantial account of the late inundations in the north of England,<sup>2</sup> occasioned by the sudden and violent overflowing of three rivers, the Tees, the Wear, and the Tyne. All these have their rise within a few miles of each other, in a mountain at the head of Teesdale and Weardale ; on which there was nothing more than a little mizzling rain, till the very hour when the rivers rose, and poured down such an amazing quantity of water as utterly astonished the people of Sunderland, at the mouth of the Wear, overflowed all the lower part of Newcastle-upon-the-Tyne, and filled the main street of Yarm,

<sup>1</sup> Nathaniel Hooke, serjeant-at-law, was the Catholic friend who brought a priest to the death-bed of Pope. His *Roman History from the Building of Rome to the Ruin of the Commonwealth* passed through many editions, though now neglected. (Cf. Green's *Wesley Bibliography*, No. 289.) He received £5,000 from the famous Duchess of Marlborough for

assisting her with the memoirs of her life.

<sup>2</sup> *The Gentleman's Magazine*, 1771, tells of this phenomenon (pp. 472, 517, 519, 520) which affected the west coast as well as the east, causing havoc and devastation. Bridges and buildings were swept away, ships were torn from their moorings and destroyed, and multitudes of people drowned.

upon the Tees, with water nine or ten feet deep. Such an overflowing of these rivers none ever saw before, nor have we an account of any such in history.

Rain was not the cause of this, for there was next to none at the head of these rivers. What was the cause we may learn from a letter wrote at this time by a clergyman in Carlisle: 'Nothing is so surprising as what lately happened at Solway Moss, about ten miles north from Carlisle. About four hundred acres of this Moss arose to such a height above the adjacent level that at last it rolled forward like a torrent, and continued its course above a mile, sweeping along with it houses and trees and every other thing in its way. It divided itself into islands of different extent, from one to ten feet in thickness. It is remarkable that no river or brook runs either through or near the Moss.'

To what cause, then, can any thinking man impute this, but to an earthquake? And the same doubtless it was which, about the same time, wrought in the bowels of that great mountain, whence those rivers rise, and discharged from thence that astonishing quantity of water.

*Sun. 8.*—I read a little more of that strange book, Baron Swedenborg's *Theologia Coelestis*. It surely contains many excellent things. Yet I cannot but think the fever he had twenty years ago, when he supposes he was 'introduced into the society of angels,' really introduced him into the society of lunatics; but still there is something noble, even in his ravings<sup>1</sup>:

His *mind* has not yet lost  
All its original brightness, but appears  
Majestic, though in ruin.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> On Dec. 9 he wrote from London to Miss Hannah Ball (see an article by the Rev. C. H. Kelly in *Meth. Rec.* Dec. 30, 1897, p. 1026); and on the 12th from Chatham to Mr. Thomas Simpson, M.A., master of Wesley's school at Kingswood: an example of Wesley's sententious, prompt, and peremptory manner. See new ed. of *Wesley Letters*. On the 14th he wrote from Lewisham to the Rev. M. L.—a trenchant expostulation with a clergyman who, instead of using his gifts, seems

to have been selfishly waiting for dead men's shoes. (*Works*, vol. xiii. p. 133.)

<sup>2</sup> A curious blending of two passages from Milton, with intentional alteration. In *Paradise Lost*, I. 591–3 it is said of Satan:

His form had yet not lost  
All her original brightness, nor appeared  
Less than archangel ruined.

And in II. 305, Satan is  
Majestic, though in ruin.  
See *W.H.S.* vol. v. p. 152.

*Mon.* 16.—I rode to Dorking, where were many people; but none were cut to the heart.

*Tues.* 17.—I went on to Reigate Place.<sup>1</sup> In King Henry the Fourth's time this was an eminent monastery. At the dissolution of monasteries it fell into the hands of the great spoiler, Henry the Eighth. Queen Elizabeth, pleased with the situation, chose it for one of her palaces. The gentleman who possesses it now has entirely changed the form of it; pulling down whole piles of ancient building, and greatly altering what remains. Yet, after all that is taken away, it still looks more like a palace than a private house. The staircase is of the same model with that at Hampton Court: one would scarce know which is the original. The chimney-piece in the hall is probably one of the most curious pieces of woodwork now in the kingdom. But how long? How many of its once bustling inhabitants are already under the earth! And how little a time will it be before the house itself, yea, the earth, shall be burned up!

I preached in the evening to a small company on 'It is appointed unto men once to die.' All seemed moved for the present. They saw that life is a dream; but how soon will they sleep again?

*Wed.* 18.—I preached to another kind of congregation at Shoreham. Here we are not ploughing upon the sand. Many have 'received the seed upon good ground,' and do 'bring forth fruit with patience.'

*Sat.* 21.—I met an old friend, James Hutton, whom I had not seen for five-and-twenty years. I felt this made no difference; my heart was quite open; his seemed to be the same; and we conversed just as we did in 1738, when we met in Fetter Lane.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> William III bestowed it on Lord Chancellor Somers, in whose family it has since remained.

<sup>2</sup> After this renewal of friendship, which included Charles as well as John Wesley, and, apparently, Okeley (the Moravian minister at Bedford) as well as Hutton, occasional letters passed between the old friends. By the courtesy

of Bishop Hasse, and the Elders of the Moravian Church in Fetter Lane, the whole of the extremely interesting letters written by John and Charles to James Hutton, from 1735 to 1773, have been placed, on loan, at the disposal of the editor of this edition of Wesley's Journal. They will all be reprinted in the new ed. of the *Wesley Letters*.

*Monday* the 23rd, and so all the following days, when I was not particularly engaged, I spent an hour in the morning with our preachers, as I used to do with my pupils at Oxford.<sup>1</sup>

*Wed.* 25.—I preached early at the Foundery; morning and afternoon at the chapel.<sup>2</sup> In returning thence at night, a coach ran full against my chaise, and broke one of the shafts and the traces in pieces. I was thankful that this was all; that neither man nor beast received the least hurt.<sup>3</sup>

*Mon.* 30.—At my brother's request, I sat again for my picture.<sup>4</sup> This melancholy employment always reminds me of that natural reflection:

Behold, what frailty we in man may see!  
His shadow is less given to change than he.<sup>5</sup>

1772. JAN. 1, *Wed.*—We met, as usual, in the evening,<sup>6</sup> in order solemnly and explicitly to renew our covenant with God.

*Sun.* 5.<sup>7</sup>—I buried the remains of Elizabeth Hartland, an Israelite indeed! I know not that in thirty years she has ever dishonoured her profession, either by word or deed. Some of her last words were, 'I have fought the good fight; I have finished my course; I have kept the faith.'

*Tues.* 14.—I spent an agreeable hour with Dr. S——, the oldest acquaintance I now have.<sup>8</sup> He is the greatest genius in little things that ever fell under my notice. Almost every-

<sup>1</sup> Several books are mentioned as having been read to them—e.g. Pike's *Philosophia Sacra, Survey of Wisdom*.

<sup>2</sup> That is to say, at West Street.

<sup>3</sup> On Dec. 26 he wrote from London to Miss Mary Stokes (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 516), on the same day to James Hutton at Lindsey House, Chelsea. See new ed. *Wesley Letters*.

<sup>4</sup> For articles on Wesley portraits, illustrated, see *W.H.S.* vol. iii. p. 185, and vol. iv. p. 1.

<sup>5</sup> 'On the 31st,' Valton says in his Journal, 'I dined with Mr. Wesley at Bow, and heard him preach at night. We held a watch-night, and ushered in the New Year with singing and prayer.'

<sup>6</sup> At Spitalfields (Valton's Journal).

<sup>7</sup> He wrote to 'A Young Disciple' (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 445) and on the 10th to James Hutton, with a postscript from the Foundery. See new ed. *Wesley Letters*.

<sup>8</sup> Probably George Stonehouse, formerly vicar of Islington. Dr. Byrom, the author of the shorthand Wesley used, writes:

I went with John Wesley to Islington to his brother at Mr. Stonehouse's (who paid five guineas to Mr. Lambert for learning my shorthand, but had made one of his own, a strange ugly one, and could not be persuaded to learn ours).

Telford's *Life of C. Wesley*, p. 71, cf. below, Aug. 23, 1781, and *W.H.S.* vol. vii. pp. 44-6.

thing about him is of his own invention, either in whole or in part. Even his fire-screen, his lamps of various sorts, his ink-horn, his very save-all. I really believe, were he seriously to set about it, he could invent the best mouse-trap that ever was in the world.

*Thur. 16.*—I set out for Luton. The snow lay so deep on the road that it was not without much difficulty, and some danger, we at last reached the town. I was offered the use of the church.<sup>1</sup> The frost was exceeding sharp, and the glass was taken out of the windows. However, for the sake of the people, I accepted the offer, though I might just as well have preached in the open air. I suppose four times as many people were present as would have been at the room; and about a hundred in the morning. So I did not repent of my journey through the snow.

*Fri. 17.*—The usual road being blocked up with snow, we were obliged to take a by-road to Hertford. I found the poor children whom Mr. A[ndrews]<sup>2</sup> kept at school were increased to about thirty boys and thirty girls. I went in immediately to the girls. As soon as I began to speak some of them burst into tears, and their emotion rose higher and higher; but it was kept within bounds till I began to pray. A cry then arose, which spread from one to another, till almost all cried aloud for mercy, and would not be comforted.

But how was the scene changed when I came to the boys! They seemed as dead as stones, and scarce appeared to mind anything that was said; nay, some of them could hardly refrain from laughter. However, I spoke on, and set before them the terrors of the Lord. Presently one was cut to the heart; soon after, another and another; and in ten minutes the far greater part of them were little less affected than the girls had been.

<sup>1</sup> The Coles of Sundon occupied the vicarage from 1770 onwards, and probably Wesley was entertained by them during his visit. Mr. Joseph Cole married a Miss Clayton, who at Lord Sundon's death inherited the estate. See *W.M. Mag.* 1884, p. 609. The Rev. Coriolanus Coplestone, who offered the church, was curate to Dr. Prior, the non-resident vicar. Coplestone's son

became a local preacher. He was driven from Luton to St. Albans by persecution. He introduced Methodism into Leighton Buzzard, and died there in 1835, aged seventy (Tyerman's *Life of Wesley*, vol. iii. p. 114; *W.M. Mag.* 1835, p. 804). For another interesting account of the Coplestones see *W.M. Mag.* 1908, p. 245.

<sup>2</sup> See *W.M. Mag.* 1884, p. 607. He presented the pulpit to City Road Chapel.

Except at Kingswood, I have seen no such work of God upon children for above thirty years. I spoke exceeding plain in the evening on the narrow way that leadeth to life. But the men were widely different from the children; they were affected just as much as so many horses.<sup>1</sup>

FEB. 1, *Sat.*<sup>2</sup>—I found an increase of the work of God even in Southwark. Those who so furiously opposed us some years ago, as though they would have swallowed us up quick, are now crumbled into nothing. Only the old chapel subsists as a dull, useless, dissenting meeting-house.<sup>3</sup>

*Fri.* 7.—I called on a friend at Hampton Court,<sup>4</sup> who went with me through the house. It struck me more than anything of the kind I have seen in England; more than Blenheim House itself. One great difference is, everything there appears designedly grand and splendid; here everything is quite, as it were, natural, and one thinks it cannot be otherwise. If the expression may be allowed, there is a kind of stiffness runs through the one, and an easiness through the other. Of pictures I do not pretend to be a judge; but there is one, by Paul Rubens, which particularly struck me, both with the design and the execution of it. It is Zacharias and Elizabeth, with John the Baptist two or three years old, coming to visit Mary, and our Lord sitting upon her knee. The passions are surprisingly expressed, even in the children; but I could not see either the decency or common sense of painting them stark naked. Nothing can defend or excuse this: it is shockingly absurd, even an Indian being the judge. I allow, a man who paints thus may have a good hand, but certainly *cerebrum non habet*.<sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> On Jan. 18 he wrote from London to Mr. Costerdine, arranging an itinerary for March 13 to 18 in the Midlands (see *W.M. Mag.* 1845, p. 580). On the 22nd he wrote to Miss Pywell (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 364), and on the 26th to John Mason: 'Two old members recovered I make more account of than three new ones'; and, as so frequently in his letters, he writes in praise of open-air preaching (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 452).

<sup>2</sup> He wrote to Walter Sellon, who seems to have feared that Wesley was

'going to America to turn bishop.' Wesley admits that in America, should he go there, he will act as bishop, ordaining ministers for the American churches, but there only (*Works*, vol. xiii. p. 45).

<sup>3</sup> On Feb. 5 he wrote from London to Rebecca Yeoman (new ed. *Wesley Letters*), and on the 8th to Lady Maxwell (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 349).

<sup>4</sup> Wesley visited Hampton Court fourteen years later.

<sup>5</sup> 'He has no brains.'



*Sun.* 9.—I buried the remains of Heller Tanner. About thirty years he has adorned the gospel; diligent, patient, loving to every man, and zealous of good works.

*Mon.* 10.—In going to Dorking I read Mr. Jones's<sup>1</sup> ingenious tract upon Clean and Unclean Beasts. He really seems to prove his point, to make it reasonably plain that there is a deeper design in that part of the Levitical Law than is commonly understood: that God had a view throughout to the moral rather than natural qualities of the creatures which He pronounced unclean; and intended it as a standing warning to His people against the fierceness, greediness, and other ill properties which so eminently belonged to those beasts or birds that they were forbidden to eat or touch.

*Tues.* 11.<sup>2</sup>—I casually took a volume of what is called *A Sentimental Journey through France and Italy*.<sup>3</sup> *Sentimental!* what is that? It is not English; he might as well say *Continental*.<sup>4</sup> It is not sense. It conveys no determinate idea; yet one fool makes many. And this nonsensical word (who would believe it?) is become a fashionable one! However, the book 'agrees full well with the title, for one is as queer as the other. For oddity, uncouthness, and unlikeness to all the world beside, I suppose, the writer is without a rival.

*Wed.* 12.—In returning I read a very different book, published by an honest Quaker,<sup>5</sup> on that execrable sum of all

<sup>1</sup> William Jones, of Nayland. *Zoologica Ethica: a Disquisition concerning the Mosaic Distinction of Animals into Clean and Unclean: being an Attempt to explain to Christians the wisdom, morality, and use of that Institution*. London, 1771. See vol. iii. of Jones's *Works*.

<sup>2</sup> He wrote to Miss Mary Stokes; she seems to be at Stroud with a friend: 'You and ——— Eden, too.' Was this Mary Eden, the niece of Bishop Lowth, who afterwards became Mrs. Blackwell? (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 518).

<sup>3</sup> By Laurence Sterne (1713–68), published in the year of his death. Wesley again refers to this in his sermon on 'Pleasing all Men.'

<sup>4</sup> Wesley was not the only eighteenth-century critic who objected to the intro-

duction of new words into the English language, or new forms of old words. 'Continental' was not a very old word, but earlier than 1760; see *Murray's Dict. A Monthly Reviewer*, also noticing Sterne's book, says: 'The word "sentimental" is, like "Continental," a barbarism that has lately disgraced our language, and it is not always easy to conceive what is meant by it': quoted in *Sidelights on the Georgian Period*, 1902, p. 161.

<sup>5</sup> There seems to be no doubt that the 'honest Quaker' was Anthony Benezet. He was born at St. Quentin, France, Jan. 31, 1713, of notable and wealthy parents—Huguenots and exiles. He was, however, educated in London, and joined the Friends. In 1731 he and his

villanies, commonly called the Slave-trade. I read of nothing like it in the heathen world, whether ancient or modern ; and it infinitely exceeds, in every instance of barbarity, whatever Christian slaves suffer in Mahometan countries.

*Fri. 14.*—I began to execute a design, which had long been in my thoughts, to print as accurate an edition of my *Works* as a bookseller would do.<sup>1</sup> Surely I ought to be as exact for God's sake as he would be for money.

*Mon. 17.*—One gave me a very remarkable relation. A gay young woman lately came up to London. Curiosity led her to hear a sermon, which cut her to the heart. One standing by observed how she was affected, and took occasion to talk with her. She lamented that she should hear no more such sermons, as she was to go into the country the next day ; but begged her new acquaintance to write to her there, which she promised to do. In the country her convictions so increased that she resolved to put an end to her own life. With this design she was going upstairs, when her father called her and gave her a letter from London. It was from her new acquaintance, who told her, 'Christ is just ready to receive you : now is the day of salvation.' She cried out, 'It is, it is ! Christ is mine !' and was filled with joy unspeakable. She begged her father to give her pen, ink, and paper, that she might answer her friend immediately. She told her what God had done for her soul, and added, 'We have no time to lose ! The Lord is at hand ! Now, even now, we are stepping into eternity.' She directed her letter, dropped down, and died.

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parents, who had prospered in business, emigrated to America, where, five years later, he married Joyce Marriott, a godly young woman ; gave up his business, taught a school founded by Penn in Philadelphia, wrote books on education ; in 1750 was impressed with the sad condition of the negroes in the Colony, wrote on the subject, and ended an honourable career by becoming a practical and literary philanthropist, and, through his books and his example, the father of great philanthropies. His *Historical Account of Guinea* gave impulse

to the labours of Clarkson. The same book, or his *Caution to Great Britain*, led Wesley to join the Anti-slavery movement, and roused him to brand the slave-trade as 'that execrable sum of all villanies.' Benezet died May 3, 1784, aged seventy-five. (*W.H.S.* vol. v. pp. 45-6.)

<sup>1</sup> The preface to this edition of Wesley's works is dated March 1771. Vols. i. to v. bear on their title-pages 1771. Vol. vi. is the first bearing date 1772. For a full account of the thirty-two volumes see Green's *Bibliography*, Nos. 276 and 285.

*Fri. 21.*<sup>1</sup>—I met several of my friends, who had begun a subscription to prevent my riding on horseback ; which I cannot do quite so well since a hurt which I got some months ago. If they continue it, well ; if not, I shall have strength according to my need.<sup>2</sup>

*Tues. 25.*<sup>3</sup>—I had an interview with T. M[axfield],<sup>4</sup> who seemed much to desire a reunion. But he only seemed ; for, when we explained upon the head, I found he meant just nothing.

*Wed. 26.*<sup>5</sup>—I took my leave of that amiable woman, Mrs. Bl[ackwell].<sup>6</sup> I doubt whether we shall meet again upon earth, but it is enough if we meet in Abraham's bosom.

*Fri. 28.*—I opened the new preaching-house in Poplar.<sup>7</sup> One might say, consecrated it ; for the English law (notwithstanding the vulgar error) does not require, nay, does not allow, any other consecration of churches than by performing public service therein.

MARCH 1, *Sun.*—After the evening service I went to Brentford.

*Mon. 2.*—I preached at Newbury ; *Tuesday* the 3rd, about noon, at the Devizes. The furious prejudice which long reigned in this town is now vanished away, the persecutors, almost to a

<sup>1</sup> He wrote from London to Mrs. Barton of Beverley (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 377).

<sup>2</sup> Cf. below, Jan. 4, 1774, for a full account of the accident, the remedy, and its result.

<sup>3</sup> He wrote from London to Mrs. Woodhouse of Epworth (*W.M. Mag.* 1849, p. 816).

<sup>4</sup> See above, vol. iv. p. 535, and Jan. 23, 1763.

<sup>5</sup> He wrote from Lewisham to Christopher Hopper (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 312), and to Miss Sparrow (*Wesley Letters*, new ed.), also to Samuel Sparrow on his 'ingenious book,' and asking his acceptance of his (Wesley's) answer to Dr. Taylor on *Original Sin* (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 474).

<sup>6</sup> Mrs. Blackwell, *née* Elizabeth Mowland, died the following day, March 27, 1772. In 1774 Mr. Blackwell married Mary Eden, niece of Bishop Lowth, by

whom he had a numerous family, one of whom, Charlotte Martha, was grandmother of Sir W. T. Knollys (afterwards Lord Knollys), Comptroller of the Household to Queen Victoria and King Edward VII.

<sup>7</sup> Mrs. Clippingdale joined the society at Swalwell, near Newcastle-on-Tyne, as a girl of thirteen. She eventually settled in Poplar, where she was known as a 'lovely pattern of holiness.' The Methodists were few and poor. The cause fell so low that the preachers meeting at the Sunday morning breakfast proposed to give it up. John Wesley, who was always present at the breakfast when in town, asked, 'Is Mrs. Clippingdale living?' 'Yes.' 'Then I will not consent to give up Poplar.' She lived to see a chapel erected and the society increased to nearly 250 members. (*Meth. Mag.* 1816, p. 640.)

man, being gone to their account.<sup>1</sup> In the evening I preached at Bristol; and, after having spent a few comfortable days there, on *Monday* the 9th set out for the north. In the evening I preached at Stroud. Here I had much conversation with one that, fifteen months ago, was clearly saved from sin; and immediately Satan was permitted to sift her as wheat. From that moment she was buffeted day and night, so that, through the agony of her mind, sleep wholly departed from her eyes, and it was supposed she must soon lose her senses; but, in the height of her distress, God spoke, and there was a great calm. All was peace and love; and from that time she has been unspeakably happy.

*Wed. 11.*—About noon I preached at Tewkesbury a funeral sermon for one who had been a pattern of all holiness, till she was snatched away in the bloom of youth. In the evening I preached in the new chapel at Worcester.<sup>2</sup> It was thoroughly filled. For a time the work of God was hindered here by a riotous mob; but the mayor cut them short, and ever since we have been in perfect peace.

*Sat. 14.*—I left Worcester. The frost was exceeding sharp, as it was last year just at this time. I preached in Bengeworth, near Evesham,<sup>3</sup> at eleven, and then took horse for Broadmarston. The north-east wind, uncommonly sharp, was exactly in our face. But what is the pleasure or pain of this life? A moment, and it is gone!

*Sun. 15.*—At six in the morning, and five in the evening, I preached in our own chapel; at eleven in Quinton church<sup>4</sup>; and between two and three at Honeybourne.

*Mon. 16.*—As much snow had fallen in the night, it was with difficulty we reached Alcester, where I took chaise for Birmingham. Here our brethren 'walk in the fear of God' and 'the

<sup>1</sup> On March 4 he wrote to Miss Bosanquet at Morley Common, near Leeds; and on the 6th to Miss Newman (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 403, and new ed. of *Wesley's Letters*).

<sup>2</sup> In New Street: it was superseded by the chapel in Pump Street in 1796. The mayor, it is believed, was Mr.

William Davis. (*W.H.S.* vol. iii. p. 179.)

<sup>3</sup> See above, p. 250.

<sup>4</sup> Of which Wesley's friend Samuel Taylor was vicar (1738–1772). He died on June 24 of this year. This Quinton is to be distinguished from that near Birmingham. See *W.M. Mag.* 1902, p. 302, and *W.H.S.* vol. v. p. 92.

comfort of the Holy Ghost,' and God has at length made even the beasts of the people to be at peace with them. All were quiet in the evening; and at five in the morning, although so much snow had fallen that it lay mid-leg deep in all the streets, yet the house was nearly filled.

*Tues. 17.*<sup>1</sup>—Partly in a chaise, partly on horseback, I made a shift to get to Bilbrook; and, after preaching, to Wolverhampton.

*Thur. 19.*—I preached at Burton-upon-Trent, at Ashby-de-la-Zouch in the afternoon, and in the evening to a lovely congregation in the new house at Loughborough. Here is a fair prospect: the last society in the circuit is likely to be one of the first. They increase continually, and are athirst to be, not almost, but altogether, Christians.<sup>2</sup>

*Fri. 20.*—I rode to Markfield, through violent rain. The church, notwithstanding the severity of the weather, was pretty well filled; not with curious hearers, but with earnest people, who sought only to save their souls. Some such we found at Leicester also in the evening, together with many who had little thought about it; to whom, therefore, I spoke in a quite different manner, exhorting them to 'awake out of sleep.' I believe God applied His word; for the house, large as it is, was nearly filled at five in the morning, and all seemed willing to receive that important truth, 'Without holiness no man shall see the Lord.'

<sup>1</sup> He wrote from Birmingham to Charles Wesley (*Works*, vol. xii. pp. 137, 138). At Bilbrook he met Fletcher, who had just sent his *Third Check* to press. See Tyerman's *Life of Fletcher*, p. 222.

<sup>2</sup> With reference to this Midland visit an interesting extract from a letter to Mr. Bardsley is preserved in the Richmond College interleaved Journal. It is dated Feb. 8, 1772, and purports to be written by Mr. Severn:

Dear Brother, by Mr. Olivers' desire I inform you that he is going out of the circuit into Leeds on occasion of the death of his brother-in-law; and that Mr. Wesley will be in this circuit on the 18th of March. The plan which Mr. Olivers has laid out for him is as follows:

Wed. Mar. 18.	Burton at noon, Ashby at night.
Thur. „ 19.	Markfield, noon; Leicester at night.
Fri. „ 20.	Hoton at noon, Loughbro at night.
Sat. „ 21.	Leek at noon, Nottingham at night.
Sun. „ 22.	Nottingham; a lovefeast then.
Mon. „ 23.	Donington, noon; Derby, night.
Tues. „ 24.	Crich at noon; Derby, night.
Wed. „ 25.	Ashbourne, noon; New-castle-under-Lyme, night.

By referring to the Journal, it will be seen that this plan was partially observed.

*Sat.* 21.—About noon I preached at Hoton,<sup>1</sup> in the evening at Nottingham.

*Sun.* 22.<sup>2</sup>—While we were crossing Sawley Ferry it rained in good earnest, but it was quite fair all the time I was preaching at [Castle] Donington. In the evening I preached at Derby. Both the room and the yard were crowded enough, and yet abundance went away. After preaching the people hung at the doors, and could not be persuaded to go away. So at length I suffered them to come in with the society, and strongly exhorted them to worship God in spirit and in truth.

*Mon.* 23.—A huge congregation was present at five, to whom I spoke with all possible plainness. About nine I reached Ashbourne-in-the-Peak,<sup>3</sup> but the house would not hold a quarter of the people. So I stood in the market-place, and cried aloud, 'Seek ye the Lord, while He may be found.' One or two walked to and fro, quite unconcerned, but none offered the least rudeness, and the bulk of the congregation drank in every word. While I was dining at Leek, some gentlemen of the town sent to desire I would give them a sermon. As it seemed to be a providential call, I did not think it right to refuse. A large congregation quickly ran together, and were deeply attentive. We had a solemn congregation at Macclesfield in the evening, to whom I preached longer than usual. But I felt no more weariness when I had done than I did at six in the morning.

*Wed.* 25.<sup>4</sup>—We went on to Congleton, where all is now

<sup>1</sup> In the house of Mrs. Angrave, wife of John Angrave, of East Leake, and afterwards of Hoton. Before her marriage she had invited the Methodists to preach in the village, but her family prevented her entertaining them. They therefore preached in the street. After her marriage in 1770 she opened her house to them. John Nelson was one of the first thus entertained. (*Meth. Mag.* 1819, p. 214.)

<sup>2</sup> He wrote from 'London' to John Mason, urging him to meet the leaders of bands on a Sunday afternoon, and then to set an example by going to church immediately after. 'This,' he adds, 'is of no small importance. For whoever leaves the Church will leave the Methodists' (*Meth. Rec.* 1886, p. 467).

This seems to illustrate a surmise that occasionally Wesley dated his letters from head quarters, and not from the place in which they were actually written.

<sup>3</sup> From Ashbourne to Leek was interesting ground in early Methodist days. See, e.g., Thomas Hanby's account in *E.M.P.* vol. ii. (1754), pp. 139-43; also above, vol. iv. pp. 110, 204 (the story of Judith Beresford).

<sup>4</sup> He wrote from Congleton to his brother Charles: 'I find almost all our preachers, in every circuit, have done with Christian Perfection. They say they believe it, but they never preach it; or not once in a quarter. What is to be done? Shall we drop, or make a point of it?' (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 138.)

peace and love. None is now left to speak against the Methodists, except Mr. Sambach, the curate.<sup>1</sup> He earnestly labours to drive them from the Church, but they will not leave it yet. They both love her Liturgy and her doctrine, and know not where to find better.

*Fri. 27.*—I preached at Nantwich about noon, and then dragged through a miserable road till, within two or three miles of Whitchurch, the chaise stuck fast, and all our strength could not get it a yard farther. So I took horse and rode to the town.

*Sat. 28.*—I rode on to Chester.

*Sun. 29.*—There were about forty persons in St. John's Church at the Morning Service. Our room was pretty well filled in the morning, and crowded in the evening.

*Mon. 30.*—At one I preached in Warrington. I believe all the young gentlemen of the academy were there, to whom I stated and proved the use of reason, from those words of St. Paul, 'In wickedness be ye children, but in understanding be ye men.'<sup>2</sup>

I had very large and very serious congregations at Liverpool morning and evening, on *Monday, Tuesday,<sup>3</sup> Wednesday, and Thursday.*

APRIL 3, *Fri.*—I set out for Wigan, but before we came to Ashton [-in-Makerfield] I was glad to use my own feet and leave the poor horses to drag the chaise as they could. I preached at Wigan about twelve, and in the evening at Bolton. How wonderfully has God wrought in this place! John Bennet, some years ago, reduced this society from seven score to twelve,<sup>4</sup> and they are now risen to a hundred and seventy.

*Sun. 5.*—I preached at eight to as many as the house would

<sup>1</sup> Rev. R. Sambach. He seems to have been a contentious man. The Corporation 'removed him from his curacy.' He went to London, and, it is said, became quite a changed character. (*Meth. in Congleton*, p. 77.)

<sup>2</sup> The sermon was preached in Academy Square. Wesley stood on a chair in front of the house in which Dr. Priestley (the discoverer of oxygen and of the composition of water) had lived

up to some five years earlier. The congregation of students, tutors, and populace filled the square. Jane Phillips's child, seated on her shoulder, saw the crowd, and to the end of life remembered it. (*W.H.S.* vol. viii. pp. 59 and 81; see also *W.M. Mag.* 1910, p. 228.)

<sup>3</sup> On March 31 he wrote from Liverpool to Mrs. Elizabeth Bennis (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 393).

<sup>4</sup> See above, vol. iv. pp. 15, 32.

contain, but at noon I was obliged to stand in the street and explain the one thing needful. I preached at Manchester in the evening, but the house was far too small.<sup>1</sup> Crowds were obliged to go away. The speculative knowledge of the truth has ascended here from the least to the greatest. But how far short is this of experimental knowledge! Yet it is a step toward it not to be despised.

*Mon. 6.*—In the afternoon I drank tea at A[da]m O[ldham's].<sup>2</sup> But how was I shocked! The children that used to cling about me, and drink in every word, had been at a boarding-school. There they had unlearned all religion, and even seriousness, and had learned pride, vanity, affectation, and whatever could guard them against the knowledge and love of God. Methodist parents, who would send your girls headlong to hell, send them to a fashionable boarding-school!

*Tues. 7.*—I went to New Mills. Notwithstanding all the rain the house was well filled, for nothing can hinder this lively, earnest people.

*Wed. 8.*—I returned to Manchester, and in the evening fully delivered my own soul.

*Thur. 9.*—Mr. Bruce<sup>3</sup> offering to accompany me into Scotland, I took him and Mr. E. too: and it was well I did, for Mr. E.'s horse quickly fell, and so disabled himself that I was obliged to leave him behind. God grant that he may not be left behind for ever!

*Fri. 10.*—Having sent my chaise before, I rode to Amble-

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<sup>1</sup> 'The house' must have been the building in Birchin Lane. The great chapel in Oldham Street was not opened until 1781. See Tyerman's *Life of Wesley*, vol. iii. p. 350, for a description of the personnel of the congregation in the old chapel during the thirty years of its occupancy. The references given by Tyerman will lead the student into some of the most remarkable incidents in the history of early Manchester Methodism.

<sup>2</sup> He was a feltmaker, one of the first trustees of Birchin Lane Chapel, and, in the days of comparative poverty, one of the most useful members and officers of the society. Like many other Metho-

dists, he grew rich. He lived for many years in a house on the site of the present Albion Hotel, at the corner of Oldham Street—the street which may have been called after his own name, though of this we cannot be sure. Cf. below July 18, 1787; and Tyerman's *Life of Wesley*, vol. iii. pp. 119, 350. There was an earlier 'Oldham,' viz. Hugh Oldham, founder of the Free Grammar School.

<sup>3</sup> In this year James Rogers mentions a 'Mr. Bruce, a medical gentleman in York,' who advised him as to his health. It is thought this may have been the 'Mr. Bruce' of the text.



side. Thence, on *Saturday*, we went on comfortably, in hired chaises, to Whitehaven.

*Sun.* 12.—At eight we had our usual congregation of plain, earnest people. But at five (who would imagine it?) we had wellnigh all the gentry of the town; and ‘the power of the Lord was present to heal them’; so that few, I believe, were unaffected. The same power was present at the meeting of the children. I never, in all my life, was so affected with any part of Solomon’s Song as while one of the girls was repeating it.

*Mon.* 13.—At five in the evening we had all the gentry again, with several clergymen; and again the Spirit applied the word. For the present even the rich seemed to be moved. As soon as I had delivered my message, I set out for Cocker-mouth.

*Tues.* 14.—I set out for Carlisle. A great part of the road was miserably bad. However, we reached it in the afternoon, and found a small company of plain, loving people. The place where they had appointed me to preach was out of the gate; yet it was tolerably filled with attentive hearers.<sup>1</sup> Afterwards, inquiring for the Glasgow road, I found it was not much round to go by Edinburgh; so I chose that road, and went five miles forward this evening, to one of our friends’ houses.<sup>2</sup> Here we had a hearty welcome *sub lare parvulo*,<sup>3</sup> with sweet and quiet rest.

*Wed.* 15.—Though it was a lone house, we had a large congregation at five in the morning. Afterwards we rode for upwards of twenty miles, through a most delightful country; the fruitful mountains rising on either hand, and the clear stream running beneath. In the afternoon we had a furious storm of rain and snow: however, we reached Selkirk safe. Here I observed a little piece of stateliness which was quite new to me: the maid came in and said, ‘Sir, *the lord of the stable*<sup>4</sup> waits to know if he should feed your horses.’ We call him *ostler* in

<sup>1</sup> Two years before, April 13, 1770, it was the day of small things in Carlisle. There were only fifteen members. Twelve years later, on April 22, 1784, he preached in our ‘own house.’ But Fisher Street Chapel was not built till 1786. See below, May 12, 1788.

<sup>2</sup> Probably at West Linton.

<sup>3</sup> Under a lowly roof.

<sup>4</sup> Various suggestions have been made in explanation of this curious phrase, including a classical allusion. Possibly Wesley mistook the vernacular ‘laād,’ or ‘lahd,’ for ‘lord.’ Or there may have been a touch of sarcasm on the part of the maid-servant.

England. After supper all the family seemed glad to join with us in prayer.

*Thur.* 16.—We went on through the mountains, covered with snow, to Edinburgh.

*Fri.* 17 (being *Good Friday*).—I went to the Episcopal chapel, and was agreeably surprised : not only the prayers were read well, seriously, and distinctly, but the sermon, upon the sufferings of Christ, was sound and unexceptionable. Above all, the behaviour of the whole congregation, rich and poor, was solemn and serious.

*Sat.* 18.—I set out for Glasgow. One would rather have imagined it was the middle of January than the middle of April. The snow covered the mountains on either hand, and the frost was exceeding sharp ; so I preached within, both this evening and on *Sunday* morning. But in the evening the multitude constrained me to stand in the street. My text was, 'What God hath cleansed, that call not thou common.' Hence I took occasion to fall upon their miserable bigotry for opinions and modes of worship. Many seemed to be not a little convinced ; but how long will the impression continue ?

*Mon.* 20.—I went on to Greenock, a seaport town, twenty miles west of Glasgow.<sup>1</sup> It is built very much like Plymouth Dock, and has a safe and spacious harbour. The trade and inhabitants, and consequently the houses, are increasing swiftly ; and so is cursing, swearing, drunkenness, Sabbath-breaking, and all manner of wickedness. Our room is about thrice as large as that at Glasgow ; but it would not near contain the congregation. I spoke exceeding plain, and not without hope that we may see some fruit, even among this hard-hearted generation.

*Tues.* 21.—The house was very full in the morning ; and they showed an excellent spirit ; for after I had spoke a few words on the head, every one stood up at the singing. In the afternoon I preached at Port Glasgow, a large town, two miles east of Greenock. Many gay people were there, careless enough ; but the greater part seemed to hear with understanding. In the

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<sup>1</sup> Did he take Paisley in going or coming, or between these places and Glasgow ? Mr. Daniel White, of Dover, 'awakened under a sermon preached by

Mr. Wesley in Paisley in 1772,' is memorialized among the 'Recent Deaths,' in the *W.M. Mag.* 1837, p. 959.

evening I preached at Greenock ; and God gave them a loud call, whether they will hear or whether they will forbear.

*Wed. 22.*—About eight I preached once more in the Masons' Lodge at Port Glasgow. The house was crowded greatly ; and I suppose all the gentry of the town were a part of the congregation. Resolving not to shoot over their heads, as I had done the day before, I spoke strongly of death and judgement, heaven and hell. This they seemed to comprehend ; and there was no more laughing among them, or talking with each other ; but all were quietly and deeply attentive.

In the evening, when I began at Glasgow, the congregation being but small, I chose a subject fit for experienced Christians ; but soon after a heap of fine gay people came in. Yet I could not decently break off what I was about, though they gaped and stared abundantly. I could only give a short exhortation in the close more suited to their capacity.

*Thursday* the 23rd was the fast before the Lord's Supper. It was kept as a Sunday—no shops open or business done. Three ministers came to assist Mr. Gillies, with whom I had much conversation. They all seemed to be pious as well as sensible men. As it rained in the evening, I preached in the Grammar School—a large, commodious room. I know not that ever I spoke more plain, nor perhaps with more effect.

*Fri. 24.*—We had a large congregation at five, and many of the rich and gay among them. I was aware of them now, and they seemed to comprehend perfectly well what it is to be 'ashamed of the gospel of Christ.' I set out at seven ; in the evening I preached at Edinburgh on 'My son, give me thy heart,' and, after preaching in the morning, on *Saturday* the 25th set out for the north.

I reached Perth in the evening, and sent to the Provost to desire the use of the Guildhall, in which I preached *Sunday* the 26th in the morning and (it being very cold) in the evening. Afterwards I accepted of the Provost's invitation to lodge at his house, and spent an agreeable evening with him, and three ministers, concluded with solemn prayer.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> On the 26th he wrote to his brother Charles (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 139). This letter seems to mark the dawn of the

idea that John Fletcher should be his designated successor. 'Mr. Fletcher is the best that occurs now.'

*Mon. 27.*—I spent three or four hours in conversation with Dr. Oswald and Mr. Fraser,<sup>1</sup> two as pious and sensible ministers as any I know in Scotland. From Methven we went on to Dunkeld, once the capital of the Caledonian kingdom, now a small town standing on the bank of the Tay and at the foot of several rough, high mountains.<sup>2</sup> The air was sharp, yet the multitude of people constrained me to preach abroad; and, I trust, not in vain, for great was the power of God in the midst of them.

*Tues. 28.*—We walked through the Duke of Athol's gardens, in which was one thing I never saw before—a summer-house in the middle of a greenhouse, by means of which one might in the depth of winter enjoy the warmth of May and sit surrounded with greens and flowers on every side.<sup>3</sup>

In the evening I preached once more at Perth to a large and serious congregation. Afterwards they did me an honour I never thought of—presented me with the freedom of the city. The diploma ran thus:

*MAGISTRATUUM illustris ordo et honorandus senatorum coetus inclytæ civitatis Perthensis, in debiti amoris et affectuum tesseram erga Johannem W[esle]y, immunitatibus præfatae civitatis, societatis etiam et fraternitatis aedilitiæ privilegiis donarunt.*

*Aprilis die 28º anno Sal. 1772º.*<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> He had met both of these ministers during earlier visits to Scotland. See above, pp. 256 and 363.

<sup>2</sup> Pennant gives a glowing description of the entrance into the Highlands near this town. See also Gray's *Letters*, No. 117, where he names and describes the mountains above Dunkeld.

<sup>3</sup> See Queen Victoria's *More Leaves*, and Defoe's account, in which the Hermitage is particularly mentioned; also Burns's poem, 'The Hermit.'

<sup>4</sup> 'The illustrious order of Magistrates and honourable Court of Aldermen [senatorum] of the famous city of Perth, as a proof of their well-merited esteem and affection for John Wesley, have invested him with the immunities of the above-mentioned city, and with the privileges of the fellowship and brother-

hood of a Burgess. This 28th day of April, in the year of our salvation 1772.' 'This diploma was struck off from a copper plate on parchment. The arms of the city and some of the words were illuminated, and flowers painted round the borders. Report gave it a splendid appearance. And for the purity of the Latin it is not perhaps excelled by any diploma, either from London or any other city in Europe' (Moore's *Life of Wesley*, vol. ii. p. 254). Wesley's citizenship of Perth is connected directly with one of the most interesting episodes in the early history of Methodism in Scotland and London. Miss Meston was brought up in Edinburgh by her parents, who were strict but affectionate members of the Established Church. At their death she passed, still a child, to

I question whether any diploma from the city of London be more pompous or expressed in better Latin.

In my way to Perth I read over the first volume of Dr. Robertson's *History of Charles the Fifth*. I know not when I have been so disappointed. It might as well be called the History of Alexander the Great. Here is a quarto volume of eight or ten shillings' price containing dry, verbose dissertations on feudal government, the substance of all which might be comprised in half a sheet of paper! But 'Charles the Fifth'! Where is Charles the Fifth?

Leave off thy reflections, and give us thy tale!<sup>1</sup>

*Wed. 29.*—I went on to Brechin, and preached in the town hall to a congregation of all sorts—Seceders, Glassites, Non-jurors, and what not. Oh what excuse have ministers in Scotland for not declaring the whole counsel of God, where the bulk of the people not only endure, but love, plain dealing?<sup>2</sup>

*Friday and Saturday* I rested at Aberdeen.

*MAY 3, Sun.*—I went in the morning to the English Church. Here likewise I could not but admire the exemplary decency of the congregation. This was the more remarkable because so miserable a reader I never heard before. Listening with all attention, I understood but one single word, 'Balak,' in the First Lesson, and one more, 'begat,' was all I could possibly distinguish in the Second. Is there no man of spirit belonging to this congregation? Why is such a burlesque upon public worship suffered? Would it not be far better to pay this gentleman for

the guardianship of a bachelor uncle, a saintly and devoted minister of the same Church. His health failing, she was adopted by another uncle, a merchant in Perth, who was thrice elected Provost. A servant in the house heard the Methodist preachers, and was converted. She persuaded her young mistress to hear them, with the result that she also joined the society. Fletcher's *Checks* and Wesley's *Sermons* convinced her that the Arminian doctrine was the more excellent way. Her uncle was also impressed

by them, and not only became Wesley's host, but prevailed upon the city council to present him with the freedom of the city. Miss Meston married Charles Kennedy, a devoted London Methodist, and for many years was one of the honourable women of London Methodism. She died in 1804, and was buried in Wesley's City Road graveyard (*Meth. Mag.* 1806, pp. 133, 176).

<sup>1</sup> See *W.H.S.* vol. v. p. 153.

<sup>2</sup> On May 1 he wrote from Aberdeen to Miss Mary Stokes (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 519).

doing nothing than for doing mischief, for bringing a scandal upon religion?

About three I preached at the College kirk in the Old Town, to a large congregation, rich and poor; at six in our own house, on the Narrow Way. I spoke exceeding plain, both this evening and the next; yet none were offended. What encouragement has every preacher in this country, 'by manifestation of the truth,' to 'commend' himself 'to every man's conscience in the sight of God'!

*Tues. 5.*—I read over in my journey Dr. Beattie's<sup>1</sup> ingenious *Inquiry after Truth*. He is a writer quite equal to his subject, and far above the match of all the 'minute philosophers,'<sup>2</sup> David Hume in particular—the most insolent despiser of truth and virtue that ever appeared in the world. And yet it seems some complain of this Doctor's using him with too great severity! I cannot understand how that can be, unless he treated him with rudeness (which he does not), since he is an avowed enemy to God and man, and to all that is sacred and valuable upon earth.

In the evening I preached in the new house at Arbroath (properly Aberbrothock).<sup>3</sup> In this town there is a change indeed! It was wicked to a proverb; remarkable for Sabbath-breaking, cursing, swearing, drunkenness, and a general contempt of religion. But it is not so now. Open wickedness disappears; no oaths are heard, no drunkenness seen in the streets. And many have not only ceased from evil, and learned to do well, but are witnesses of the inward kingdom of God, 'righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost.'

*Wed. 6.*—The magistrates here also did me the honour of presenting me with the freedom of their corporation. I

<sup>1</sup> Dr. James Beattie's *Essay on the Nature and Immutability of Truth in Opposition to Sophistry and Superstition*. London, 1770. (*W.H.S.* vol. iv. p. 204.)

<sup>2</sup> A phrase borrowed from Berkeley, *Alciphron, or the Minute Philosopher*, 1732, 3rd ed. 1752. Dial. I. ii.: 'They are amongst the great thinkers, as the Dutch painters amongst the men of the grand style.'

<sup>3</sup> Mr. Ernest F. Cobb, the Town

Chamberlain of Arbroath, informs us that there have been thirty-two different names and spellings. The seal of the Burgh bears the legend *Sigillum Aberbrothici*—the seal of Aberbrothock. See above, p. 365, where Wesley writes, 'Properly Aberbrothwick,' as to which Mr. Cobb proceeds, 'Aberbrothwick is also correct, and in official matters pertaining to our Harbour the name is still in use.'

value it as a token of their respect, though I shall hardly make any further use of it.

*Thur. 7.*—I took Thomas Cherry<sup>1</sup> away with me; but it was too late; he will hardly recover. Let all observe (that no more preachers may murder themselves), here is another martyr to screaming!

We had a huge congregation in the evening at Dundee, it being the fast-day before the sacrament. Never in my life did I speak more plain or close: let God apply it as pleaseth Him.

*Fri. 8.*—I laboured to reconcile those who (according to the custom of the place) were vehemently contending about nothing.

*Sat. 9.*—I went to Edinburgh.

*Sun. 10.*—I attended the Church of England service in the morning, and that of the Kirk in the afternoon. Truly 'no man having drunk old wine, straightway desireth new.' How dull and dry did the latter appear to me, who had been accustomed to the former! In the evening I endeavoured to reach the hearts of a large congregation, by applying part of the Sermon on the Mount; and I am persuaded God applied it with power to many consciences.

*Mon. 11.*—I spoke severally to the members of the society as closely as I could. Out of ninety (now united) I scarce found ten of the original society: so indefatigable have the good ministers been to root out the seed God had sown in their hearts.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> He came from Swaledale, served as a preacher for six years, and died after winning extraordinary success, a martyr to the vehemence of his zeal. But whilst Wesley's final word concerning him may have been, and probably was, quite true, his earlier word, (see above, p. 365) was also true. In six years Cherry had transformed one of the worst towns in Scotland, and built a chapel that stands to this day. His family is still represented around Reeth and Gunnerside. It has had interesting links with Methodism continuously, whilst boys the world around have learned to honour the

courage, patient endurance, and sympathetic insight of those students of nature in her wildest haunts, Richard and Cherry Kearton, the grandsons of Cherry Kearton, one of the finest examples of Methodist local preachers, and whose story recalls that of his kinsman, Thomas Cherry. See *Meth. in Swaledale*, p. 34; *Meth. in Barnard Castle*, p. 129; and *Meth. Rec.* Winter No., 1900, pp. 61-7.

<sup>2</sup> He refers probably to the ministers who conducted the services in Lady Glenorchy's first chapel, from which Wesley was now excluded.

*Tues. 12.*—I preached at Ormiston, ten miles south of Edinburgh, to a large and deeply serious congregation. I dined at the minister's, a sensible man, who heartily bid us God-speed. But he soon changed his mind : Lord H[opetoun]<sup>1</sup> informed him that he had received a letter<sup>2</sup> from Lady Huntingdon, assuring him that we were 'dreadful heretics, to whom no countenance should be given.' It is pity! Should not the children of God leave the devil to do his own work?<sup>3</sup>

*Wed. 13.*<sup>4</sup>—I preached at Leith, in the most horrid, dreary room I have seen in the kingdom. But the next day I found another kind of room—airy, cheerful, and lightsome; which Mr. Parker undertook to fit up for the purpose, without any delay.

*Sun. 17.*—I had appointed to preach at noon in the Lady's Walk at Leith; but being offered the use of the Episcopal chapel, I willingly accepted it, and both read prayers and preached. Here also the behaviour of the congregation did honour to our Church.

*Mon. 18.*—Dr. Hamilton<sup>5</sup> brought with him Dr. Monro and Dr. Gregory. They satisfied me what my disorder was,<sup>6</sup> and

<sup>1</sup> The Earl of Hopetoun, whose seat is Ormiston Hall (see below May 30, 1786). Lady Hopetoun was one of Lady Huntingdon's select band. For an allusion to the then Countess of Northesk and Hopetoun, who was a valuable member of a 'select band' for prayer and reading the Scriptures, see *Life of the Countess of Huntingdon*, vol. i. p. 101.

<sup>2</sup> Walter Shirley's circular letter, which was written on behalf of Lady Huntingdon. See also below, May 20.

<sup>3</sup> Lady Huntingdon's sudden alienation after a friendship of more than thirty years was largely due to the new friendships she had formed with the Hill family, who were aristocrats like herself, and with ultra-predestinarians of the Toplady type. These new advisers persuaded her that the Conference *Minutes* of 1770 contained dangerous errors. She it was who inspired the first round of opposition. Her cousin Shirley was her mouthpiece. His

circular letter was really hers, though the wording, the circulation, and the presentation to the Conference were his. Trevecca College was at her mercy. Students or tutors who did not disown the *Minutes* must leave. Hence Benson, whom Wesley had given her as head master, was dismissed. She supposed that her will might be law. Wesley thought otherwise. Hence the rupture.

<sup>4</sup> He wrote from Leith to 'A Young Disciple' (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 445).

<sup>5</sup> Dr. James Hamilton joined the Methodist society at Dunbar. After Wesley's death he settled in London, residing in Finsbury Square, where he died in 1827. See *W.M. Mag.* 1827, p. 359; 1829, p. 433. Several references to him will be found in the *Life of Jabez Bunting*, vol. i. James Hamilton Townsend, of Jewin Street Chapel, and the famous preacher, James Parsons of York, were his grandsons.

<sup>6</sup> See below, Jan. 4, 1774.



told me there was but one method of cure. Perhaps but one natural one; but I think God has more than one method of healing either the soul or the body.

In the evening (the weather being still severe) I preached in the new house at Leith to a lovely audience on 'Narrow is the way that leadeth unto life.' Many were present again at five in the morning. How long have we toiled here almost in vain! Yet I cannot but hope God will at length have a people even in this place.

*Wed. 20.*—I took my leave of Edinburgh in the morning by strongly enforcing the Apostle's exhortation, 'Be careful for nothing; but in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God.'

I had designed to preach (as usual) at Provost Dickson's, in Haddington, in the way to Dunbar. But the Provost, too, had received light from the 'Circular Letter,' and durst not receive those *heretics*. So we went round by the Marquis of Tweeddale's<sup>1</sup> seat, completely finished within and without. But he that took so much delight in it is gone to his long home, and has left it to one that has no taste or regard for it. So rolls the world away! In the evening I preached at Dunbar.

*Thur. 21.*—I went to the Bass, seven miles from it, which, in the horrid reign of Charles the Second, was the prison of those venerable men who suffered the loss of all things for a good conscience. It is a high rock surrounded by the sea, two or three miles in circumference, and about two miles from the shore. The strong east wind made the water so rough that the boat could hardly live: and when we came to the only landing-place (the other sides being quite perpendicular), it was with much difficulty that we got up, climbing on our hands and knees. The castle, as one may judge by what remains, was utterly inaccessible. The walls of the chapel, and of the governor's house, are tolerably entire. The garden walls are still seen near the top of the rock, with the well in the midst of it. And round the walls there are spots of grass

<sup>1</sup> George, sixth Marquis, succeeded in 1770 and died in 1782. The nobleman who built the house is said to have taken Greenwich Palace as his model in

architecture and St. James's Park in planting. 'The Goblin Hall' of the Host's Tale in *Marmion* was part of the old Yester Castle.

that feed eighteen or twenty sheep. But the proper natives of the island are Soland<sup>1</sup> geese, a bird about the size of a Muscovy duck, which breed by thousands, from generation to generation, on the sides of the rock. It is peculiar to these that they lay but one egg, which they do not sit upon at all, but keep it under one foot (as we saw with our eyes) till it is hatched. How many prayers did the holy men confined here offer up in that evil day! And how many thanksgivings should we return for all the liberty, civil and religious, which we enjoy!

At our return we walked over the ruins of Tantallon Castle, once the seat of the great Earls of Douglas. The front walls (it was four-square) are still standing, and by their vast height and huge thickness give us a little idea of what it once was. Such is human greatness!

*Fri. 22.*—We took a view of the famous Roman camp, lying on a mountain<sup>2</sup> two or three miles from the town. It is encompassed with two broad and deep ditches, and is not easy of approach on any side. Here lay General Leslie with his army, while Cromwell was starving below. He had no way to escape; but the enthusiastic fury of the Scots delivered him. When they marched into the valley to swallow him up, he mowed them down like grass.

*Sat. 23.*—I went on to Alnwick, and preached in the town hall. What a difference between an English and a Scotch congregation! These judge themselves rather than the preacher; and their aim is, not only to know, but to love and obey.

*Mon. 25.*—I preached in Morpeth at noon, and in the evening at Newcastle.

*Wed. 27.*—I went on to Sunderland, and was surprised to find the society smaller than I left it. It is true many are removed to other places, and many are removed to Abraham's bosom; but still there must be want of zeal in those that remain, or this loss would have been more than supplied out of the multitude of serious people who constantly attend the preaching.

*Sat. 30.*—I met a company of the most lively children that

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<sup>1</sup> Wesley wrote 'Solund'; he would hear the Scotch name for the birds, which is Soland.

<sup>2</sup> Dun, or Doon, Hill. See Carlyle's *Oliver Cromwell*, vol. iii. p. 29.

I have seen for several years.<sup>1</sup> One of them repeated her hymn with such propriety that I did not observe one accent misplaced. Fair blossoms! And if they be duly attended they may be good fruit!

*Sun. 31.*—At eight I preached near the market-place to an immense congregation. That in Gateshead Fell, at two, was still more numerous, but more attentive they could not be. About five I preached in the Castlegarth at Newcastle to the largest congregation of all, but not the most serious, there being not a few casual or curious hearers among them.

*JUNE 1, Mon.*—I began a little tour through the Dales.<sup>2</sup> About nine I preached at Kip Hill; at one at Wolsingham. Here we began to trace the revival of the work of God; and here began the horrid mountains we had to climb over. However, before six we reached Barnard Castle. I preached at the end of the preaching-house to a large congregation of established Christians. At five in the morning the house was near full of persons ripe for the height and depth of the gospel.

*Tues. 2.*—We rode to Newbiggin-in-Teesdale. The people

<sup>1</sup> This, we may assume, was in or near Newcastle. But the fact emphasized is the meeting of children. In his tour of the Dales, which immediately follows, and in the accounts drawn up by the leaders and John Fenwick, filling eight pages of the *Journal*, one of the brightest features is Wesley's interest in the children, and his belief in the reality of their religion. See, for example, his remarks immediately following, and especially his comparison of the work in Everton with the Dales Revival. His devotion to the children was not an occasionally recurring enthusiasm, but a life-long habit rooted in convictions slowly formed at Epworth, Oxford, in Georgia, and cherished in the ever-widening circles of child-friendship in every part of the country. The weak point in his ministry to children was his failure to find wise and sympathetic coadjutors. See June 12, 1774.

<sup>2</sup> See *Meth. Rec.* Dec. 19, 1901. The Dales at first were in the Barnard Castle

circuit—Weardale, Teesdale, Allendale, Wensleydale, Swaledale (see Memoir of Mrs. Elizabeth Bargate, *W.M. Mag.* 1866, p. 385). The editor of the Standard Edition some years ago had the opportunity of following Wesley's footsteps and studying his work among many of the descendants of those who figure in his story, in some instances in the very houses in which he was entertained. He heard many traditions that have been preserved in the Methodist family life of the Dales. Examples of these stories, some of which had never before been published, will be found in articles of the *Meth. Rec.* Winter No., 1898, pp. 23-35. It is impossible to condense these stories, but they show clearly that the accounts given in the *Journal* only indicate, without exaggeration, the marvellous character of the work. The subsequent history of the Methodism of the Dales proves the reality and, temporary failure notwithstanding, the permanence of the work.

were deeply attentive ; but, I think, not deeply affected. From the top of the next enormous mountain we had a view of Weardale. It is a lovely prospect. The green, gently-rising meadows and fields on both sides of the little river, clear as crystal, were sprinkled over with innumerable little houses ; three in four of which (if not nine in ten) are sprung up since the Methodists came hither. Since that time, the beasts are turned into men, and the wilderness into a fruitful field.

It being very cold, I judged it best to preach in the house,<sup>1</sup> though many of the people could not get in. Just as I began to pray a man began to scream, and that so loud, that my voice was quite drowned. I desired he would contain himself as far as he could ; and he did so tolerably well. I then applied the account of the Woman of Canaan. The people devoured every word.

*Wed. 3.*—I desired to speak with those who believed God had saved them from inward sin. I closely examined them, twenty in all—ten men, eight women, and two children. Of one man, and one or two women, I stood in doubt. The experience of the rest was clear ; particularly that of the children, Margaret Spenser, aged fourteen, and Sally Blackburn, a year younger. But what a contrast was there between them ! Sally Blackburn was all calmness ; her look, her speech, her whole carriage was as sedate as if she had lived threescore years. On the contrary, Peggy was all fire ; her eye sparkled ; her very features spoke ; her whole face was all alive ; and she looked as if she was just ready to take wing for heaven ! Lord, let neither of these live to dishonour Thee ! Rather take them unspotted to Thyself !

In the evening I preached on ‘Open thy mouth wide, and I will fill it.’ And indeed God confirmed His word. There was a cry on every side, but not like that last night. This did not damp, but quicken, the rest, especially that of the children ; many of whom mourned for God, but none rejoiced with joy unspeakable. About twenty of them, steady and consistent, both in their testimony and behaviour, desired to join with their elder brethren in the great sacrifice of thanksgiving.<sup>2</sup> A few were then also constrained to cry out ; but the greater part enjoyed ‘the silent heaven of love.’

<sup>1</sup> High House Chapel.

The Eucharist

*Thur. 4.*—At five I took my leave of this blessed people. I was a little surprised, in looking attentively upon them, to observe so many beautiful faces as I never saw before in one congregation; many of the children in particular, twelve or fourteen of whom (chiefly boys) sat full in my view. But I allow much more might be owing to grace than nature, to the heaven within, that shone outward.

Before I give a more particular account of this work of God it may be well to look back to the very beginning of it.<sup>1</sup> In this part of Weardale the people in general are employed in the lead-mines. In the year 1749 Mr. Hopper and John Brown<sup>2</sup> came and preached among them. But it made no impression; none opposed, and none asked them to eat or drink. Mr. Hopper, nevertheless, made them several visits in the ensuing spring and summer. Towards autumn four found peace with God, and agreed to meet together. At Christmas two of the exhorters in Allendale determined to visit Weardale. Before they entered it they kneeled down on the snow and earnestly besought the Lord that He would incline some person, who was worthy, to receive them into his house. At the first house where they called they were bid welcome, and they stayed there four days. Their word was with power, so that many were convinced, and some converted to God. One of these exhorters was Jacob Rowell.<sup>3</sup> They continued their visits, at intervals, all winter. In the beginning of summer about twenty lively, steady people were joined together. From that time they gradually increased to thirty-five, and continued about that number for ten years. There was then a remarkable revival among them, by means of Samuel Meggot; so that they increased to eighty; but, four years since, they were reduced to sixty-three. From that time

<sup>1</sup> See *Meth. Rec.* Winter No., 1898, p. 31.

<sup>2</sup> Of Tanfield Leigh. See above, vol. iii. pp. 53, 54.

<sup>3</sup> Tradition says the other was Matthew Lowes. Both are memorialized by Atmore; see pp. 244 and 378. Rowell began preaching in 1749, and died in 1784. His obituary notice in the *Minutes of Conference* consists of eleven words, written, no doubt, by Wesley himself: 'A

faithful old soldier, fairly worn out in his Master's service' (*W.M. Mag.* 1843, pp. 906-9). For notes from Jacob Rowell's note-books see *Meth. Rec.* Winter No., 1905, pp. 46, 47. Matthew Allison, of Newbiggin (died Dec. 9, 1805), was a member of the society for about fifty-four years. He followed Hopper and Rowell over the mountains to learn more fully the way of salvation (*Meth. Mag.* 1807, p. 90).

they increased again, and were, in August, a hundred and twenty.

In two respects this society has always been peculiarly remarkable: the one, they have been the most liberal in providing every thing needful for the preachers; the other, they have been particularly careful with regard to marriage. They have in general married with each other; and that not for the sake of money, but virtue. Hence, having been yoke-fellows in grace before, they more easily bear the yoke of marriage, and assist each other in training up their children; and God has eminently blessed them therein. For in most of their families, the greatest part of the children above ten years old are converted to God. So that to several among them one may say, as St. Paul to Timothy, 'The faith which dwelt first in thy grandmother, and thy mother, I am persuaded is in thee also.' It was observable, too, that their leaders were upright men, alive to God, and having an uncommon gift in prayer. This was increased by their continual exercise of it. The preachers were there but once a fortnight. But though they had neither preacher nor exhorter, they met every night for singing and prayer.

Last summer the work of God revived, and gradually increased till the end of November. Then God began to make bare His arm in an extraordinary manner. Those who were strangers to God felt, as it were, a sword in their bones, constraining them to roar aloud. Those who knew God were filled with joy unspeakable, and were almost equally loud in praise and thanksgiving. The convictions that seized the unawakened were generally exceeding deep; so that their cries drowned every other voice, and no other means could be used than the speaking to the distressed, one by one, and encouraging them to lay hold on Christ. And this has not been in vain. Many that were either on their knees, or prostrate on the ground, have suddenly started up, and their very countenance showed that the Comforter was come. Immediately these began to go about from one to another of them that were still in distress, praising God, and exhorting them without delay to come to so gracious a Saviour. Many, who to that hour appeared quite unconcerned, were thereby cut to the heart, and suddenly filled

with such anguish of soul as extorted loud and bitter cries. By such a succession of persons mourning and rejoicing, they have been frequently detained, so that they could not part till ten or eleven at night, nay, sometimes, not till four in the morning.

A further account was drawn up by the leaders :

On Sunday afternoon, December 1, as William Hunter<sup>1</sup> was preaching, the power of God fell on the congregation in a wonderful manner. Many, being cut to the heart, cried aloud for mercy, and ten were added to the society. On Tuesday evening we met again at six ; but could not part till ten. In this time four found peace with God, and ran from one to another, exhorting them to believe in Christ. On Wednesday night many were deeply distressed, but none set at liberty. While we were meeting on Thursday, two were enabled to rejoice in God their Saviour. On Saturday night we met at six, and three of us sung and prayed. But before the third had done, his voice could not be heard for the cries of the people. Seven of these soon arose, blessing and praising God, and went about encouraging others. Many hardened sinners were much affected thereby, and began to cry as loud as they had done ; so that we had nothing to do but to stand and see the wonderful work of God. And oh how dreadful, yet pleasing, was the sight ! All this time many were crying for mercy. Among these were four young men who remained on their knees five hours together. We endeavoured to break up the meeting at ten, but the people would not go ; so that we were constrained to continue till twelve : near this time one was asked what he thought of this. He answered, 'I wish it be all *real*.' He then turned to go home ; but, after taking a few steps, began to cry aloud for mercy. He cried till his strength was quite gone, and then lay as one dead till about four o'clock in the morning ; then God revealed His Son in his heart. During this meeting eleven persons found peace with God.

On Sunday morning we met at the common hour, and three of us sung and prayed as usual, till our voice was drowned by the thanksgivings of the new converts and the cries of convinced sinners. Among the rest an ancient woman was so struck that she vehemently cried out, 'Mercy ! Mercy ! Oh what a sinner am I ! I was the first that received them into my house in Weardale, and have heard them almost these thirty years. Oh, pray for *me* ! Mercy, mercy !' It was not

<sup>1</sup> 'An eminently holy man,' born in 1728, entered the ministry in 1767, and after a remarkable career, died in the

full triumph of faith in 1797. See *E.M.P.* vol. ii. p. 240 ; reprinted as *Wesley's Veterans*, vol. iv. p. 170.

long before she found mercy, and mightily rejoiced in God her Saviour. And about the same time another mourner passed from death unto life.

We met again at two, and abundance of people came from various parts, being alarmed by some confused reports. We sung and prayed; and the power of God descended. A young man who had been deeply wounded in the morning now found One mighty to heal. We then concluded; but many of the people came in again, and others stayed at the door. Among those who came in was one who had been remarkably profligate. He cried for mercy with all his might; several crowded about to see him; and before we parted, not only he, but five more were rejoicing and praising God together. We met again on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, and by that time nine more found peace.

Mr. Rowell came on Thursday, stayed three days, and joined many new members. Three-and-thirty of these had found peace with God, as did five more in the week following. When Mr. Watson came, he joined many more, eleven of whom were justified. At our meeting on Tuesday eleven more were filled with the peace of God. Yet one young man seemed quite unconcerned. But suddenly the power of God fell upon him; he cried for two hours with all his might, and then the Lord set his soul at liberty. On Saturday a few met at Mr. Hunter's room who were athirst for full sanctification. For this they wrestled with God till a young man found the blessing, as several others have done since. We have ever since continued our meetings, and God has continued His loving-kindness toward us. So that above a hundred and twenty are added to the society, above a hundred of whom are believers.

I left John Fenwick<sup>1</sup> on *Friday* the 5th to examine the society one by one. This he did on *Friday* and *Saturday*. The account of what ensued he gave in the following words:

On *Saturday* evening God was present through the whole service, but especially toward the conclusion. Then one and another dropped down, till six lay on the ground together, roaring for the disquietude of their hearts. Observing many to be quite amazed at this, I besought them to stand still and see the salvation of God. But the cry of the distressed soon drowned my voice; so I dismissed the congregation. About half of them went away. I continued praying with the rest when my voice could be heard; when it could not, I prayed without a voice, till after ten o'clock. In this time, four of those poor mourners were clothed with the robes of praise.

<sup>1</sup> A man of small gifts, and more zeal than discretion; he died in 1787. See Atmore's *Memorial*, p. 123.



The society now consists of a hundred and sixty-five members, of whom there are but twenty that have not found peace with God. Surely such a work of God has not been seen before in any part of the three kingdoms.

Such a work, it is true, in many respects, was that at Everton some years since ; yet not in all, as will fully appear if we consider a few more circumstances of this :

Forty-three of these are children, thirty of whom are rejoicing in the love of God. The chief instrument God has used among these is Jane Salkeld,<sup>1</sup> a schoolmistress, a young woman that is a pattern to all that believe. A few of her children are, Phoebe Featherstone, nine years and a half old, a child of uncommon understanding ; Hannah Watson, ten years old, full of faith and love ; Aaron Ridson,<sup>2</sup> not eleven years old, but wise and stayed as a man ; Sarah Smith, eight years and a half old, but as serious as a woman of fifty ; Sarah Morris, fourteen years of age, is as a mother among them, always serious, always watching over the rest, and building them up in love.

Mention was made of four young men, who were affected on the second Wednesday in December. These, hearing of the roaring of the people, came out of mere curiosity. That evening six were wounded and fell to the ground, crying aloud for mercy. One of them, hearing the cry, rushed through the crowd to see what was the matter. He was no sooner got to the place than he dropped down himself, and cried as loud as any. The other three pressing on, one after another were struck just in the same manner. And indeed all of them were in such agonies that many feared they were struck with death. But all the ten were fully delivered before the meeting concluded, which indeed was not till four in the morning.

Jane Collins had been a hearer for twenty years, but was not awakened, till at a prayer-meeting last winter she was cut to the heart. It being Sunday, the meeting should have ended at nine ; but through her distress it continued till near twelve. She was then hardly persuaded to go home. In the evening she returned, but was dead as a stone. So she continued all night ; but the next day God revealed His Son in her heart.

Edward Fairless had been a hearer for many years, but was never

<sup>1</sup> On July 24, 1772, she wrote from Weardale to Wesley, telling, in brief, the story of her Christian experience (*Arm. Mag.* 1785, p. 335). She seems to have married into the Nattrass family. See

below, June 12, 1774 ; and June 10, 1784.

<sup>2</sup> Originally Richardson, then Ridson, then Ritson, grandfather of Rev. Thomas Nattrass. See *Meth. Rec.* Winter No., 1898, p. 23.

convinced of sin. Hearing there was much roaring and crying at the prayer-meetings, he came to hear and see for himself. That evening many cried to God for mercy. He said he wished it was all real ; and went away more prejudiced than before, especially against the roarers and criers, as he called them. But soon after he got home he was struck to the ground, so distressed that he was convulsed all over. His family, fearing that he would die, sent for some of the praying people. For some hours he seemed to be every moment on the point of expiring, in deep agony both of body and mind. He then lay as quite breathless ; but, about four in the morning, God in a moment healed both soul and body. Ever since he has adorned the gospel.

The rise of the late work was this : William Hunter and John Watson, men not of large gifts, but zealous for Christian Perfection, by their warm conversation on the head, kindled a flame in some of the leaders. These pressed others to seek after it ; and for this end appointed meetings for prayer. The fire then spread wider and wider, till the whole society was in a flame. (Thus far John Fenwick.)

It was observed above that this work greatly resembled that at Everton.<sup>1</sup> It did in many respects, but not in all. To instance in some particulars :

It resembled that work (1) in its unexpected beginning. No such work had ever been seen before either at Everton or in Weardale, when it broke out in so astonishing a manner, equally unlooked for by the instruments and by the subjects of it. The latter resembled the former work ; (2) in the swiftness of its progress, I mean in the persons affected ; many of whom were in one day, or even two or three hours, both convinced of sin (without any previous awakening) and converted to God ; (3) in the number of persons both convinced and converted, which was greater in a few months than it had been in Weardale from the first preaching there, or in Everton for a century. The work in Weardale resembled that at Everton ; (4) in the outward symptoms which have attended it. In both the sudden and violent emotions of mind, whether of fear or sorrow, of desire or joy, affected the whole bodily frame ; insomuch that many trembled exceedingly, many fell to the ground, many were violently convulsed, perhaps all over, and many seemed to be

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<sup>1</sup> See above, vol. iv. p. 317.

in the agonies of death ; and the far greater part, however otherwise affected, cried with a loud and bitter cry. To name but one circumstance more, there was a great resemblance (5) in most of the instruments whom God employed. These were plain, artless men, simple of heart, but without any remarkable gifts<sup>1</sup>; men who (almost literally) knew 'nothing save Jesus Christ, and Him crucified.'

In these respects, the work of God in Weardale nearly resembled that at Everton; but in other respects they were widely different: for (1) that was the first work of God of the kind which had ever been in those parts in the memory of man. This was only the revival of a work which had continued for many years. Now these circumstances are common at the dawn of a work, but afterwards very uncommon. I do not remember to have seen the like anywhere in the three kingdoms, unless at the beginning of a work; (2) although the former work was swift, the latter was far swifter. In general, persons were both awakened and justified in a far shorter time; (3) a far greater number were converted to God in Weardale than about Everton, although the number of hearers round about Everton was abundantly greater than in Weardale; (4) although the outward symptoms were the same, yet in Weardale there were none of the dreams, visions, and revelations which abounded at Everton, and which, though at first they undoubtedly were from God, yet were afterwards fatally counterfeited by the devil, to the great discredit of the work of God; (5) there was a great difference in the instruments whom God employed in one and in the other work. Not one of those in or near Everton had any experience in the guiding of souls. None of them were more than 'babes in Christ,' if any of them so much. Whereas in Weardale, not only the three preachers were, I believe, renewed in love, but most of the leaders were deeply experienced in the work of God, accustomed to train up souls in His way, and not ignorant of Satan's devices. And hence we may easily account for the grand difference between the former and the latter work; namely, that the one was so shallow, there scarce being any subjects rising above an infant state of grace; the other so deep,

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Berridge, it should be remembered, was a scholar, despite his eccentricities.

many, both men, women and children, being what St. John terms 'young men' in Christ. Yea, many children here have had far deeper experience, and more constant fellowship with God, than the oldest man or woman at Everton which I have seen or heard of. So that, upon the whole, we may affirm such a work of God as this has not been seen before in the three kingdoms.

*Fri. 5.*—Upon examination, I found the society at Newcastle also smaller than it was two years since. This I can impute to nothing but the want of visiting from house to house; without which the people will hardly increase, either in number or grace.

In the following week I preached in many towns round Newcastle, and on *Saturday* went again to Sunderland. In the evening we mightily wrestled with God for 'an enlargement of His work. As we were concluding, an eminent backslider came strongly into my mind; and I broke out abruptly, 'Lord, is Saul also among the prophets? Is James Watson here? If he be, show Thy power!' Down dropped James Watson<sup>1</sup> like a stone, and began crying aloud for mercy.

Here, Lord, let all his wand'rings end,  
And all his steps to Thee-ward tend!<sup>2</sup>

*Mon. 15.*—I left Newcastle.<sup>3</sup> About noon I preached at Durham; in the evening at Stockton; on *Tuesday*<sup>4</sup> at Yarm<sup>5</sup>;

<sup>1</sup> It has been suggested that this is the man referred to by Charles Wesley in his Journal for Feb. 19 and March 5, 1744.

<sup>2</sup> See Hymn 531 (*M.H.B.*, 1904), ver. 3; also *W.H.S.* vol. v. p. 218. The lines are altered to the third person.

<sup>3</sup> Mrs. Wesley, unrecalled, had nevertheless rejoined her husband. See below, June 30; Tyerman's *Life of Wesley*, vol. iii. p. 126.

<sup>4</sup> On June 16 he wrote from Yarm to Mrs. Elizabeth Bennis (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 394; see new ed. *Wesley Letters* for an addition); and to Miss Mary Stokes (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 520).

<sup>5</sup> At Yarm Mr. Ripley met him and

accompanied him as far as Whitby, preserving in his diary notes of the services. He does not allude to the presence of Mrs. Wesley. Here he preached on the Strait Gate and Narrow Way, and gave another sermon the next morning at the same place. The record for Osmotherley is in Ripley's diary and in the Stewards' Book: 'Ye Reverent and pious John Wesley preached here, Isaiah lxvi. 8, 9.' At Thirsk he preached on 'Comfort ye My people,' and next morning on 'Quench not the Spirit'; at Osmotherley at eleven on 'Zion travailling,' and in the evening on 'Little David and great Goliath.' At Stokesley, in the street, on 'Now is the day of salvation' (a very

*Wednesday* at Thirsk ; on *Thursday* at Osmotherley and Hutton Rudby.<sup>1</sup>

*Fri.* 19.—I preached in Stokesley at eight, and then crept over the moors to Castleton. The congregation was gathered from many miles round, and was indeed swift to hear. It was with much difficulty that we got from hence to Whitby, between six and seven.

Here I found a lively society indeed. The chief reason of their liveliness was this: those who were renewed in love (about forty in number), continuing fervent in spirit, and zealous for God, quickened the rest, and were a blessing to all around them.

*Sat.* 20.<sup>2</sup>—It being a fair, mild evening, I preached on the smooth, green top of the hill, a little above the church. As soon as I began to preach some poor men began ringing the bells ; but it was lost labour, for all the people could hear, to the very skirts of the congregation.

*Sun.* 21.—About noon I preached in the little square at Robin Hood's Bay to most of the inhabitants of the town, and in the evening at Scarborough, in the shell of the new house.<sup>3</sup>

*Mon.* 22.—I went on to Bridlington. The room being far too small, I was desired to preach in the churchyard. On the ringing of the bells, I removed thence to the market-house, where we had more than double the congregation, the snow-ball gathering all the way we went.

lively sermon) ; and at Castleton on 'All things are possible to him that believeth.' 'I saw others melted into tears as well as myself.' On arrival at Whitby Ripley thus sums up the week: 'My soul was much blessed with hearing that ancient servant of Jesus Christ. His sermons were so encouraging and so filled with gospel simplicity that he appeared to aim at nothing but God's glory and the soul's welfare.' For William Ripley see *W.H.S.* vol. vi. p. 37.

<sup>1</sup> In the *Meth. Mag.* 1815, p. 359, is a memoir of Mrs. Ruth Roach, of Cumberland, Nova Scotia, written by her husband, who says :

My late dear partner was the third daughter of Charles Dixon, Esq., who removed from about Hutton Rudby to Nova Scotia with many others, several of whom, as well as Mr. Dixon, were members of the Methodist society, and were among the first-fruits of the labours of that man of God, the Rev. John Wesley.

See above, vol. iv. p. 329.

<sup>2</sup> He wrote to 'A Young Disciple' (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 446).

<sup>3</sup> Seating three hundred people. It was in Church Stairs Street. Wesley calls it 'one of the neatest and most elegant preaching-houses in England.' See below, July 4, 1774, and *Meth. Rec.* Feb. 16, 1905.

*Tues. 23.*—About eleven I preached at Driffild. The sun was extremely hot; but I was tolerably screened by a shady tree. In the evening I preached at Beverley, and on *Wednesday* the 24th in the new house at Hull,<sup>1</sup> extremely well finished, and, upon the whole, one of the prettiest preaching-houses in England. The next evening we were crowded enough. Being informed that many Antinomians were present, I preached on 'God sent His own Son . . . that the righteousness of the law might be fulfilled in us, walking not after the flesh, but after the Spirit.'

*Fri. 26.*—I went on to York. The next day I read over Mr. Else's ingenious *Treatise on the Hydrocele*.<sup>2</sup> He supposes the best cure is by a seton or a caustic; but I am not inclined to try either of them. I know a Physician that has a shorter cure than either one or the other.

*Mon. 29.*—I preached about ten at Tadcaster, and in the evening at Pateley Bridge.

*Tues. 30.*—Calling at a little inn on the moors, I spoke a few words to an old man there, as my wife did<sup>3</sup> to the woman of the house. They both appeared to be deeply affected. Perhaps Providence sent us to this house for the sake of these two poor souls. In the evening I preached in the new house at Otley, as neat as that at Hull; and the people appeared

<sup>1</sup> *W.M. Mag.* 1837, p. 890. Previously the Hull Methodists had met in an old building in Manor Alley, popularly called 'The Tower of Henry VIII.'

<sup>2</sup> See *W.H.S.* vol. iv. p. 204.

<sup>3</sup> The above and other references show clearly that Mrs. Wesley returned to her husband. She not only travelled with him from Newcastle, but resided with him in their homes at Bristol and London. It is believed that she was persuaded to return by her daughter, Mrs. Jane Smith (*née* Vazeille) and her son-in-law, William Smith of Newcastle-on-Tyne.

From the diary of Miss Ritchie (afterwards Mrs. Mortimer) we learn that on this day he was at Otley, where she (then a girl of nineteen) saw him, heard him preach, and rode with him and Mrs. Wesley in the chaise to Park-

gate (see above, p. 400). It was the beginning of a friendship growing more and more intimate until she closed his eyes in death. This journey was traced by C. A. Federer in *W.H.S.* vol. iii. p. 79. The road must have been along the Nidd Valley to Dacre, and probably across Forest Moor to Fewston in the Washburn Valley. The lonely inn would be the 'Moorcock,' now a farmhouse, about half-way between Dacre and Fewston, remote from any other habitation. Parkgate (July 2, see Miss Ritchie's diary) is a mansion about equal distance from Guiseley and from Yeadon. It was at that time owned and tenanted by Mr. William Marshall, a wealthy wool-stapler and firm friend and adherent of Wesley. He and his wife were prominent in early Yorkshire Methodism. See above, vol. iv. p. 332.

to be much alive; so that I was greatly comforted among them.<sup>1</sup>

JULY 4, *Sat.*—I rode to the Ewood, to S[ister] Lockwood's, formerly the wife of young Mr. Grimshaw, afterward married to Mr. Lockwood, and now again a young widow. Her sister was with her, the relict of Mr. Sutcliffe, whose case was very uncommon. He had for some time used the cold bath for a nervous disorder, and was advised to try the warm. Immediately he was seized with racking pains all over, and in two hours expired.

At one I preached at Heptonstall to some thousands of people, who stood just before the preaching-house, on a lovely green, which rises, slope above slope, like artificial terraces. Hence we climbed up and down wonderful mountains to Keighley, where many from various parts were waiting for us.

*Sun.* 5.—Not half the congregation at Haworth could get into the church in the morning, nor a third part in the afternoon. So I stood on a kind of pulpit near the side of the church. Such a congregation was never seen there before; and I believe all heard distinctly.

*Mon.* 6.—At noon I preached to a large congregation at Bingley, and at Bradford<sup>2</sup> in the evening. From this comfortable place on *Wednesday* the 8th I went to Halifax. My old friend, Titus Knight,<sup>3</sup> offered me the use of his new meeting,

<sup>1</sup> On July 1 he wrote from Otley to 'A Member of Society' (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 294); the same day to Miss Bolton (see new ed. *Wesley Letters*); and the next day to Samuel Sparrow (*Works*, vol. xii. pp. 474-6).

<sup>2</sup> On July 7 he wrote from Bradford to Miss Ball (see new ed. *Wesley Letters*). In the Bradford Society Stewards' Book for this date there is an item of 'extraordinary expense of Mr. Wesley and company, £1 2s. 11½d.' The company probably consisted of preachers from the neighbourhood. About this time a curious item occurs in the book: 'The Barber, for one year dressing of the wigs, 6s.' (W. W. Stamp's *Methodism in Bradford*, p. 56)

<sup>3</sup> Originally a collier; one of John Nelson's converts. He afterwards joined Whitefield, and became preacher at what is now the Square Church in Halifax. For an account of this 'old friend' alienated doctrinally from his first allegiance by Lady Huntingdon and Benjamin Ingham, see *Life of Countess of Huntingdon*, vol. i. pp. 283-5. When he refused orders in the Established Church, Lady Huntingdon, at Grimshaw's request, helped him to build his meeting-house in Halifax. His eldest son afterwards became vicar of Halifax, his second son a doctor, and the third a Dissenting minister. See J. U. Walker's *Methodism in Halifax*, pp. 72-3.

larger than Dr. Taylor's at Norwich, full as superb (so he terms it in his poem), and finished with the utmost elegance. But I judged more people would attend in the open air, so I preached in the cow-market to a huge multitude.<sup>1</sup> Our house was well filled at five in the morning. At ten I preached in the new house at Netherthong; at two in the market-place at Huddersfield to full as large a congregation as at Halifax. Such another we had at Dewsbury in the evening; and my strength was as my day.<sup>2</sup>

*Sat. 11.*—I was presented with Mr. Hill's *Review*,<sup>3</sup> a curiosity in its kind. But it has nothing to do either with good nature or good manners, for he is writing to an Arminian. I almost wonder at his passionate desire to measure swords with me. This is the third time he has fallen upon me without fear or wit. *Tandem extorquebis ut vapules.*<sup>4</sup>

*Sun. 12.*—I preached at Morley about nine, Birstall at one, and Leeds in the evening.

<sup>1</sup> Going to or coming from the Cow-market Wesley was assaulted by a man named Bramley, who burst through the crowd and struck him a violent blow with the flat of his hand on the cheek. Wesley turned to his assailant 'the other also.' The man slunk back into the crowd.

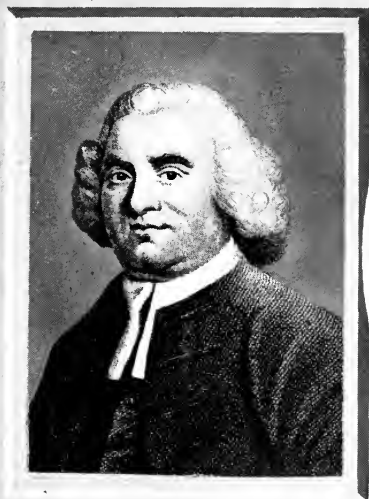
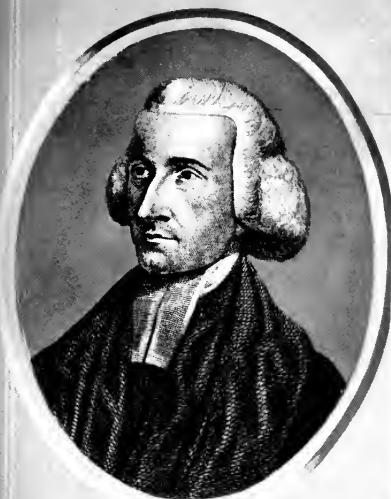
<sup>2</sup> On July 10 he wrote from Dewsbury to his brother Charles. He tells him that 'Mr. Davis, for helping Charles, should have seventy pounds a year.' 'You may,' he says, 'pick a little out of Dr. Boyce's fine music for our plain people.' He notes his brother's age. In an omitted passage he gives his itinerary from Aug. 10 to Sept. 13 (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 139). For Mark Davis see Crookshank's *Meth. in Ireland*, vol. i. p. 108; above, vol. iv. p. 275; and below, Jan. 5, 1790. On the same day he wrote to John Bredin (see new ed. *Wesley Letters*).

<sup>3</sup> *A Review of all the Doctrines taught by the Rev. Mr. John Wesley.* See Green's *Anti-Methodist Publications*, No. 449. Upon this *Review* Wesley

published *Some Remarks* on Sept. 9, 1772. See Green's *Wesley Bibliography*, No. 283.

<sup>4</sup> 'You will at length extort from me a severe castigation.' Source unknown. Not in Terence or Plautus. See *W.H.S.* vol. v. p. 53. Richard Hill (born 1733, died 1809) was the eldest son of Sir Rowland Hill, of Hawkestone, Salop; educated at Westminster and Magdalen, Oxford; succeeded to the baronetcy 1783, died unmarried, and was succeeded by his brother John, whose fourth son, by distinguished service in the Peninsular War, won a peerage for the family. Rowland Hill was the youngest brother of the family. For information on a controversy continued for six years, see Green's *Anti-Methodist Publications*, No. 449; Wesley's *Works*, vol. x. pp. 360-429; and, on the other hand, *The Life of Sir R. Hill*, chapter viii., and *The Life of the Countess of Huntingdon*, vol. ii. pp. 232-50. See also Watson's *Life of Wesley*, Tyerman's *Life of Wesley*, vol. iii., Fletcher's *Works*, and Jackson's *Life of C. Wesley*.





SOME OF WESLEY'S LITERARY OPPONENTS.

1. AUGUSTUS M. TOPLADY.
3. JOHN MACGOWAN.

2. SIR RICHARD HILL.
4. CALEB EVANS.



*Mon.* 13.—I preached in Ledstone church,<sup>1</sup> and spoke as plain and close as I could ; but it seemed to be heathen Greek to the congregation.<sup>2</sup> In the evening we had such another congregation at Doncaster.

*Tuesday* the 14th I preached at Sheffield ; *Thursday* the 16th at Rotherham ; and *Friday* the 17th at Hatfield. Here, some time since, a Justice levied a fine on a local preacher, on pretence of the Conventicle Act. So did a Justice in Kent three or four years ago ; but it cost him some hundred pounds for his pains.<sup>3</sup>

The next day I rested at Epworth.

*Mon.* 20.—About eight I preached at Brigg, a noisy, turbulent town, in which no Methodist had preached before. So it was supposed there would be much tumult ; but there was none at all, for the fear of God fell upon the whole congregation. I preached in Tealby at one, and Horncastle in the evening ; on *Tuesday* and *Wednesday*<sup>4</sup> at Trusthorpe, Louth, and Grimsby. Here I was informed of a good man, Thomas Capiter,<sup>5</sup> dying in the full triumph of faith. He was, between twenty and thirty years, a pillar and an ornament of the society—a loss, one would think, not soon to be repaired. But what is too hard for God ?

*Thur.* 23.—I preached at Barrow, and at five on *Friday* ; about nine at Alkborough ; and at two, for the first time, in Messingham, under a wide-spread tree. One or two poor men, not very sober, made some noise for a time ; but they soon walked away, and left me a numerous and attentive congrega-

<sup>1</sup> It had been Benjamin Ingham's parish : he died there this year.

<sup>2</sup> But Sarah Clegg was converted at the service, and afterwards opened her house for Methodist preaching (*Meth. Rec.* Dec. 17, 1908).

<sup>3</sup> At Witney in 1787 Wesley wrote a sermon on what God had done for His Methodist vineyard, with regard to Doctrine, Spiritual Helps, Discipline, and Outward Protection. Under the last head he quotes this Kentish persecution (*Arm. Mag.* 1789, p. 64). Cf. 'The Sussex affair,' of which P'Anson

wrote him a long account, as he tells his brother Charles (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 119). To this affair John Wesley attached great importance: 'If we do not exert ourselves it may drive us to that bad dilemma, Leave preaching, or leave the Church.' See also Thomas Mitchell's experience (*E.M.P.* vol. i. p. 255).

<sup>4</sup> On July 22 he wrote from Grimsby to Mrs. Savage on Mr. Ellis, 'a lover of discipline' (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 498).

<sup>5</sup> For an account of his death see *Arm. Mag.* 1785, p. 199. See also *Methodism in Grimsby*, p. 43.

tion. In the evening I preached at Owston; and, after a busy day, lay down and slept in peace.

In this journey I read a volume of the *Medical Essays*,<sup>1</sup> lately published at London. I have read a thousand strange things, but none stranger than the account which is here given of three persons who were entirely cured of a confirmed dropsy; one by drinking six quarts a day of cold water; the second by drinking two or three gallons of new cider; the third by drinking a gallon or two of small beer, and the same quantity of butter-milk. Why, then, what are we doing in keeping dropsical persons from small drink? The same as in keeping persons in the small-pox from air.

*Mon. 27.*—I read Mr. Adam's ingenious *Comment* on the former part of the Epistle to the Romans. I was surprised and grieved. How are the mighty fallen! It is the very quintessence of Antinomianism. I did wonder much, but I do not wonder now, that his rod does not blossom.<sup>2</sup>

*Wed. 29.*—I crossed over to Pomfret (properly Pontefract), and, about noon, opened the new preaching-house there.<sup>3</sup> The congregation was large, and still as night; perhaps this is a token for good. Being straitened for time, I was obliged to ride hard to Swinfleet; and I had strength enough, though none to spare.

*Thur. 30.*—I preached in the new house at Thorne; *Friday*

<sup>1</sup> Probably *Essays Medical and Experimental*; to which are added, *Select Histories of Diseases*, by Thomas Percival, M.D., &c.: London, 1767; 2nd ed. enlarged and improved, 1772. A second volume appeared in 1773, and a third in 1778.

<sup>2</sup> Both John and Charles Wesley attached considerable importance, at first, to the opinions of the Rev. Thomas Adam, rector of Wintringham, as will appear from two facts: (1) John Wesley inserted the longer of two letters to Mr. Adam in his *Journal* (see above, p. 278). It is in this letter that we find an allusion to the 'rod that does not blossom.' (2) Charles Wesley copied into a note-book, partly in his own handwriting, his brother's correspondence

with Mr. Walker of Truro and Mr. Adam of Wintringham, together with the *Minutes* (1755-6) of the Conferences in which the Church-separation question was discussed, also copies of other letters, e.g. *Works*, vol. xiii. p. 218, to Mr. N[icholas Norton]. Adam's *Comment* was published in London in 1771.

<sup>3</sup> In 1765 John Shepherd removed from Peckfield to Pontefract, took a house known as the 'Chain House,' and provided accommodation for the preachers who came thither at irregular intervals, afterwards converting a part of his dwelling-house into a preaching-room. This was used by the Methodists until the opening of the new house referred to above. (*Meth. Rec.* Dec. 17, 1908.)

the 31st, about nine, at Doncaster. It was the first time I have observed any impression made upon this elegant people. After preaching at Horbury, Wakefield, and Birstall, on *Sunday* evening I preached at Leeds.<sup>1</sup>

On *Tuesday*, August 4, our Conference began.<sup>2</sup> Generally, during the time of Conference, as I was talking from morning to night, I had used to desire one of our brethren to preach in the morning. But, having many things to say, I resolved, with God's help, to preach mornings as well as evenings. And I found no difference at all. I was no more tired than with my usual labour; that is, no more than if I had been sitting still in my study from morning to night.

*Fri.* 7.—We had a remarkable instance of God's hearing prayer.

Last Friday a poor mourner after Christ, standing by the grave at the burial of her husband, sunk down into her brother's arms, having no strength left in her. He thought it was with grief; but it was indeed with joy, for just then God wrote pardon on her heart. To-day she sunk again as one dead, and continued so for some time. When she opened her eyes, she said, 'Is not this heaven? Sure I cannot be upon earth still.' She was in heaven, though on earth. She was all love, having given God all her heart. I saw her, in the evening, witnessing that 'the blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin.'

*Sun.* 9.—I preached at Rothwell, in Thorner<sup>3</sup> church,

<sup>1</sup> On Aug. 3 he wrote from Leeds to Mr. Henry Eames, after his emigration to America (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 456).

<sup>2</sup> Thomas Rutherford, a young itinerant, attended this Conference on the invitation of Mr. Jaco. In the spring of the same year he had met Wesley on the road beyond Berwick and had travelled with him to Alnwick, hearing him preach four or five times. From Newcastle he and Jaco travelled to Leeds, arriving on Saturday evening, Aug. 1. In the old magazine-memoir of Rutherford there follows a charming Conference sketch. He and Mr. Thompson lodged at the house of Mr. John

Ash, one of the original Methodists in that town. The venerable John Nelson boarded at the same place. He describes the conversation concerning the work, the persecutions, the fortitude of the Methodists, and the Sunday preaching, dwelling on Wesley's evening sermon, in a field behind the chapel (the Boggart House) to an immense congregation. He quotes the text in full, Isa. lxvi. 8-9, which he truly calls 'remarkable and appropriate words' (*Meth. Mag.* 1808, p. 482). This was the 'Zion travelling' sermon which Ripley heard (see above, p. 472).

<sup>3</sup> John Pawson's home.

and at Leeds; *Monday* the 10th,<sup>1</sup> at Cudworth and at Sheffield.

*Tues.* 11.—About eight I preached at Grindleford Bridge. Before two we reached Longnor. After we had dined, a poor woman came in, and another, and another, till we had seventeen or eighteen men and women, with whom we spent a little time very comfortably in prayer and praise. At the end of the town the chaise broke down.<sup>2</sup> We had two-and-twenty miles to Burslem; so I took horse, and, making haste, came thither a little before preaching-time.

*Wed.* 12.—I preached at Salop,<sup>3</sup> and spake strong words, to the amazement of many notional believers.

*Thur.* 13.—I preached at the Hay.

*Fri.* 14.—About noon, at the request of my old friend Howell Harris, I preached at Trevecca, on the Strait Gate, and we found our hearts knit together as at the beginning. He said, 'I have borne with those pert, ignorant young men, vulgarly called students, till I cannot in conscience bear any longer. They preach bare-faced Reprobation, and so broad Antinomianism that I have been constrained to oppose them to the face, even in the public congregation.' It is no wonder they should preach thus. What better can be expected from raw lads of little understanding, little learning, and no experience?<sup>4</sup>

After spending a day or two very comfortably at Brecknock, on *Monday* the 17th I preached in the Castle at Carmarthen; and on *Tuesday* the 18th in the new house at Haverfordwest, far the neatest in Wales. There is a considerable increase in this society, and not in number only. After preaching on *Wednesday* evening, we had such a meeting as I have seldom known. Almost every one spoke, as well as they could for tears, and with the utmost simplicity; and many of them

<sup>1</sup> He wrote from Sheffield to Mr. Alexander Clark, a Dublin steward, in praise of the preachers and leaders—quoted by Tyerman (*Life of Wesley*, vol. iii. p. 127) from *The Irish Evangelist*, April 1864. The same day he wrote to Miss Mary Stokes (see below, April 22, 1778), with reference

to her proposed alliance with the Quakers (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 520).

<sup>2</sup> Tradition says that Wesley regarded this as a judgement on him for not preaching to the market people.

<sup>3</sup> As he expected. See postscript to his letter of July 22 to Mrs. Mary Savage.

<sup>4</sup> Cf. below, p. 491.

appeared to know 'the great salvation,' to love God with all their heart.

*Thur. 20.*—I rode over to Mr. Bowen's at Llwynygwair: an agreeable place and an agreeable family.<sup>1</sup> Here I rejoiced to meet with Mr. Pugh, whose living is within a mile of Llwynygwair. In the evening he read prayers at Newport, and preached to a deeply serious congregation. I trust his lot is cast for good among a people both desirous and capable of instruction.

*Fri. 21.*—I preached again about eight, and then rode back to Haverfordwest. After dinner we hasted to the passage<sup>2</sup>; but the watermen were not in haste to fetch us over, so I sat down on a convenient stone and finished the little tract I had in hand. However, I got to Pembroke in time, and preached in the town hall, where we had a solemn and comfortable opportunity.

*Sun. 23.*—The violent rain considerably lessened our congregation at St. Daniel's.<sup>3</sup> Afterwards, the wind was so extremely high that I doubted if we could cross the passage; but it stood exactly in the right point, and we got to Haverfordwest just before the thunder-storm began. In the evening I took my leave of this loving people, and the next reached Llanelly.

*Tues. 25.*—I went on to Swansea, and preached in the evening to a numerous congregation. I preached in Oldcastle church,<sup>4</sup> near Bridge End, about noon on *Wednesday* the 26th,

<sup>1</sup> The Bowens of Llwynygwair are repeatedly mentioned by Wesley. They built a mansion in the grounds of Cardigan Castle. Mr. Pugh often gave Wesley the use of his church. See *W.H.S.* vol. v. p. 98; and *Life of C. of Huntingdon*, vol. ii. p. 114. A month earlier, July 23, George Williams of Pembroke wrote to Wesley urging a visit to his little societies in Pembroke-shire, and insisted on his taking up lodging with him; he continues:

I am desired to inform you of a gentleman in the upper part of this county, who has expressed an earnest desire of seeing you at his house and having you to preach in the neighbourhood; and, indeed, it is much to

be wished that you could comply with his request. He is a man of large property, and resides within a few miles of the town of Cardigan. The gentleman, whose name is Bowen, contributed handsomely to the building at Haverfordwest.

<sup>2</sup> Pembroke Ferry, across an arm of Milford Haven. The old stone slip is now replaced by a pier. (*Meth. Rec.* May 30, 1901.)

<sup>3</sup> The vicar was a John Wesley, A.M. He entered upon the living in January this year, but may not yet have come into residence, otherwise the omission of reference to a namesake is indeed strange.

<sup>4</sup> Four times he preached in this church.

and in the evening in the assembly-room at Cowbridge to an unusually serious congregation.

*Thur. 27.*—I preached at Cardiff, in the town hall, as also the following evening, about noon, in the little church at Caerphilly.<sup>1</sup> *Saturday* the 29th I went on to Bristol.<sup>2</sup>

*SEPT. 2, Wed.*—I preached at Bath. Our room, though considerably enlarged, will not yet contain the congregation, which is still continually increasing.

*Fri. 4.*—I went over to Kingswood, and spake largely to the children, as also on *Saturday* and *Sunday*. I found there had been a fresh revival of the work of God among them some months ago; but it was soon at an end, which I impute chiefly to their total neglect of private prayer. Without this, all the other means which they enjoyed could profit them nothing.

*Sun. 6.*—I preached on the quay at Kingswood, and near King Square. To this day field-preaching is a cross to me. But I know my commission, and see no other way of 'preaching the gospel to every creature.'

In the following week I preached at Bath, Frome, Corsley, Bradford, and Keynsham; on *Tuesday* the 15th at Pensford. Thence I went to Publow, which is now what Leytonstone was once. Here is a family indeed. Such mistresses, and such a company of children, as, I believe, all England cannot parallel!<sup>3</sup>

*Wed. 16.*—I spent an hour with them in exhortation and prayer, and was much comforted among them. I preached in Pensford at eight; Paulton about one; and Coleford in the evening.

<sup>1</sup> St. Martin's chapel-of-ease, in which George Whitefield was married. See above, vol. ii. p. 506.

<sup>2</sup> On Aug. 31 he wrote from Bristol to Mrs. Elizabeth Bennis and to 'A Young Disciple' (*Works*, vol. xii. pp. 394 and 447).

<sup>3</sup> He refers to the school of Mrs. Owen and her daughters. Two letters from Hannah Frances Owen to Wesley were published in the *Arm. Mag.* (1785, p. 551, and 1789, p. 271). The first is dated Publow, Nov. 23, 1772. The

existence of her school is due to Wesley's encouragement. She asks advice as to little worldly lessons for the pupils of worldly parents—the making of artificial flowers, network, and embroidery. In the letter of later date her own marriage is in question. The school limited its boarders to twenty. See below, Jan. 7, 1779; also, for subsequent family and school history, see Sept. 17, 1781, and *Works*, vol. xiii. pp. 18, 22, 475. Wesley regarded Miss Bosanquet and Miss Owen as ideal teachers for girls.



*Fri.* 18.—I preached very quietly at the Devizes. Scarce one of the old persecutors is alive. Very few of them lived out half their days; many were snatched away in an hour when they looked not for it.<sup>1</sup>

*Fri.* 25.—I went over to Kingswood again, and had much satisfaction with the children. On *Sunday* I talked with the elder children one by one, advising them as each had need; and it was easy to perceive that God is again working in many of their hearts.

*Wed.* 30.—I began visiting the society from house to house, taking them from west to east. This will undoubtedly be a heavy cross, no way pleasing to flesh and blood. But I already saw how unspeakably useful it will be to many souls.

*OCT.* 5, *Mon.*—I left Bristol, and, going round by Shaftesbury, Salisbury, Winchester, and Portsmouth, on *Saturday* the 10th reached London.

*Mon.* 12.—I began my little tour through Northamptonshire.

*Wed.* 14.—A book was given me to write on, *The Works of Mr. Thomson*,<sup>2</sup> of whose poetical abilities I had always had a very low opinion; but, looking into one of his tragedies, 'Edward and Eleonora,'<sup>3</sup> I was agreeably surprised. The sentiments are just and noble; the diction strong, smooth, and elegant; and the plot conducted with the utmost art, and wrought off in a most surprising manner. It is quite his masterpiece, and I really think might vie with any modern performance of the kind.

*Fri.* 16.—I went round to Bedford. I was sorry to hear from Alderman Parker that his son-in-law,<sup>4</sup> who succeeded him in the mayoralty, had broke through all the regulations which he had made, tolerating all the tippling, Sabbath-breaking, &c., which Mr. P[arker] had totally suppressed! Thus showing to all the world that he was not 'under the law' either of God or man!

*Mon.* 19.—I began my tour through Oxfordshire.

<sup>1</sup> On Sept. 20 he wrote to Miss Bolton (see new ed. *Wesley Letters*).

<sup>2</sup> See *W.H.S.* vol. iv. p. 204.

<sup>3</sup> It appeared in 1759, and was sup-

pressed on account of the flattering allusions to Frederick, Prince of Wales.

<sup>4</sup> Edward Chapman; see above, vol. iv. p. 85.

*Tues. 20.*—In the evening I preached at Witney, to a crowded congregation, and at present one of the liveliest in the kingdom. Afterwards I met the society, much alive to God, and growing both in grace and number.

*Wed. 21.*—I conversed freely with some of the most amiable Christians I know. In the morning I met the select society, one-and-twenty in number, all (it seemed), or all but one, rejoicing in the pure love of God. It is no wonder if the influence of these should extend to the whole society, or even the whole town.

*Thur. 22.*—I found another society at High Wycombe, almost as earnest as that at Witney. A large congregation was present at five in the morning, many of whom were athirst for full salvation. I talked with twelve of them, who seemed to have experienced it. This is genuine Christianity!

*Fri. 23.*<sup>1</sup>—I preached at Chesham; and on *Saturday* returned to London.

*Mon. 26.*—At twelve I set out in the stage coach, and in the evening came to Norwich.

*Tues. 27.*—Finding abundance of people were out of work, and consequently, in the utmost want<sup>2</sup> (such a general decay of trade having hardly been known in the memory of man), I enforced, in the evening, 'Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and His righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you.' For many years I have not seen so large a congregation here, in the mornings as well as evenings. One reason of which may be this: thousands of people who, when they had fullness of bread, never considered whether they had any souls or not, now they are in want begin to think of God.

*Thur. 29.*—I took an exact account of the society, considerably increased within this year. And there is reason to believe that many of the members are now a little established, and will no longer be driven to and fro, as reeds shaken with the wind.

*Fri. 30.*—I went to Loddon, ten miles from Norwich, where there has been preaching for a year or two. The preaching-house, at one, was thoroughly filled with serious and attentive

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<sup>1</sup> He wrote to Miss Newman (*Works*, vol. xiii. p. 165).

<sup>2</sup> See below, p. 495.

hearers. So was the house at Norwich in the evening. From all these blossoms will there not be some fruit ?

*Sat. 31.*—A young man of good sense, and an unblameable character, gave me a strange account of what (he said) had happened to himself and three other persons in the same house. As I knew they all feared God, I thought the matter deserved a farther examination. So in the afternoon I talked largely with them all. The sum of their account was this :

Near two years ago, Martin S—— and William J—— saw in a dream, two or three times repeated to each of them, a person who told them there was a large treasure hid in such a spot, three miles from Norwich, consisting of money and plate, buried in a chest between six and eight feet deep. They did not much regard this, till each of them, when they were broad awake, saw an elderly man and woman standing by their bedside, who told them the same thing, and bade them go and dig it up between eight and twelve at night. Soon after they went ; but, being afraid, took a third man with them. They began digging at eight, and, after they had dug six feet, saw the top of a coffer, or chest. But presently it sunk down into the earth, and there appeared over the place a large globe of bright fire, which, after some time, rose higher and higher, till it was quite out of sight. Not long after the man and woman appeared again, and said, ‘You spoiled all by bringing that man with you.’ From this time both they and Sarah and Mary J——, who live in the same house with them, have heard, several times in a week, delightful music for a quarter of an hour at a time. They often hear it before those persons appear ; often when they do not appear.

They asked me whether they were good or bad spirits ; but I could not resolve them.

Nov. 1, *Sun.*—I administered the Lord’s Supper, as usual, to the society ; and had at least fifty more communicants than this time last year. In the evening many hundreds went away, not being able to squeeze into the room. For those that were within, it was a blessed season ; God watered them with the dew of heaven ; and so likewise at five in the morning. Even to part in this manner is sweet. But how much sweeter will it be to meet before the throne !

*Mon. 2.*—No coach setting out hence to-day, I was obliged to take chaises to Bury [St. Edmunds]. I preached to a little, cold company, on the thirteenth chapter of the first Epistle to the Corinthians. This love is the very thing they want ; but

they did not like to be told so. But I could not help that : I must declare just what I find in the Book.

*Tues. 3.*<sup>1</sup>—I went on to Colchester. The congregation in the evening was little smaller than that at Norwich. The next evening I took an exact account of the society, a little increased since last November. But most of them were hard beset with poverty. So indeed they were ever since I knew them ; but they are now in greater want than ever, through scarcity of business. Few of our societies are rich ; but I know none in the kingdom so deplorably poor as this.

*Sat. 7.*—I returned in the coach, with very sensible and agreeable company, to London.

*Sun. 8.*—In discoursing on Ps. xv. 1, I was led to speak more strongly and explicitly than I had done for a long time before, on the universal love of God. Perhaps in times past, from an earnest desire of living peaceably with all men, we have not declared, in this respect, the whole counsel of God. But since Mr. Hill and his allies have cut us off from this hope, and proclaimed an inexpiable war, we see it is our calling to go straight forward, declaring to all mankind that Christ tasted death for all, to cleanse them from all sin.

*Mon. 9.*—I began to expound (chiefly in the mornings, as I did some years ago) that compendium of all the Holy Scriptures, the first Epistle of St. John.

*Fri. 13.*—I went to Barnet, and found a large congregation, though it was a rainy and dark evening.

*Sat. 14.*—I saw, for the first time, the chapel at Snowsfields full ; a presage, I hope, of a greater work there than has been since the deadly breach was made.

*Tues. 17.*—One was relating a remarkable story, which I thought worthy to be remembered. Two years ago a gentleman

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<sup>1</sup> He wrote from Colchester to Mrs. Elizabeth Bennis a letter of advice and consultation as though she had been an assistant. The editor of the *Works* omitted one sentence which in the new edition of *Wesley Letters* will be restored. He asked, 'Whom do you think proper to succeed the present preachers at Limerick and Waterford?' Cf. the

fuller version of this letter in the *Letters by J. Wesley and several Methodist Preachers to Mrs. Eliza Bennis, with her Answers*, 1st ed. 1809. The next day he wrote to his brother Charles, referring to Fletcher's *Fourth Check*, which had been published. He craves more time between the *Checks* (*Works*, vol. xii. pp. 395 and 140).

of large fortune in Kent dreamed that he was walking through the churchyard, and saw a new monument with the following inscription :

Here lies the Body

OF

SAMUEL SAVAGE,<sup>1</sup> ESQ.,

WHO DEPARTED THIS LIFE ON SEPTEMBER —, 1772 ; AGED —

He told his friends in the morning, and was much affected ; but the impression soon wore off. But on that day he did depart, and a stone was erected with that very inscription.

A gentlewoman present added a relation equally surprising, which she received from the person's own mouth :

Mrs. B——, when about fourteen years of age, being at a boarding-school a mile or two from her father's, dreamed she was on the top of the church steeple, when a man came up and threw her down to the roof of the church. Yet she seemed not much hurt, till he came to her again and threw her to the bottom. She thought she looked hard at him, and said, 'Now you have hurt me sadly, but I shall hurt you worse,' and waked. A week after she was to go to her father's. She set out early in the morning. At the entrance of a little wood she stopped, and doubted whether she should not go round instead of through it. But, knowing no reason, she went straight through till she came to the other side. Just as she was going over the stile a man pulled her back by the hair. She immediately knew it was the same man whom she had seen in her dream. She fell on her knees and begged him, 'For God's sake do not hurt me any more.' He put his hands round her neck and squeezed her so that she instantly lost her senses. He then stripped her, carried her a little way, and threw her into a ditch.

Meantime her father's servant, coming to the school and hearing she was gone without him, walked back. Coming to the stile, he heard several groans, and, looking about, saw many drops of blood. He traced them to the ditch whence the groans came. He lifted her up, not knowing her at all, as her face was covered with blood,

<sup>1</sup> Samuel Savage, of Limpsfield, is the person with whom the story is concerned. In the *Town and Country Mag.* Sept. 1772, his death is announced : 'Samuel

Savage, Esq., of Lower Brook Street, Sept. 2, 1772.' He died at his seat in Limpsfield, Surrey. See *W.H.S.* vol. vii. p. 15.

carried her to a neighbouring house, and, running to the village, quickly brought a surgeon. She was just alive, but her throat was much hurt, so that she could not speak at all.

Just then a young man of the village was missing. Search being made, he was apprehended in an alehouse two miles off. He had all her clothes with him in a bag, which he said he found. It was three months before she was able to go abroad. He was arraigned at the Assizes. She knew him perfectly, and swore to the man. He was condemned, and soon after executed.<sup>1</sup>

*Mon. 23.*—I opened the new house at Dorking,<sup>2</sup> and was much comforted both this and the following evening. In returning to London I read over Belisarius.<sup>3</sup> The historical part is both affecting and instructive, but his tedious detail of the duties of a king might very well be spared.<sup>4</sup>

*DEC. 2, Wed.*—I preached at the new preaching-house in the parish of Bromley. In speaking severally to the members of the society, I was surprised at the openness and artlessness of the people. Such I should never have expected to find within ten miles of London.

*Mon. 7.*—I went to Canterbury, and on *Tuesday* to Dover.<sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> On Nov. 22 he wrote from London to Mr. Francis Wolfe (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 491).

<sup>2</sup> 'Their meeting-house was built by collection. Miss Attresol, afterwards Mrs. Gifford, was collector. I gave a guinea' (manuscript *Life of Mrs. Alexander*, Grantham's *Dorking Congregationalism*, p. 12). The chapel stood on the south side of Church Street, within a stone's-throw of the site purchased in 1851. See *Meth. Rec.* July 9, 1903.

<sup>3</sup> See *W.H.S.* vol. iv. p. 204.

<sup>4</sup> On Nov. 28 he wrote to Miss Bolton (see *W.H.S.* vol. viii. p. 39); also on Dec. 5 (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 481).

<sup>5</sup> Both Methodism and the Connexion of the Countess of Huntingdon in Dover were indebted to a young Yorkshire woman (probably her maiden surname was Grace). In early life she heard Benjamin Ingham (or one of his preachers) at a public-house in Wakefield, which was kept by the father of one of Wesley's preachers. Her parents

thought to send her to a madhouse. Instead they sent her, at twenty years of age, to her uncle, Mr. Grace, of Dover. Methodism came to the town. She was present at the first indoor service, which was held in a cooper's shop on the site of the more recent Friends' meeting-house. She became a member of the society, and won her uncle Grace for the same society. Her first husband, William Doughty — a Baxterian - Presbyterian-Methodist—joined three friends to invite the Trevecca students, William Aldrich and Joseph Cook, to Dover, who founded the Countess of Huntingdon's Connexion in the town and in Margate. After her first husband's death she married Mr. Horsley, and far on into old age lived a useful and honoured life. She was attached to both Connexions, and at her burying was mourned in the Wesleyan Pier Chapel and in Zion Chapel with equal rites. (*Life of C. of Huntingdon*, vol. ii. pp. 130, 132.)

The raw, pert young men that lately came hither (vulgarly, though very improperly, called students), though they have left no stone unturned, have not been able to tear away one single member from our society. I preached here two evenings and two mornings to a large and much-affected congregation.<sup>1</sup>

*Thur.* 10.—I preached at Margate about one, and at Canterbury in the evening.

*Fri.* 11.<sup>2</sup>—Passing through Sittingbourne, I found a congregation ready, so I gave them a short discourse and went on to Chatham.

In this journey I read over Sir John Dalrymple's *Memoirs of the Revolution*.<sup>3</sup> He appears to be a man of strong understanding, and the book is wrote with great accuracy of language (allowing for a few Scotticisms), and intermixed with very sensible reflections. But I observe (1): He believes just as much of the Bible as David Hume did. Hence he perpetually ascribes to enthusiasm whatever good men did from a strong conviction of duty. (2) He cordially believes that idle tale which King James published concerning Father Huddleston's giving King Charles extreme unction. My eldest brother asked Lady Oglethorpe<sup>4</sup> concerning this. 'Sir,' she said, 'I never left the room from the moment the King was taken ill till the breath went out of his body, and I aver that neither Father Huddleston nor any priest came into the room till his death.' (3) He much labours to excuse that monster of cruelty, Graham

<sup>1</sup> On Dec. 9 he wrote from Dover a long and remarkable letter, which appeared in the *London Chronicle*, in *Lloyd's Evening Post*, and (on Dec. 29) in the *Leeds Mercury*, 'On the Present Scarcity of Provisions, its Causes and Cure.' In the following January he issued the letter, slightly corrected and added to, as a pamphlet. See Green's *Bibliography*, No. 286; *Works*, vol. xi. p. 53; Tyerman's *Wesley*, vol. iii. p. 130. The preface is dated from Lewisham, Jan. 20.

<sup>2</sup> He wrote from London to Joseph Benson on Mr. Hill—'too warm to be convinced'—on prayer-meetings and preaching (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 417).

<sup>3</sup> Published in Edinburgh. See *W.H.S.* vol. iv. p. 204. Johnson speaks of the 'foppery of Dalrymple.' See Forster's *Goldsmith*, Bk. iv. Chapter 4.

<sup>4</sup> The Lady Oglethorpe alluded to was the mother of General Oglethorpe, with whom the Wesleys went to Georgia. Her name was Eleonora, daughter of Richard Wall, of Royna, in Ireland. The account which Samuel Wesley, the brother of John, records in his poem addressed to the General on the death of his mother is here alluded to in the *Journal*. See Samuel Wesley's *Poems*, 1736 ed., p. 370.

of Claverhouse, afterwards, as a reward for his execrable villanies, created Lord Dundee. Such wanton barbarities were scarce ever heard of as he practised toward men, women, and children. Sir John himself says enough in telling us his behaviour to his own troops. 'He had but *one* punishment for *all* faults—death; and for a very moderate fault he would ride up to a young gentleman, and, without any trial or ceremony, shoot him through the head.' (4) He is not rightly informed concerning the manner of his death. I learned in Scotland that the current tradition is this: At the battle of Killiecrankie, being armed in steel from head to foot, he was brandishing his sword over his head, and swearing a broad oath that before the sun went down he would not leave an Englishman alive. Just then a musket-ball struck him under the arm, at the joints of his armour. Is it enthusiasm to say, Thus the hand of God rewarded him according to his works? <sup>1</sup>

*Mon. 14.*—I read prayers and preached to a crowded congregation at Gravesend.<sup>2</sup> The stream here spreads wide, but it is not deep. Many are drawn, but none converted, or even awakened. Such is the general method of God's providence: where all approve, few profit.<sup>3</sup>

*Thur. 17.*—In my way to Luton I read Mr. Hutcheson's *Essay on the Passions*.<sup>4</sup> He is a beautiful writer, but his scheme cannot stand unless the Bible falls. I know both from Scripture, reason, and experience that his picture of man is not

<sup>1</sup> On Dec. 12 he wrote a circular letter on the general debt, a facsimile of which is given on the next page.

<sup>2</sup> Three years later but one man survived this fair beginning. Mr. Jessup—surely one of the hero-saints of early Methodism—clave to the little flock, and made many attempts to restore the society after its abandonment of the hired room (Dec. 2, 1771). But for this one man, for thirty-five years Methodism in Gravesend would have been an utter failure. Men said, 'The Sabbath never enters Gravesend; it comes no further than the turnpike gate at Chalk.' At last Mr. Jessup discovered two women from the West of

England, also Thomas Lockwood, a river pilot, from Deptford, and J. Nash, from Sittingbourne. They met for prayer. A room in West Street was hired, and the Rochester circuit was asked to send preachers. (*Meth. Rec.* April 13, 1905.)

<sup>3</sup> On Dec. 15 he wrote from Shoreham to his brother Charles: 'I often cry out, *vita me redde priori*. Let me again be an Oxford Methodist. I am often in doubt whether it would not be best for me to resume all my Oxford rules, great and small'; and the next day to Mrs. Elizabeth Bennis (*Works*, vol. xii. pp. 140, 395).

<sup>4</sup> *W.H.S.* vol. iv. p. 204; and Stephen's *Eng. Thought in 18th Century*, chap. ix.



LONDON: Dec. 12th. 1772.

My Dear Brother,

**V**ARIOUS Methods have been used to pay that Debt, which has so long lain as a Weight upon my Mind. And hereby at least ten thousand Pounds have been paid; But above three thousand still remain. I believe this might have been paid in another Year, by the continuance of the Weekly Subscription. But several of our Brethren thought it best to lay this aside, and in the Place of it, to make one Collection in the Year, at the Door of every Preaching-House: The same Method which we have used for some Years, in Behalf of *Kingwood* School. What will this produce, if all the Preachers speak as earnestly for it, as they have done for *Kingwood*? Perhaps five hundred Pounds. But I rather apprehend, it will not exceed three hundred. And this, at least will be required for other Expences. So that to pay the Debt, there will remain, just—Nothing.

What then can be done, that this wearisome Work may be effectually brought to a Conclusion? The Method one of our Friends has proposed, is this.

“ 1. Know accurately what Debt remains.” (We speak of the Debt which was contracted, before the Subscription was set on Foot.) We do know: It is three thousand, six hundred and odd Pounds. Add to this, for occasional Expences, four hundred, and the whole amounts to about 4000 l.

“ 2. Desire every one who loves *you*, and the Cause wherein you are engaged, to send you Word within a Week,— What he is willing to subscribe, for the Love of God, and of *You*, and of the general Work.

3. When four thousand Pounds are subscribed, then, and not before, desire each Person to pay his Subscription. But if the first Subscription does not amount to four thousand Pounds, then,

4. Write a second Letter to each (yea if need be, a third) desiring he would be so kind to add a little to his Subscription; tho’ still on Condition, that he pay nothing ’till the whole four thousand Pounds are subscribed. By this means, none will be called upon to pay any Thing, till he is assured, the End will be answered.

Need I add any Thing to incline *you* to be, on this Occasion, merciful after your Power? Are not you ready of yourself to do Good to all Men; especially to them that are of the Household of Faith? Ready to give every Proof you can of your Love to your Brethren; as well as of your Regard for

Your affectionate Brother,

JOHN WESLEY.

\* \* I beg your Answer within a Week.



drawn from the life. It is not true that no man is capable of malice, or delight in giving pain ; much less that every man is virtuous, and remains so as long as he lives ; nor does the Scripture allow that any action is good which is done without any design to please God.

*Fri. 18.*<sup>1</sup>—I preached at Hertford. Last year there was a fair prospect there ; but the servants of God quarrelled among themselves, till they destroyed the whole work. So that not only the society is no more, but even the preaching is discontinued.<sup>2</sup> And hence those who had no religion before are now more hardened than ever. A more stupid and senseless mob I never saw than that which flocked together in the evening. Yet they softened by degrees, so that at last all were quiet, and, as it were, attentive.

*Mon. 21.*—I visited the sick in various parts of the town, but was surprised that they were so few. I hardly remember so healthy a winter in London. So wisely does God order all things that the poor may not utterly be destroyed by hunger and sickness together.

*Sun. 27.*—I dined with one who, in the midst of plenty, is completely miserable, through 'the spirit of bondage,' and, in particular, through the fear of death. This came upon him not by any outward means, but the immediate touch of God's Spirit. It will be well if he does not shake it off till he receives 'the Spirit of adoption.'

*Thur. 31.*—Being greatly embarrassed by the necessities of the poor,<sup>3</sup> we spread all our wants before God in solemn prayer ; believing that He would sooner 'make windows in heaven' than suffer His truth to fail.

<sup>1</sup> He wrote to Mrs. Barton (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 377).

<sup>2</sup> But the people took heart again, and, under the fostering care of Mr. Andrews (see above, p. 443), the little flock was shepherded (*W.M. Mag.* 1884, p. 607).

<sup>3</sup> The war, a succession of bad harvests, and other circumstances led to general and alarming distress. Wesley faced the emergency by writing vigorously to the public press, by calling his people to

prayer, and by encouraging them to organize schemes of visitation and relief. As the direct result of this outburst of practical sympathy the Christian Community is said to have taken its rise. See Tyerman's *Life of Wesley*, vol. iii. p. 134. The Salvation Army, by a kind of lineal spiritual descent, sprang from the same stock, and much else in the social work of modern Methodism.

1773.<sup>1</sup> JAN. 1, *Fri.*—We (as usual) solemnly renewed our covenant with God.

*Mon.* 4.—I began revising my letters and papers.<sup>2</sup> One of them was wrote above a hundred and fifty years ago (in 1619), I suppose by my grandfather's father, to her he was to marry in a few days. Several were wrote by my brothers and me when at school, many while we were at the University; abundantly testifying (if it be worth knowing) what was our aim from our youth up.

*Thur.* 7.—I called where a child was dying of the small-pox, and rescued her from death and the doctors, who were giving her saffron, &c., to drive them out! Can any one be so ignorant still?

We observed *Friday* the 8th as a day of fasting and prayer, on account of the general want of trade and scarcity of provisions. The next week I made an end of revising my letters; and from those I had both wrote and received, I could not but make one remark—that for above these forty years, of all the friends who were once the most closely united, and afterwards separated from me, every one had separated himself! He left me, not I him. And from both mine and their own letters the steps whereby they did this are clear and undeniable.

*Mon.* 18.—In my scraps of time this week, I read over *An Account of the European Settlements in America*.<sup>3</sup> But some part of it I cannot receive; I mean, touching the man of

<sup>1</sup> In Jan. 1773 he wrote to John Fletcher. In a few chosen words he presents the 'amazing work of less than forty years.' He echoes the fear of wise men of the world: 'When Mr. Wesley drops, then all this is at an end.' To this he agrees, unless one is found to stand in his place. He propounds, in Greek, a principle which is the antithesis of modern ideals of government whether in Church or State: οὐκ ἀγαθὸν πολλοῖς κοινῇ. Εἰς κοίρᾱνος ἔσω. 'It is not good that the supreme power should be lodged in many hands; let there be one chief governor. I see more and more, unless there be one πρόεδρος the work can never be carried on.' He sketches the ideal president, and abruptly

declares—'Thou art the man.' He adds reasons for urging his friend to 'Come out' while 'I am alive' and 'continue in labour.'

Dum superest Lachesi quod torquent, et pedibus me Porto meis, nullo dextram subeunte bacillo.' ('While Lachesis has some thread of life to spin, And I walk on my own feet, without the help of a staff.')

(*Works*, vol. xii. p. 163.)

<sup>2</sup> Cf. May 25, 1765. Several of these are now at the Book-Room, or in the Colman Collection.

<sup>3</sup> America was the question of the hour. The War of Independence cannot here be discussed or, even in its main incidents, described. It seems desirable,

the native Americans, if it be true that 'they all nearly resemble each other,' then, from the knowledge I have of not a few American nations, I must judge a great part of that account to be pure, absolute romance; and I suspect it to have been transcribed from some papers which I myself read before I embarked for America.<sup>1</sup>

*Thur.* 28.—I buried the remains of poor E. T., of whom, ever since she died her husband speaks as a most excellent woman, and a most affectionate wife! I have known many such instances: many couples who, while they lived together, spoke of each other as mere sinners; but as soon as either was dead the survivor spoke of the deceased as the best creature in the world.<sup>2</sup>

*FEB.* 2, *Tues.*—Captain Webb preached at the Foundry. I admire the wisdom of God in still raising up various preachers, according to the various tastes of men. The Captain is all life and fire; therefore, although he is not deep or regular, yet many who would not hear a better preacher flock together to hear him. And many are convinced under his preaching; some justified; a few built up in love.

*Thur.* 4.—I had much conversation with T[homas] M[ax]

her, if the student is to understand the Wesley attitude, to recall briefly the British point of view. The English War which ended in the Peace of Paris in 1763 had placed the thirteen English colonies in America in a condition of safety from the attacks of the French and Spanish powers and their American colonies, and made the English settlers the most powerful and influential of all Europeans in North America. This was accomplished at the cost of the mother-country. In Parliament it was agreed that the colonists, for whose advantage, in part, a great national debt had been incurred, should bear some share of the burden. See Cowper's *Letters*, No. 84. In 1765 the Stamp Act was passed, but so loud and threatening was the outcry against it that the Government yielded, and the Act was repealed in 1766. The fiscal legislation of Charles Townshend which followed was still more exasperating to

the colonists, and, as Lecky says, 'the pulpits, the press, the lawyers, the "Sons of Liberty"—all these classes, who subsist or flourish by popularity, were busy in inflaming the jealousy against England.' When Wesley read the book named in the text, the authorship of which has been attributed to Burke, events were tending to the War of Independence, with its world-wide consequences.

<sup>1</sup> On Jan. 19 he wrote from Lewisham to Miss Chapman with reference to a visit to Newbury (*Works*, vol. xiii. p. 87), and on the 21st to Mrs. Barton (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 378).

<sup>2</sup> On Jan. 29 he wrote from London to Samuel Bardsley with 'a little draught' for his mother. 'John Hallam,' he says, 'is a good man, but a queer one: I am in hopes he will do good.' He tells Bardsley he does not require help (for the Relief Fund) from the poor members 'for fear of distressing any' (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 501).

field]. He said, his printing that wretched book against me<sup>1</sup> was owing to the pressing instances of Mr. Wh[itefield] and Lady H[untingdon]. I cannot tell how to believe it; but if it was, they might have been better employed.<sup>2</sup>

On *Monday* the 15th and the following days I took a little journey into Surrey. On the road I read Bonavici's [Buonamici] history of the late war in Italy.<sup>3</sup> I think the late revolution at Genoa, which he recites at large, is altogether as strange as that of Masaniello<sup>4</sup> at Naples. That an unarmed rabble, without any head, should drive a disciplined army, under an experienced general, who were in possession of the arms, the forts, and the whole city, not only out of the city and forts, but out of the whole territory of Genoa, is a plain proof that God rules in all the kingdoms of the earth, and executes His will by whomsoever it pleaseth Him.<sup>5</sup>

*Wed.* 24.—A very remarkable paragraph was published in one of the Edinburgh papers:

We learn from the Rosses, in the county of Donegal, in Ireland, that a Danish man-of-war, called the *North Crown*, commanded by the Baron D'Ulfeld, arrived off those islands from a voyage of discovery

<sup>1</sup> This was the *Vindication* referred to above, pp. 12, 39. See Green's *Anti-Methodist Publications*, No. 390.

<sup>2</sup> On Feb. 6 Fletcher wrote from Madeley his reply to Wesley's appeal (see above, p. 496). He did not absolutely refuse. But he desired, not what Wesley asked for, but rather a return, at his own charges, to his earlier post 'as your Deacon; not with any view of presiding over the Methodists after you, but to save you a little in your old age.' Henry Moore, into whose hands the reply fell, says that the preachers had pressed Wesley to appoint Fletcher as his successor. They were not discouraged by the reply, but begged that the request might be renewed. Wesley replied to them: 'He will not come out unless the Lord should baptize him for it' (Moore's *Life of Wesley*, vol. ii. p. 261).

On Feb. 6 he wrote to Christopher Hopper. In this, as in other letters of this

period, he is troubled about the poor. He arrests the general collecting, and, to save the poor members of society from undue pressure, takes upon himself the duty of writing to the rich for help, and they respond (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 312). On Feb. 12 Fletcher married Captain Webb to Grace Gilbert at Whitchurch, Salop. Webb lost his right eye in the campaign in which General Wolfe lost his life. He was one of the first to plant Methodism in America. On returning to England he settled in Bristol, where he laboured faithfully until his sudden death on Dec. 20, 1796. He took a leading part in the erection of Portland Chapel, where he was buried. See *W.M. Mag.* 1845, p. 427; *Meth. Rec.* Winter No., 1901, p. 675; and Atmore's *Memorial*, p. 444.

<sup>3</sup> See *W.H.S.* vol. iv. p. 205.

<sup>4</sup> Which began by enlisting boys.

<sup>5</sup> On Feb. 23 he wrote to John Valton of Purfleet. See new ed. *Wesley Letters*.

towards the Pole. They sailed from Bornholm in Norway, the 1st of June, 1769, with stores for eighteen months, and some able astronomers, landscape-painters, and every apparatus suitable to the design; and, steering N. by E. half E., for thirty-seven days, with a fair wind and open sea, discovered a large rocky island, which, having doubled, they proceeded W.N.W., till the 17th of September, when they found themselves in a strong current, between two high lands, seemingly about ten leagues distant, which carried them at a prodigious rate for three days, when, to their great joy, they saw the mainland of America, that lies between the most westerly part of the settlements on Hudson's River and California. Here they anchored, in a fine cove, and found abundance of wild deer and buffaloes, with which they victualled; and, sailing southward, in three months got into the Pacific Ocean, and returned by the Straits of Le Maine and the West India Islands. They have brought many curiosities, particularly a prodigious bird, called a contor, or contose,<sup>1</sup> above six feet in height, of the eagle kind, whose wings, expanded, measure twenty-two feet four inches. After bartering some skins with the country people, for meal, rum, and other necessities, they sailed for Bremen, to wait the thaw, previous to their return to Copenhagen.

*February 24, 1773.*

If this account is true, one would hope not *only* the King of Denmark will avail himself of so important a discovery.<sup>2</sup>

MARCH 3, *Wed.*—I was invited to see Mr. Cox's celebrated museum.<sup>3</sup> I cannot say my expectation was disappointed; for I expected nothing, and I found nothing but a heap of pretty, glittering trifles, prepared at an immense expense. For what end? To please the fancy of fine ladies and pretty gentlemen.

*Sun. 7.*—In the evening I set out for Bristol, and, after spending a few days there, on *Monday* the 15th went to Stroud, and on *Tuesday* the 16th to Worcester.<sup>4</sup> Here I inquired

<sup>1</sup> The bird intended is the condor, in Peruvian, 'cuntur.' The name 'contose' is unknown to the dictionaries, even to Murray, who quotes Wesley's Journal.

<sup>2</sup> Alluding to the fact that a Danish man-of-war made the alleged discoveries.

<sup>3</sup> Cox's Museum was in Spring Gardens. It was formed by James Cox, jeweller, and consisted of unique pieces of mechanism and jewelled ornaments. The collection was disposed of by lottery in 1774. Walpole mentions 'the immortal lines

on Cox's Museum,' and Sheridan, in *The Rivals*, 'the bull in Cox's Museum.'

<sup>4</sup> It must have been during this tour that Wesley and Thomas Rankin met in Birmingham, the latter to receive final instructions before sailing for America, where he was to take over the superintendency from those whom Wesley found not altogether satisfactory. See *E.M.P.* vol. v. p. 184. To this period must be assigned the brief farewell letter Wesley wrote to George Shadford, whom

concerning the 'Intelligence sent Mr. Hill from Worcester' (as he says in his warm book), 'of the shocking behaviour of some that professed to be perfect.' It was supposed that intelligence came from Mr. Skinner, a dear lover of me and all connected with me. The truth is, one of the society, after having left it, behaved extremely ill; but none who professed to love God with all their heart have done anything contrary to that profession.<sup>1</sup>

I came to Liverpool on *Saturday* the 20th.<sup>2</sup>

*Mon.* 22.—The captain was in haste to get my chaise on board. About eleven we went on board ourselves; and before one we ran on a sandbank. So, the ship being fast, we went ashore again.

*Tues.* 23.—We embarked again on board the *Freemason*, with six other cabin passengers, four gentlemen and two gentlewomen, one of whom was daily afraid of falling in labour. This gave me several opportunities of talking closely and of praying with her and her companion. We did not come abreast of Holyhead till *Thursday* morning. We had then a strong gale and a rolling sea. Most of the passengers were sick enough, but it did not affect me at all. In the evening the gentlemen desired I would pray with them; so we concluded the day in a solemn and comfortable manner.

*Fri.* 26.—We landed at Dunleary,<sup>3</sup> and hired a coach to Dublin.

*Sat.* 27.—I buried the remains of Richard Walsh.<sup>4</sup> For several months he had been quite disordered; but for some time before his death his senses returned, and he died rejoicing and praising God.

On *Monday* and *Tuesday* I examined the society, a little

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Rankin chose as his colleague: 'I let you loose, George, on the great continent of America. Publish your message in the open face of the sun, and do all the good you can' (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 457).

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Skinner was a tanner in Worcester. In a garret of his warehouse, in the Town Ditch, now Tanover Street, the evangelists—Rowland Hill among others—of that period held their services. Of Skinner Wesley seems to write ironi-

cally. See *W.H.S.* vol. iii. p. 179; for the 'warm book' cf. Green's *Anti-Meth. Publications*, Nos. 455, 456.

<sup>2</sup> On the 21st he wrote from Liverpool to Christopher Hopper, and on the 23rd to 'A Young Disciple' (*Works*, vol. xii. pp. 313 and 448).

<sup>3</sup> Now called Kingstown.

<sup>4</sup> He was one of the first race of itinerants, admitted on trial in 1765. See Myles's *Chron. Hist.* second ed. p. 449.



lessened, but now well united together.<sup>1</sup> I was a little surprised to find the Commissioners of the Customs would not permit my chaise to be landed, because, they said, the captain of a packet-boat had no right to bring over goods. Poor pretence! However, I was more obliged to them than I then knew; for, had it come on shore, it would have been utterly spoiled.<sup>2</sup>

APRIL 5, *Mon.*—Having hired such a chaise as I could, I drove to Edenderry.

*Tuesday* the 6th I went on to Tyrrell's Pass.

*Thur.* 8.—I preached in the court-house at Mullingar in the morning, and in that at Longford in the evening, and again at eight in the morning (being *Good Friday*), and then went on to Athlone.

I believe all the officers, with a whole army of soldiers, were present in the evening; so were most of them the next. I would fain have preached abroad on *Easter Day*, but the rain would not permit. However, the whole congregation in the house behaved with so remarkable a seriousness that it was good to be there; and I could not be sorry that we were driven into it.

*Mon.* 12.—I preached at Ballinasloe and Aughrim.

*Tues.* 13.—As I went into Eyre Court the street was full of people, who gave us a loud huzza when we passed through the market-place. I preached in the open air to a multitude of people, all civil, and most of them serious. A great awakening has been in this town lately; and many of the most notorious and profligate sinners are entirely changed, and are happy witnesses of the gospel salvation.

<sup>1</sup> Wesley's account of this visit to Ireland should be read with Crookshank's thrilling descriptions in chap. xxiv. of his *History*. Wesley never shirked danger, especially if it threatened his preachers or people. How serious was the peril may be inferred from the following facts: when two of the persecuted Methodists obtained warrants against the rioters, 'the constable would not execute them. . . the grand jury threw out all the bills. . . A Methodist preacher could not pass

through the Protestant town of Enniskillen without endangering his life.' But the duty which human law failed to fulfil was repeatedly, and with tragic coincidence, taken in hand by divine retributive providence. (Crookshank's *Meth. in Ireland*, vol. i. p. 269; see also below, pp. 507-9).

<sup>2</sup> On April 1 he wrote to Mrs. Bennis: 'I fear you are too idle. . . . Up and be doing!' (see *Works*, vol. xii. p. 396, and for the letter to which it is an answer, *Christian Corr.*, p. 86).

I preached at Birr in the evening ; *Wednesday* the 14th at Ferbane and Coolalough ; *Thursday* the 15th in the church at Clara, one of the neatest I have seen in the kingdom ; in the evening I preached at Tullamore. I believe all the troopers were present ; none of whom was more affected than one who had been a sinner far above his fellows. He was present again at five in the morning, and seemed fully resolved to forsake all sin.

*Fri.* 16.—In the evening, and at ten on *Saturday*, I preached at Portarlinton ; on Saturday evening at Mountmellick, and on *Sunday* the 18th at nine, and again at twelve, to an artless, earnest, serious people. In the afternoon I went on to Mount-rath. The rain constrained me to preach in the house ; and God was present, both to wound and to heal.

*Mon.* 19.—In the evening I preached in the new house at Kilkenny to a numerous congregation, almost as genteel and full as unawakened as that at Portarlinton. The next evening it was considerably larger, and many seemed to be deeply affected. Even at this fountain-head of wickedness, I trust, God will always have a seed to serve Him.

*Wed.* 21.—Some applied to the Quakers at Enniscorthy for the use of their meeting-house. They refused ; so I stood at Hugh M'Laughlin's door, and both those within and without could hear. I was in doubt which way to take from hence, one of my chaise-horses being much tired ; till a gentleman of Ballyrane, near Wexford, told me, if I would preach at his house the next evening, he would meet me on the road with a fresh horse. So I complied, though it was some miles out of the way. Accordingly, he met us on *Thursday* the 22nd, six or seven miles from Enniscorthy. But we found his mare would not draw at all ; so we were forced to go on as we could. I preached in the evening at Ballyrane, to a deeply serious congregation. Early in the morning we set out, and, at two in the afternoon, came to Ballyhack Ferry.

A troop of sailors ran down to the shore to see the chaise put into the boat. I was walking at a small distance when I heard them cry out, 'Avast ! Avast ! The coach is overset into the river.' I thought, 'However, it is well my bags are on shore, so my papers are not spoiled.' In less than an hour they

fished up the chaise and got it safe into the boat. As it would not hold us all, I got in myself, leaving the horses to come after. At half-hour after three I came to Passage. Finding no post-chaise could be had, and having no time to spare, I walked on (six or seven miles) to Waterford, and began preaching without delay on 'My yoke is easy, and My burden is light.'

*Sat. 24.*—I had much satisfaction, both morning and evening in the number and seriousness of the congregation.

*Sun. 25.*—Word being brought me that the mayor<sup>1</sup> was willing I should preach in the Bowling Green, I went thither in the evening. A huge multitude was quickly gathered together. I preached on 'I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God.' Some attempted to disturb, but without success, the bulk of the congregation being deeply attentive. But as I was drawing to a conclusion some of the Papists set on their work in earnest.<sup>2</sup> They knocked down John Christian, with two or three more, who endeavoured to quiet them, and then began to roar like the waves of the sea. But hitherto could they come, and no farther. Some gentlemen who stood near me rushed into the midst of them, and, after bestowing some heavy blows, seized the ringleader and delivered him to the constable, and one of them<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Mr. William Hobbs.

<sup>2</sup> In the *Meth. Rec.* Winter No., 1906, the Rev. F. F. Bretherton brings to light the manuscript diary of Hugh Saunderson, an early Methodist preacher. Tyerman, in his *Life of Wesley*, vol. iii. p. 43, gives an adverse view of Saunderson's character. This was controverted by Samuel Wright, a minister of the United Methodist Free Churches. He and Bretherton agree in the belief that an injustice has been done. It is only proper to add that Mr. Crookshank does not accept this view. A well-known letter written by Wesley on April 24, 1769 (see above, p. 313) to Mr. S—— at Armagh and published by him in the *Arm. Mag.* 1784, p. 165, does not necessarily belong to Hugh Saunderson at all. The compiler of the Index to Wesley's *Works* (vol. xvi. ed. 1813) seems to have regarded it as

a letter intended for all the itinerant preachers in Ireland, an inference for which there is no justification. Saunderson was travelling with Wesley when the Waterford riot occurred. His Journal supplements Wesley's. Ultimately he seems to have gone astray, probably in doctrine. His name will reappear in these notes. On May 3 Hugh Saunderson writes in his Journal:

I came to Cork; Mr. Wesley gave the sacrament. . . . We lay that night at Charleville. In the morning set out for Limerick. Breakfasted with Mr. Coots, a gentleman worth £3,000 per year. Poor things! they were so fatigued with dancing last night that they could hardly be up at seven o'clock. This is not the way to Mount Zion. Yet they are a very agreeable family. The gentleman seems to have some desires for heaven.

<sup>3</sup> Sir John Alcock (Crookshank's *Methodism in Ireland*, vol. i. p. 273).

undertook to conduct me home. So few received any hurt but the rioters themselves,<sup>1</sup> which, I trust, will make them more peaceable for the time to come.

*Mon. 26.*—I went on to Clogheen; *Tuesday*, to Cork; *Wednesday*, to Bandon. The wind being boisterous, I preached in the house, well filled with serious hearers. Even the fashionable ones, who were not a few, were uncommonly attentive. So they were the next evening. Such congregations had not been seen in Bandon for twenty years, and the society was near doubled within a twelvemonth. So had God blessed the labours of William Collins! Another proof that, at present, a prophet is not without honour, even in his own country.<sup>2</sup>

*Fri. 30.*—We had a solemn watch-night at Cork. I believe the confidence of many was shaken while I was enforcing 'Though I had all faith, so as to remove mountains, and have not love, I am nothing.' A hard saying! but yet absolutely necessary to be insisted on, particularly among the people called Methodists. Otherwise, how many of them will build on the sand, on an unloving, unholy faith!

*MAY 4, Tues.*—I left Cork with much satisfaction, having seen the fruit of my labour. In the afternoon we had a quick succession of piercing wind, rain, hail, and snow, and in a short time after loud thunder, with a few flashes of lightning. We lodged at Charleville, and on *Wednesday* the 5th, after an easy ride, dined at Limerick.<sup>3</sup>

Here I found, as in time past, a settled, serious people, but in danger of sinking into formality.

*Thur. 6.*—I hired a post-chaise for Ballingarrane, the man promising to go two miles and a half an hour; but he could not perform it. In about five hours he could not drive quite twelve

<sup>1</sup> They were workmen of Messrs. Farrell. The sequel of this riot became a notorious warning against persecutors. The priest who encouraged the mob fell down dead at the altar the following Sunday, and Messrs. Farrell, from being the most extensive and opulent merchants in the city, were shortly reduced to extreme poverty.

<sup>2</sup> One of his converts was Thomas Bennett, a pillar in the church. See his

obituary, noting the friendship of Wesley, *W.M. Mag.* 1845, p. 1232; Crookshank's *Meth. in Ireland*, p. 274.

<sup>3</sup> William Myles, a young man of seventeen, heard Wesley preach here, and five years later entered the itinerancy. See *Arm. Mag.* 1797, pp. 211, 213. He travelled till 1828, and was the first writer, after Wesley himself, to attempt (in 1798) a formal *History of the People called Methodists*.

miles. I then took horse and, after riding two miles, came just at the time I had appointed. In the evening I preached at Newmarket. Papists and Protestants flocked together from every side, and, for the time, they appeared to be greatly affected. But who will endure to the end?

*Fri. 7.*—I returned to Limerick, but could not preach abroad because of the severe weather.

*Mon. 10.*—After the morning preaching I met the select society. All of these once experienced salvation from sin; some enjoy it still, but the greater part are, more or less, shorn of their strength, yet not without hope of recovering it.

*Tues. 11.*—The north wind was so high and sharp that it was thought best I should preach within. But had I known what a congregation was assembled in the barracks I should have preached there at all events. I am afraid Satan made us consult our own ease more than the glory of God.

*Wed. 12.*—I took my leave of this affectionate people,<sup>1</sup> and in the evening preached at Clare. What a contrast between Clare and Limerick!—a little ruinous town; no inn that could afford us either meat or drink or comfortable lodging, no society, and next to no congregation till the soldiers came. After preaching I spent an agreeable hour with the commanding officer, and, having procured a tolerable lodging in the barracks, slept in peace.

*Thur. 13.*—We went on, through a most dreary country, to Galway; where, at the late survey, there were twenty thousand Papists and five hundred Protestants. But which of them are Christians, have the mind that was in Christ, and walk as He walked? And without this, how little does it avail whether they are called Protestants or Papists! At six I preached in the court-house to a large congregation, who all behaved well.<sup>2</sup>

*Fri. 14.*—In the evening I preached at Ballinrobe, and on *Saturday* went on to Castlebar. Entering the town, I was struck with the sight of the Charter School—no gate to the

<sup>1</sup> At Limerick his host and hostess were Mr. and Mrs. Bennis. The latter was one of Wesley's correspondents. See Crookshank's *Memorable Women of Irish Methodism*, p. 29.

<sup>2</sup> Saunderson says, 'At the last hymn one of Satan's children came with a great roar, as if he had just come from hell; but a gentleman laid hold of him and showed him the near way to the door.'

courtyard, a large chasm in the wall, heaps of rubbish before the house-door, broken windows in abundance; the whole a picture of slothfulness, nastiness, and desolation! I did not dream there were any inhabitants till, the next day, I saw about forty boys and girls walking from church. As I was just behind them, I could not but observe (1). that there was neither master nor mistress, though, it seems, they were both well; (2) that both boys and girls were completely dirty; (3) that none of them seemed to have any garters on, their stockings hanging about their heels; (4) that in the heels, even of many of the girls' stockings, were holes larger than a crown-piece. I gave a plain account of these things to the trustees of the Charter School<sup>1</sup> in Dublin: whether they are altered or no, I cannot tell.

*Sun.* 16.—I preached in the Grand Jury room, morning and evening, to a lovely congregation, whose hearts seemed to be as melting wax.

*Mon.* 17.—I spent a comfortable afternoon with the amiable family at Rahans.<sup>2</sup> I know not that I could bear many such days: strong cordials must not be taken too often.

*Tues.* 18.—I went on to Tobercurry, and on *Wednesday* morning to Sligo.<sup>3</sup> Here I expected little comfort, as having little expectation of doing any good; and the less as some strollers were acting a play over the market-house where I was to preach. At seven I began in our own room. Many of the soldiers, with some officers, were present; and the whole congregation, rich and poor, were so remarkably serious that I had a faint hope we shall see some fruit, even in cold, barren Sligo.

*Thur.* 20.—We had a large congregation of soldiers, as well as townsmen, at five in the morning. In the evening I preached in the market-house to such a congregation as has not been

<sup>1</sup> The Charter Schools were established for the conversion of Papists.

<sup>2</sup> See above, June 1, 1771; and, Saunderson says, 'we dined at Mr. Brown's, a justice of the peace, about 2½ miles from Castlebar. I think they are not far from the kingdom.' See Crookshank's *Meth. in Ireland*, vol. i. p. 246.

<sup>3</sup> Saunderson says: 'On the way we had much comfort. . . . Mr. Wesley and I walked through the Old Abbey, where lay some wagon-loads of human bones. I also saw the statue of Lady O'Connor. She caused a very great number of the Protestants to be murdered.' See above, vol. iv. p. 389.

seen here for many years. Surely God is giving yet another call to the poor, stupid sinners of Sligo.

*Fri. 21.*<sup>1</sup>—I went on to Manorhamilton, and preached to a large and serious congregation.

*Sat. 22.*—In our way to Swanlinbar, the hinder axle-tree of the chaise broke in two. I borrowed a horse, and rode on till we overtook one of our friends who was a coachmaker. By his help the damage was repaired, and things made at least as good as they were before.

In the evening we had a large congregation of (mostly) experienced Christians, and a larger at eight in the morning on *Sunday*<sup>2</sup>; but the grand concourse was in the evening, when the hearts of the people were as wax melting before the fire, and I trust many received the stamp of love.

*Mon. 24.*—About noon I preached to just such another congregation at Tonymolman. Afterwards I talked with four men and eight women, who believe they are saved from sin. Their words were in wisdom as well as in power: I think none who heard them could doubt of their testimony.

One of my horses having a shoe loose, I borrowed Mr. Watson's horse, and left him with the chaise. When we came near Enniskillen, I desired two only to ride with me, and the rest of our friends to keep at a distance. Some masons were at work on the first bridge, who gave us some coarse words. We had abundance more as we rode through the town; but many soldiers being in the street, and taking knowledge of me in a

<sup>1</sup> Saunderson writes: 'Mr. Wesley left me in Sligo to preach in the evening, as the people desired it.' In Swanlinbar he found the Rev. James Creighton, who was curate. A year before, when Creighton was expecting Wesley in the parish, he meditated a sermon to preach against him; which, however, he postponed in favour of 'some queries,' and on this occasion sent them privately without subscribing his name. Wesley guessed from whom the queries came, and returned a concise answer, and sent his *Appeals*. In the following winter Creighton read the *Appeals*. Three years later (1775) he read Fletcher's *Appeal*. Slowly he

found his way, through many reasonings, to the light; sought mercy for a fortnight, thought he 'must repent more.' After many strange experiences, the details of which may be read in *Arm. Mag.* 1785, pp. 300, 354, Creighton found the peace of God, joined the Methodist society, and in 1783 was invited to labour with Wesley in London. For many years he served at City Road and West Street as an ordained minister of the Church of England and a minister in the London Circuit.

<sup>2</sup> On May 23 he wrote to Miss Ball from near Enniskillen (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 457).

respectful manner, the mob shrunk back. An hour after Mr. Watson came in the chaise. Before he came to the bridge many ran together and began to throw whatever came next to hand. The bridge itself they had blocked up with large stones, so that a carriage could not pass; but an old man cried out, 'Is this the way you use strangers?' and rolled away the stones. The mob quickly rewarded him by plastering him over with dirt and mortar from head to foot. They then fell upon the carriage, which they cut with stones in several places, and wellnigh covered with dirt and mortar. From one end of the town to the other the stones flew thick about the coachman's head. Some of them were two or three pounds' weight, which they threw with all their might. If but one of them had struck him it would have effectually prevented him from driving any farther; and then, doubtless, they would have given an account of the chaise and horses.

I preached at Sidaire in the evening and morning, and then set out for Roosky. The road lay not far from Enniskillen. When we came pretty near the town both men and women saluted us, first with bad words, and then with dirt and stones. My horses soon left them behind; but not till they had broke one of the windows, the glass of which came pouring in upon me, but did me no further hurt.

About an hour after John Smith came to Enniskillen. The masons on the bridge preparing for battle, he was afraid his horse would leap with him into the river, and therefore chose to alight. Immediately they poured in upon him a whole shower of dirt and stones. However, he made his way through the town, though pretty much daubed and bruised.

At Roosky Mr. Macburney, one of our preachers, gave me the following account: On Thursday, March 4, he went to Mr. Perry's, a quarter of a mile from Aghalun, a village six or seven miles from Enniskillen. In the evening he was singing a hymn, when a large mob beset the house. Six of these rushed in, armed with clubs, and immediately fell upon the people; but, many of them joining together, thrust them out, and shut and fastened the door. On this they broke every pane of glass in the windows, and threw in a large quantity of stones. They then broke into the house, through a weak part of the wall, and,



hauling out both men and women, beat them without mercy. Soon after they dragged out Mr. Macburney, whom M—— N—— instantly knocked down. They continued beating him on the head and breast, while he lay senseless on the ground. Yet, after a while, coming a little to himself, he got up; but not being quite sensible, staggered, and fell again. Then one of them set his foot upon his face, swearing he would tread the Holy Ghost out of him. Another ran his stick into his mouth. As soon as he could speak he said, 'May God forgive you! I do.' They then set him on his horse, and M—— N—— got up behind and forced him to gallop down the rocky mountain to the town. There they kept him, till a gentleman took him out of their hands, and entertained and lodged him in the most hospitable manner. But his bruises, on the head and breast in particular, would not suffer him to sleep; and ever since he has felt such inward pain and weakness that it is a wonder he is still alive.

One of those that was much abused was Mr. Mitchell, who lives about a mile from the town. On Saturday the mob came to his house, about eight in the evening, swearing they would have his father's heart's blood. They threw many large stones at the windows, and broke a great hole in the door. Through this hole Mr. Mitchell, seeing no other remedy, fired twice with small shot. At the second shot they ran away with all speed, no man looking behind him.

Mr. Perry and Mitchell applying to Mr. Irwin, of Green Hill, he granted warrants for six of the rioters; and the next week, for fifteen more; but the constable would not take them; and the next week, at the Assizes held in Enniskillen, the Grand Jury threw out all the bills! Therefore, it is to these honourable gentlemen I am obliged for all the insults and outrage I met with. But, meantime, where is liberty, civil or religious? Does it exist in Aghalun or Enniskillen?<sup>1</sup>

*Wed. 26.*—We set out at half-hour past two, and reached Omagh a little before eleven. Finding I could not reach

<sup>1</sup> Saunderson writes :

Tuesday, May 25, I was forced to preach in Mr. Wesley's place, as he had to go to another place. *Wednesday morning.*—I

preached again, and then set out to meet Mr. Wesley. He was not come at the hour appointed, so I sung and prayed to about 1,500 persons, and was just going to give out the text when he came.

Castlederg by two o'clock in the chaise, I rode forward with all the speed I could; but, the horse dropping a shoe, I was so retarded that I did not reach the place till between three and four. I found the minister and the people waiting; but the church would not near contain them; so I preached near it to a mixed multitude of rich and poor, Churchmen, Papists, and Presbyterians. I was a little weary and faint when I came, the sun having shone exceeding hot; but the number and behaviour of the congregation made me forget my own weariness.

Having a good horse, I rode to the place where I was to lodge<sup>1</sup> (two miles off) in about an hour. After tea they told me another congregation was waiting; so I began preaching without delay; and warned them of the madness which was spreading among them, namely, leaving the Church. Most of them, I believe, will take the advice; I hope all that are of our society. The family here put me in mind of that at Rahans; they breathe the same spirit.

*Thur. 27.*—I went on to Londonderry.

*Fri. 28.*<sup>2</sup>—I was invited to see the Bishop's palace<sup>3</sup> (a grand and beautiful structure), and his garden, newly laid, and exceeding pleasant. Here I innocently gave some offence to the gardener, by mentioning the English of a Greek word. But he set us right, warmly assuring us that the English name of the flower is not Crane's-bill, but Geranium!

*Sat. 29.*—We walked out to one of the pleasantest spots which I have seen in the kingdom. It is a garden laid out on the steep side of a hill; one shady walk of which, in particular, commands all the vale and the hill beyond. The owner finished his walks—and died.

In the evening I preached to a serious, artless congregation, at Fahan, seven miles west from Derry.<sup>4</sup> On *Whit Sunday*, the

<sup>1</sup> Mrs. Johnston's, of Lisleen.

<sup>2</sup> Saunderson writes:

Three clergymen were at dinner, who seem to be willing to be on the Lord's side. We had a watch-night, a great congregation and very attentive, and none more so than the seven clergymen.

<sup>3</sup> Wesley's friend, Bishop Barnard, was dead, and the see of Derry was now occupied by Frederick Augustus Hervey,

brother of the Earl of Bristol and of the excellent Lady Mary Fitzgerald, who before her marriage was, in her own right, Lady Mary Hervey. In 1779 he succeeded as fourth Earl of Bristol. He died in 1803. See *Gentleman's Mag.* 1807, p. 425.

<sup>4</sup> Here he was the guest of Mrs. Abraham, mother of the Rev. John Abraham of Londonderry.

30th, I dined at Mr. S.'s, a sensible, friendly man; where were five clergymen besides me; all of whom attended the preaching every evening. One would have imagined, from this friendliness of the clergy, joined with the good-will both of the Bishop and Dean, the society would increase swiftly. But, in fact, it does not increase at all; it stands just as it was two years ago. So little does the favour of man advance the work of God!

*Mon. 31.*—At noon I preached at Muff, a town five miles north-east of Derry. In returning, the wind being in our back, and the sun in our face, it was intensely hot. But what signifies either pain or pleasure, that passes away like a dream?

*JUNE 1, Tues.*—I preached at New Buildings, and spent an hour with the society. I found them as lively as ever, and more exactly regular than any society in these parts.

*Wed. 2.*—I took my leave of this pleasant city and agreeable people. When we came to the foot of the mountain beyond Dungiven my horses did not choose to draw me any farther; so I walked on seven or eight miles, and ordered them to follow me to Cookstown.

*Thur. 3.*—At noon I preached to a large congregation on the Green at Castlecaulfield, and in the evening near the barracks at Charlemont.

*Fri. 4.*—We went on to Armagh.<sup>1</sup> The evening congregation in the avenue was very large, and exceeding serious, rich and poor kneeling down on the grass when I went to prayer.

*Sat. 5.*—I walked over the fine improvements which the Primate<sup>2</sup> has made near his lodge. The ground is hardly two miles round, but it is laid out to the best advantage. Part is garden, part meadow, part planted with shrubs or trees of various kinds. The house is built of fine white stone, and is fit for a nobleman. He intends to carry away a bog which lies behind it, and have a large piece of water in its place. He intends also to improve the town greatly, and to execute many other grand

<sup>1</sup> Here he wrote his great sermon on 'Predestination' (No. LVIII., on Rom. viii. 29, 30), which he had preached at the request of several of the clergy. See Green's *Wesley Bibliography*, No. 290.

<sup>2</sup> Dr. Robinson was born in Yorkshire in 1709, and died in 1794. Besides

building the palace at Armagh, with an observatory, he founded a school and public library there, and left a liberal endowment for their support. See below, June 22, 1778. The Primate received Cennick and other Moravian ministers and assured them of his good-will.

designs<sup>1</sup>; I doubt too many, even for a Primate of Ireland, that is above seventy years old!<sup>2</sup>

*Sun. 6 (being Trinity Sunday).*—At nine I explained the great text of St. John to an exceeding large congregation. We had at church an anthem, which I know not that I have heard these fifty years, 'Praise the Lord, O my soul'; and sung in a manner that would not have disgraced any of our English cathedrals. The congregation in the evening was the largest I have seen in Ulster; and I believe, for the present, all were convinced that nothing will avail without humble, gentle, patient love.

On *Monday*,<sup>3</sup> *Tuesday*,<sup>4</sup> and *Wednesday* I preached at Hamilton's Bawn, Clonmain, Loughgall, The Grange, and Cockhill.

*Thur. 10.*—I rode to Derryanvil, where are some of the liveliest Christians I have seen in the kingdom. Eight of them I examined closely, who testified that they had never lost the witness, nor felt any decay, since the hour they were perfected in love.

On *Friday* and *Saturday*<sup>5</sup> I preached at Portadown, Kilmorriarty, Dawson's Grove, and Tanderagee.

*Sun. 13.*<sup>6</sup>—I preached at nine with great enlargement of heart. At half-hour past eleven the Church Service began. The curate read prayers exceeding well, and the rector preached with uncommon earnestness. But what I most admired was (1) the cleanness of the church, equal to any I have seen in England; (2) the serious behaviour of the whole congregation; and, (3) the excellent singing by forty or fifty voices, half men and half women. I have heard nothing like it in any church since I came into the kingdom.

<sup>1</sup> This he did by erecting an infirmary, market house, and three churches.

<sup>2</sup> But Dr. Robinson was not more than sixty-five at this time, and he lived more than twenty years longer.

<sup>3</sup> On June 7, Saunderson says, 'Mr. Wesley preached about four miles from Armagh. My father and four sons and son-in-law heard him.'

<sup>4</sup> He wrote from Clonmain to Miss C[ummins] (*Works*, vol. xiii. p. 68). He urges her to hear Mr. Saunderson preach.

<sup>5</sup> On June 12 he wrote to Miss Bishop (*Works*, vol. xiii. p. 24).

<sup>6</sup> Saunderson writes:

At six in the morning I preached with real comfort to a large congregation. Mr. Wesley and I dined with the minister, Dr. Leslie, who preached in the church. He is a very friendly, sensible man, and does want to do the will of God.

For Dr. Leslie, the rector, see Dr. Coke's *Journal*, *Meth. Mag.* 1798, p. 555; and, for his grounds, below, June 25, 1778.

The rector inviting me to dinner, I spent an agreeable hour with him and his curate. The congregation at six was exceeding numerous, and exceeding serious. We concluded the day with the societies, gathered from all parts: and great was our rejoicing. Many were filled with consolation, and many feeble hands were strengthened.

*Mon. 14.*—After preaching at Lurgan, I inquired of Mr. Miller<sup>1</sup> whether he had any thoughts of perfecting his speaking statue, which had so long lain by. He said he had altered his design; that he intended, if he had life and health, to make two, which would not only speak, but sing hymns alternately with an articulate voice; that he had made a trial, and it answered well. But he could not tell when he should finish it, as he had much business of other kinds, and could only give his leisure hours to this. How amazing is it that no man of fortune enables him to give all his time to the work!

I preached in the evening at Lisburn.<sup>2</sup> All the time I could spare here was taken up by poor patients. I generally asked, 'What remedies have you used?' and was not a little surprised. What has fashion to do with physic? Why (in Ireland, at least), almost as much as headdress. Blisters, for anything or nothing, were all the fashion when I was in Ireland last. Now the grand fashionable medicine for twenty diseases (who would imagine it?) is mercury sublimate! Why is it not a halter or a pistol? They would cure *a little* more speedily.

*Tues. 15.*—I went to dreary Newtown[ards]. This place always makes me pensive. Even in Ireland I hardly see anywhere such heaps of ruins as here; and they are considerably increased since I was here before. What a shadow is human greatness!

The evening congregation in the new market-house appeared deeply attentive, especially the backsliders, several of whom determined to set out afresh.

When I came to Belfast, I learned the real cause of the late

<sup>1</sup> See above, vol. iv. p. 500, and Crookshank's *Meth. in Ireland*, vol. i. p. 277. Saunderson writes: 'I parted with Mr. Wesley' (but on the evening of the 22nd he was with him at a lovefeast).

<sup>2</sup> Mrs. Gayer heard him for the first time. See the account of Wesley's introduction to her husband (Crookshank's *Meth. in Ireland*, vol. i. pp. 262, 277).

insurrections in this neighbourhood. Lord Donegal,<sup>1</sup> the proprietor of almost the whole country, came hither to give his tenants new leases. But when they came, they found two merchants of the town had taken their farms over their heads; so that multitudes of them, with their wives and children, were turned out to the wide world. It is no wonder that, as their lives were now bitter to them, they should fly out as they did. It is rather a wonder that they did not go much farther. And if they had, who would have been most in fault? Those who were without home, without money, without food for themselves and families? Or those who drove them to this extremity?

In the evening I preached to a numerous congregation in the new market-house, but trifling enough. Yet by degrees they sunk into seriousness. The greater part of them came again in the morning; and their behaviour was then remarkably decent.

*Thur.* 17.—There was a lovely congregation at the Shire Hall in Carrickfergus, very large and very serious. Nor was it much smaller at five in the morning. I added several to the society, and could not but hope that there was seed sown here that will never be rooted up.

*Fri.* 18.—I went to Ballymena, and read a strange tract, that professes to discover ‘the inmost recesses of Freemasonry’; said to be ‘translated from the French original, lately published at Berlin.’ I incline to think it is a genuine account. Only if it be, I wonder the author is suffered to live. If it be, what an amazing banter upon all mankind is Freemasonry! And what a secret is it which so many concur to keep! From what motive? Through fear—or shame to own it?<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Arthur, fifth Earl, created first Marquis June 27, 1791. See Young's *Tour* for full information concerning Lord Donegal's immense property and the leases, July 1776.

<sup>2</sup> It is sometimes stated that Wesley afterwards became a freemason, but that is a mistake based on the fact that a ‘John Wesley’ was initiated in the lodge at Downpatrick in October 1788. On the dates mentioned in the Register Wesley was not in Ireland, and the

signature of which a facsimile is given by W. J. Chetwode Crawley, LL.D., in his *Notes on Irish Freemasonry* is not Wesley's. See *W.H.S.* vol. vii. p. 163, and Dr. Crawley's pamphlet, which gives facsimiles of two signatures by the future Duke of Wellington in 1790 and 1794, where he signs his name ‘A. Wesley.’ We have to thank the Rev. L. H. Wellesley-Wesley for letting us see Dr. Crawley's pamphlet.

In the evening the minister offered me the use of the church. I feared it would not contain the people, who ran together so eagerly that it was with difficulty I could get to the door. But after we had stowed them close together, almost all could get in. I dealt exceeding plainly with them, and they had ears to hear.

*Sat. 19.*—I declared to a loving people at Ballinderry<sup>1</sup> ‘the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ.’ Many of them experienced this, and many felt their wants, several children in particular. In the evening I preached at Lisburn, and on the two following days.

*Mon. 21.*—I met a gentleman, who looked hard, and asked me if I did not know him. Indeed I did not, though I had been at his house some years ago, in Londonderry.<sup>2</sup> Mr. Sampson was then one of the ministers there—a lively, sensible man; very fat, and of a fresh, ruddy complexion. But he was now, after a long and severe melancholy, so thin, pale, and wan that I did not recollect one feature of his face. I spent an hour with him very agreeably. He did not show the least touch of wildness, but calm, rational seriousness; so that I could not but believe it is good for him that he has seen affliction.<sup>3</sup>

*Wed. 23.*—I preached at Drumbanagher and Newry.

*Thur. 24.*—Some friends from Dublin met us at Drogheda. In the evening we walked to see the place where King William passed the Boyne. It was almost a desperate attempt, considering the depth of the river and the steepness of the banks; but God was on his side. Near the place a handsome obelisk is erected, with an inscription, giving a brief account of that memorable action.<sup>4</sup>

*Fri. 25.*—I went on to Dublin.<sup>5</sup> I left three hundred and

<sup>1</sup> At Lower Ballinderry the Moravians established a settlement, which still remains. Cennick gave help in the work.

<sup>2</sup> See above, p. 118.

<sup>3</sup> On the 22nd Hugh Saunderson was with him at some unnamed place holding a lovefeast. ‘On the 23rd we set out for Newry. I rode with Mr. Wesley in the chaise, and we got safe to town. Next day we came to Drogheda. We had a happy day in our journey.’

<sup>4</sup> The battle of the Boyne, of which the obelisk (still standing) is the memorial, marked the end of Stuart rule. The obelisk stands on a rock which rises boldly from the river.

<sup>5</sup> Hugh Saunderson writes: ‘On Wednesday and Thursday, June 30 and July 1 our Conference [was] held: we had a solemn time, and all things seemed to be in order.’ In the list of members this year, still extant in Wesley’s handwriting,

seventy-eight members in the society, and found four hundred and twelve, many of whom were truly alive to God.<sup>1</sup>

JULY 3, *Sat.*—I sent to the commanding officer to desire leave to preach in the barracks; but he replied he would have no innovations. No: whoredom, drunkenness, cursing, and swearing for ever!<sup>2</sup>

*Mon.* 5.—About eleven we crossed Dublin bar, and were at Hoylake the next afternoon. This was the first night I ever lay awake in my life, though I was at ease in body and mind. I believe few can say this: in seventy years I never lost one night's sleep!

In my passage I read Dr. Leland's *History of Ireland*<sup>3</sup>—a fine writer, but unreasonably partial. I can easily believe that the Irish were originally Tartars or Scythians, though calling at Spain in their way; but not that they were a jot less barbarous than their descendants in Scotland; or that ever they were a civilized nation till they were civilized by the English; much less that Ireland was, in the seventh or eighth century, the grand seat of learning—that it had many famous colleges, in one of which only, Armagh, there were seven thousand students. All this, with St. Patrick's converting thirty thousand at one sermon, I rank with the history of 'Bel and the Dragon.'

I went, by moderate stages, from Liverpool to Madeley;

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is found the name of 'Solomon Walker, widower, Bridge Street, Mercer.' He bequeathed two thousand pounds to found and furnish what is now the Methodist Female Orphan School in Harrington Street. He had 'a strain of Calvinism in him which collided a little with the Arminianism of Bradburn. He walked home from Whitefriar Street Chapel with his friend and companion, R. Hunt, conversing about the sermon. Riding in the country a few days later, his horse threw him with fatal effect' (*Irish Christian Advocate*, March 9, 1906). For these persons, and the controversy with Bradburn (1777), see Crookshank's *Meth. in Ireland*, vol. i. pp. 312-13; cf. below, Sept. 27 and Oct. 6, 1777.

<sup>1</sup> On June 30 he wrote to Mrs. Savage (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 499).

<sup>2</sup> A few further extracts from Saunderson's Journal may here be given:

*Friday, July 2*, was set apart for fasting and prayer. Mr. Wesley desired me to preach at five, which I did. We had a watch-night. It was a time of power. *Sunday, July 4*.—At the sacrament I found it good to be there. At four I preached to a large congregation. . . . At five-thirty Mr. Wesley preached to a solemn congregation, and afterwards had a lovefeast. *Monday, July 5*.—Ten at night we sailed from Dublin on board the *Free Mason*, Captain Shaw, and on Tuesday at five in the afternoon we cast anchor seven miles from Liverpool. Mr. Wesley and I made the best of our way on foot, and so got to town about eight; we were a little fatigued, but soon forgot it all. On Wednesday the 7th Mr. Wesley preached, and on Thursday he set out and left me here to preach for some days. [Saunderson subsequently went on to Chester, Manchester, Ashbourne, and Leicester.]

<sup>3</sup> See *W.H.S.* vol. iv. p. 205.



where I arrived on *Friday* the 9th. The next morning we went to see the effects of the late earthquake : such it undoubtedly was. On Thursday [May] 27, at four in the morning, a rumbling noise was heard, accompanied with sudden gusts of wind, and wavings of the ground. Presently the earthquake followed, which only shook the farmer's house, and removed it entire about a yard, but carried the barn about fifteen yards, and then swallowed it up in a vast chasm ; tore the ground into numberless chasms, large and small ; in the large, threw up mounts fifteen or twenty feet high ; carried a hedge, with two oaks, above forty feet, and left them in their natural position. It then moved under the bed of the river, which, making more resistance, received a ruder shock, being shattered in pieces, and heaved up about thirty feet from its foundations. By throwing this, and many oaks, into its channel, the Severn was quite stopped up, and constrained to flow backward, till, with incredible fury, it wrought itself a new channel. Such a scene of desolation I never saw. Will none tremble when God thus terribly shakes the earth ? <sup>1</sup>

In the evening I preached under a spreading oak in Madeley Wood ; *Sunday* the 11th, morning and afternoon, in the church. In the evening I preached to the largest congregation of all, near the market-house at Broseley. I came back just by the famous well <sup>2</sup> ; but it burns no more. It ceased from the time a coal-pit was sunk near it, which drew off the sulphurous vapour.

*Mon.* 12.—I preached at Wolverhampton and Birmingham. In my journey from Liverpool I read Dr. Byrom's <sup>3</sup> *Poems*.

<sup>1</sup> See Fletcher's *Particular Account* (Pine), 1774. Buildwas was the scene of the climax. An area of thirty acres was affected. The two largest chasms were twenty yards wide and ten deep. On Friday the 28th Fletcher preached on the site to a great crowd which included twenty-three clergymen. See *Gentleman's Magazine*, 1773, pp. 281-2.

<sup>2</sup> A petroleum well, struck in 1711, and yielding at one time several barrels of oil daily. The coal-pit whose sinking caused its disappearance was sunk about 1755.

<sup>3</sup> Dr. John Byrom was born near Manchester in 1691, and was educated at the Merchant Taylors' School, London, and at Trinity College, Cambridge, where Tom Sharp, son of Archdeacon Sharp, and father of Granville Sharp, 'set him upon shorthand.' His pastoral, *Colin and Phebe*, was published in *The Spectator*. Dr. Bentley's daughter, Joanna, was Phebe. This paper secured for him the patronage of the Master of Trinity, through which he was elected Fellow of the College. He went to Montpellier, where he became M.D., and imbibed a

He has all the wit and humour of Dr. Swift, together with much more learning, a deep and strong understanding, and, above all, a serious vein of piety. A few things in him I particularly remarked : (1) the first is concerning the patron of England ; and I think there can be no reasonable doubt of the truth of his conjecture, that Georgius is a mistake for Gregorius ; that the real patron of England is St. Gregory (who sent Austin, the monk, to convert England) ; and that St. George (whom no one knows) came in by a mere blunder : (2) his criticisms on Homer and Horace seem to be well grounded. Very probably the *κύνες* mentioned by Homer were not dogs, but attendants ; and without doubt *οὐρῆας* means, not mules, but the outguards of the camp.

It seems, that ode in Horace (iii. 8) ought to be read :

Sume, Maecenas, cyathos amici  
Sospitis. Cantum et vigiles lucernas  
Perfer in lucem.

In the *Art of Poetry* he would read,

Unumque prematur in annum.

strong love for the mystic theology of Malebranche and Bourignon, to which he afterwards added that of Behmen. Henley, in *The English Poets*, says that he was a disciple of William Law. After his return to England he invented a system of shorthand. In 1724 he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society, and by the death of his elder brother he came into the possession of the family estate. It is said that he was compelled to reside abroad because of his known sympathy with the House of Stuart. He died at Manchester in 1763. His *Poems*, in two volumes, were published in 1773. Charles Wesley in very early days adopted Byrom's shorthand. His brother John did not adopt it until 1736, when, in Georgia, his brother refused to correspond with him further unless they both wrote in shorthand. From Dec. 20, 1736, John Wesley used Byrom's shorthand for his Journals, and continued to

do so until the close of life. Both brothers were on intimate terms of friendship with Byrom. His Christmas hymn, 'Christians awake ! Salute the happy morn,' was introduced into the 'New Supplement' to Wesley's Collection in 1875. The original manuscript, written on a sheet of note-paper, is in the Chesham Hospital. It was given one Christmas Day by Dr. Byrom to his daughter, Dolly, as a Christmas present. John Wainwright, organist at the Collegiate Church (now the Cathedral) in Manchester in 1750, composed the music. The present form of the hymn dates from 1819. See *Dict. Nat. Biog.* ; *W.M. Mag.* 1863—a series of articles on Byrom by Dr. Elijah Hoole—Tyerman's *Life of Wesley*, vol. ii. p. 484, and Nichols's *Life of Byrom* prefixed to his *Poems*. See also Warburton's *Letters* ; and *W.H.S.* vol. viii. p. 177, where an early portrait of Byrom is given.





- Lib. 1, Ode 9. For *Campus et areae*,  
Read *Cantus et aleae*.
- Lib. 3, Ode 29. For *Tunc me biremis praesidio scaphae—Aura feret* :  
Read *Cum me—Aura ferat*.
- Lib. 3, Ode 23. Read *Thure placâris, et horna*  
*Fruge Lares, avidasque Parcas*. And
- Lib. 1, Ode 20. Read *Vile potabo*.<sup>1</sup>

A few things in the second volume are taken from Jacob Behmen; to whom I object, not only that he is obscure (although even this is an inexcusable fault in a writer on practical religion); not only that his whole hypothesis is unproved, wholly unsupported either by Scripture or reason; but that the ingenious madman over and over contradicts Christian experience, reason, Scripture, and himself.

But, setting these things aside, we have some of the finest sentiments that ever appeared in the English tongue; some of the noblest truths, expressed with the utmost energy of language and the strongest colours of poetry. So that, upon the whole, I trust this publication will much advance the cause of God and of true religion.

*Tues. 13.*—I preached at Wednesbury; *Wednesday* the 14th at Dudley and Birmingham.

*Thur. 15.*—I went on to Witney, and had the satisfaction to find that the work of God was still increasing. In the evening I preached at the east end of the town to a numerous and attentive congregation. In the morning I met the select society, full of faith and love; although the greater part of them are young, some little more than children. At six I preached at the west end of the town, near Mr. Bolton's door.<sup>2</sup> After preaching I had a pleasant journey to Wheatley, and the next day to London.

In this journey I read over that strange book, *The Life of Sextus*<sup>3</sup> *Quintus*; a hog-driver at first, then a monk, a priest,

<sup>1</sup> See *W.H.S.* vol. v. p. 53.

<sup>2</sup> See above, p. 44.

<sup>3</sup> Or 'Sixtus.' See *W.H.S.* vol. iv. p. 205. There are two *Lives* of this

Pope, one by Gregory Leti and the other by Tempesti. For the life, deeds, and designs of this Pope, see Ranke, *Hist. of the Popes*, vol. iii. pp. 226, 239, and 241.

a bishop, a cardinal, a pope. He was certainly as great a genius, in his way, as any that ever lived. He did great things, and designed far greater; but death prevented the execution. And he had many excellent qualities; but was full as far from being a Christian as Henry VIII or Oliver Cromwell.<sup>1</sup>

*Wed. 21.*—We had our Quarterly Meeting at London, at which I was surprised to find that our income does not yet answer our expense. We were again near two hundred pounds bad. My private account I find still worse. I have laboured as much as many writers; and all my labour has gained me, in seventy years, a debt of five or six hundred pounds.<sup>2</sup>

*Sunday* the 25th was a day of strong consolation, particularly at Spitalfields. At five I preached in Moorfields, to (it was supposed) the largest congregation that ever assembled there. But my voice was so strengthened that those who were farthest off could hear perfectly well. So the season for field-preaching is not yet over. It cannot, while so many are in their sins and in their blood.<sup>3</sup>

*AUG. 3, Tues.*—Our Conference<sup>4</sup> began. I preached mornings as well as evenings; and it was all one. I found myself just as strong as if I had preached but once a day.<sup>5</sup>

*Sun. 8.*—At night I set out in the machine, and on *Monday* reached Bristol. In the way I looked over Mr. —'s *Dissertations*.<sup>6</sup> I was surprised to find him a thorough convert of Mr. Stonehouse's, both as to the pre-existence of souls and the non-eternity of hell. But he is far more merciful than

<sup>1</sup> On July 17 he wrote from London to Miss Bosanquet, and the next day to Miss Bolton (*Works*, vol. xii. pp. 403, 481).

<sup>2</sup> See Tyerman's *Life of Wesley*, vol. iii. pp. 154-6.

<sup>3</sup> On July 31 he wrote from Lewisham to Mrs. Savage, to Christopher Hopper, and to Joseph Benson (*Works*, vol. xii. pp. 499, 313, 418). Saunderson writes:

*July 27.*—Reached London, heard Mr. Wesley preach a searching sermon. *Sunday Aug. 1*, at five, heard brother W. S. preach. At seven I preached at Moorfields to a very serious congregation. At nine Mr. Wesley

preached, and then gave the sacrament. [On Aug. 2 the diary closes.]

<sup>4</sup> The thirtieth. See Tyerman's *Life of Wesley*, vol. iii. p. 156.

<sup>5</sup> On Aug. 7 he wrote from London to Christopher Hopper. This and the previous letter deal with Scotch chapel debts. He adds: 'You are to cure brother Swan of long preaching.' The next day he wrote to Miss Bolton (*Works*, vol. xii. pp. 314, 483).

<sup>6</sup> See *W.H.S.* vol. iv. p. 205. The rector (Capel Berrow) of Rossington's *Theological Dissertations* may be the book referred to.

Mr. Stonehouse. He allows it to last (not five millions, but) only thirty thousand years!

It would be excusable if these menders of the Bible would offer their hypotheses modestly. But one cannot excuse them when they not only obtrude their novel scheme with the utmost confidence, but even ridicule that scriptural one which always was, and is now, held by men of the greatest learning and piety in the world. Hereby they promote the cause of infidelity more effectually than either Hume or Voltaire.

*Thur.* 12.—I set out for Cornwall, and the next day we came to Cullompton.<sup>1</sup> For five or six days, I think, the weather has been as hot as it is in Georgia. After preaching, I went on to Exeter with Ralph Mather, then a humble, scriptural Christian.

*Sat.* 14.—I went on to Plymouth Dock, and in the evening preached in the Square.

*Sun.* 15.—As I could not sleep (an uncommon thing with me) till near two in the morning, my companion was afraid I should not be able to go through the labour of the day; but I knew I did not go a warfare at my own cost. At seven I preached in Mr. Kinsman's<sup>2</sup> preaching-house, on 'Strive to enter in at the strait gate'; and I think many received the truth in the love thereof. Between one and two I preached in the Tabernacle at Plymouth; and in the evening declared in the Square, to a multitude of people, the nature of that love without which all we say, know, believe, do, and suffer profits nothing.

*Mon.* 16.—In the evening I preached at St. Austell; *Tuesday* the 17th in the Coinage Hall<sup>3</sup> at Truro; at six in the main street at Helston. How changed is this town since a

<sup>1</sup> On Aug. 13 Wesley travelled to Exeter with Thomas Olivers, as well as with Ralph Mather. The latter became a Quaker and a Mystic. See below, Jan. 29, 1774.

<sup>2</sup> Andrew Kinsman, at eighteen years of age, read Whitefield's sermons and was converted. He married Miss Tiley, another of Whitefield's converts. He and his wife gave the site for the Tabernacle at Plymouth, and contributed

generously towards the building. Kinsman began to preach out of doors, and was violently persecuted. He became an itinerant in Bristol, London, and elsewhere. In 1763 he was ordained pastor of Whitefield's Tabernacle in Plymouth Dock. See Tyerman's *Life of Whitefield*, vol. ii. p. 216; and *Life of C. of Huntingdon*, vol. ii. pp. 173-6.

<sup>3</sup> The building was taken down in 1848. See *W.H.S.* vol. iv. p. 193.

Methodist preacher could not ride through it without hazard of his life!

*Wed.* 18.—I preached in the town hall in Penzance. It was soon filled from end to end; and it was filled with the power of God. One would have thought every soul must have bowed down before Him. In the evening I preached at St. Just; *Friday* the 20th,<sup>1</sup> in Penzance and Marazion; and in the evening in the market-place at St. Ives, to the largest congregation I have yet seen in Cornwall.

*Sat.* 21.—I preached in Illogan and at Redruth; *Sunday* the 22nd in St. Agnes church-town, at eight; about one at Redruth; and at five in the amphitheatre at Gwennap. The people both filled it, and covered the ground round about to a considerable distance.<sup>2</sup> So that, supposing the space to be four-score yards square, and to contain five persons in a square yard, there must be above two-and-thirty thousand people; the largest assembly I ever preached to. Yet I found, upon inquiry, all could hear, even to the skirts of the congregation! Perhaps the first time that a man of seventy had been heard by thirty thousand persons at once!<sup>3</sup>

Hence I went by Cubert, Port Isaac, Camelford, and Launceston, to Tiverton. *Saturday* the 28th I returned to Bristol.<sup>4</sup>

SEPT. 3, *Fri.*—I went over to Kingswood, and inquired into the ground of many heavy charges which had been confidently advanced against the management there. One article was true, and no more. And this fault is now amended.

I waited a few days before I set down what has lately occurred among the children here. From the time God visited them last, several of them retained a measure of the fear of God. But they grew colder and colder, till Ralph Mather met them in the latter end of August. Several then resolved to meet in

<sup>1</sup> He wrote to 'A Young Disciple' (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 449).

<sup>2</sup> See the note above, p. 387.

<sup>3</sup> The Rev. John Owen accompanied Wesley on this tour, and, in a letter to Benson, refers to this Sunday's preaching engagements. 'He had surprising congregations. . . . The people in these

parts seem much alive to God.' (MS. *Life of Benson*, in Conf. Office Library).

<sup>4</sup> On Sept. 1 Wesley wrote a Preface to an *Extract from a Treatise concerning Religious Affections*, by Jonathan Edwards, A.M., President of the College of New Jersey. See Green's *Wesley Bibliog.* No. 294.



class again, and appeared to have good desires. On *Saturday*, September 4, he talked with three of them, about four in the afternoon. These freely confessed their besetting sins, and appeared to be greatly humbled. At five all the children met in the school. During an exhortation then given, first one, then two or three were much affected. Afterwards two more were taken apart, who were soon deeply distressed; and one of them (James Whitestone), in less than half an hour found a clear sense of the love of God. Near seven, they came down [to] the boys in the school; and Mr. Mather asked, 'Which of you will serve God?' They all seemed to be thunderstruck, and ten or twelve fell down upon their knees. Mr. Mather prayed, and then James Whitestone. Immediately one and another cried out; which brought in the other boys, who seemed struck more and more, till about thirty were kneeling and praying at once. Before half-hour past nine, ten of them knew that they were accepted in the Beloved. Several more were brought to the birth; and all the children, but three or four, were affected more or less.

*Sun. 5.*—I examined sixteen of them who desired to partake of the Lord's Supper. Nine or ten had a clear sense of the pardoning love of God. The others were fully determined never to rest till they could witness the same confession.

Eighteen of the children from that time met in three bands, besides twelve who met in trial band. These were remarkable for their love to each other, as well as for steady seriousness. They met every day; besides which, all the children met in class.

Those who found peace were James Whitestone, Alexander Mather, Matthew Lowes, William Snowden, John Keil, Charles Farr, John Hamilton, Benjamin Harris, and Edward Keil.

*Mon. 6.*—After Mr. Mather had preached at Pensford, he met the children there. Presently the spirit of contrition fell upon them, and then the Spirit of grace and of supplication, till the greater part of them were crying together for mercy, with a loud and bitter cry; and all Miss Owen's children, but one (two-and-twenty in number) were exceedingly comforted.<sup>1</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> On Sept. 8 he wrote from Bristol to 'A Young Disciple' (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 449).

*Fri.* 10.<sup>1</sup>—I went over to Kingswood and inquired into the present state of the children. I found part of them had walked closely with God ; part had not, and were in heaviness. Hearing in the evening that they were got to prayer by themselves in the school, I went down ; but, not being willing to disturb them, stood at the window. Two or three had gone in first ; then more and more, till above thirty were gathered together. Such a sight I never saw before nor since. Three or four stood and stared, as if affrighted. The rest were all on their knees, pouring out their souls before God, in a manner not easy to be described. Sometimes one, sometimes more, prayed aloud ; sometimes a cry went up from them all ; till five or six of them, who were in doubts before, saw the clear light of God's countenance.

*Sun.* 12.—Four of Miss Owen's<sup>2</sup> children desired leave to partake of the Lord's Supper. I talked with them severally, and found they were all still rejoicing in the love of God. And they confirmed the account that there was only one of their whole number who was unaffected on Monday ; but all the rest could then say with confidence, ' Lord, Thou knowest that I love Thee.' I suppose such a visitation of children has not been known in England these hundred years. In so marvellous a manner, 'out of the mouth of babes and sucklings' God has 'perfected praise'!

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<sup>1</sup> He wrote to Mrs. Elizabeth Bennis, and the same day to Joseph Benson : 'You will be buried in Scotland if you sell your mare and sit still. Keep her

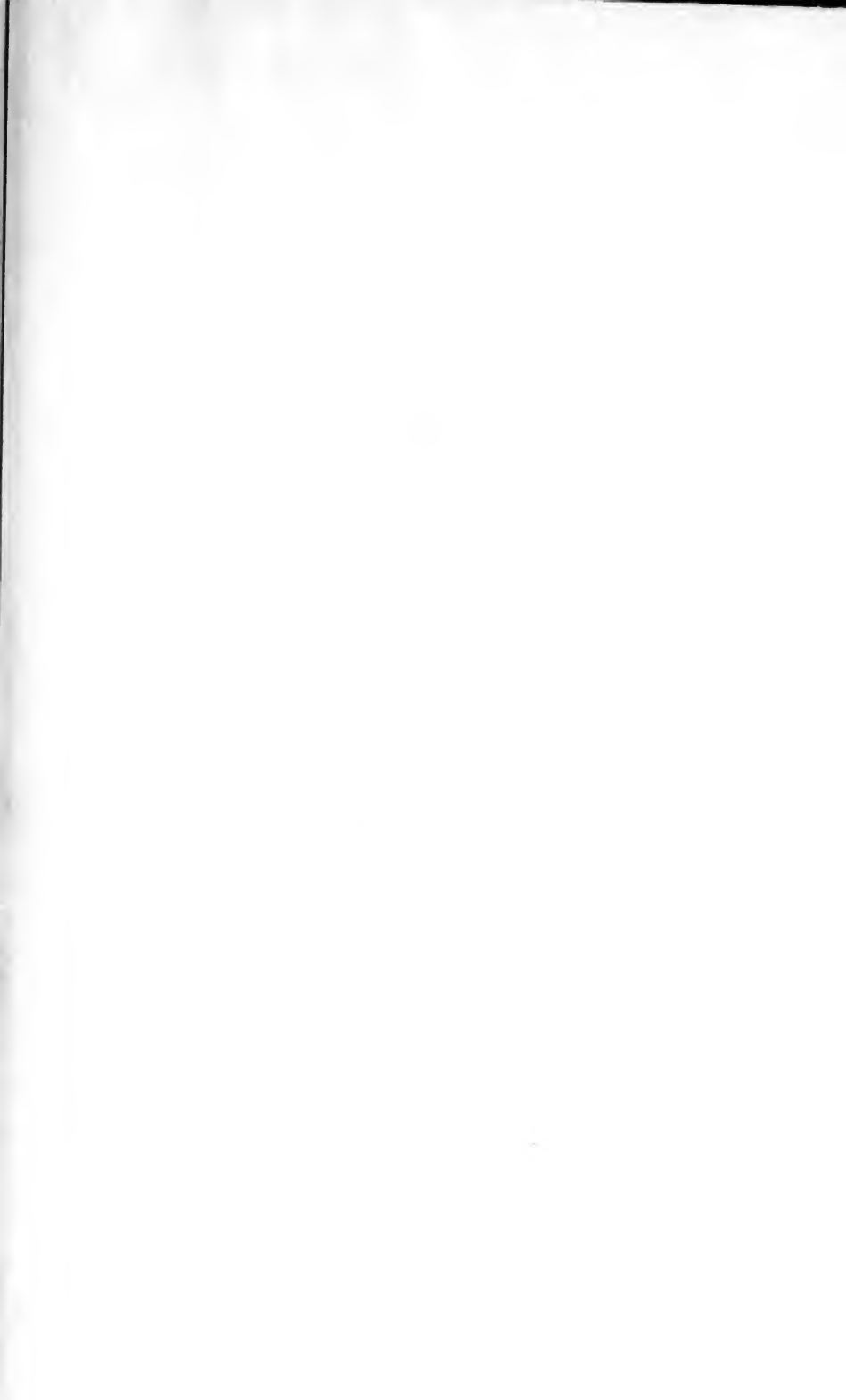
and ride continually' (*Works*, vol. xii. pp. 396, 419).

<sup>2</sup> At Publow. See above, p. 483.

END OF VOL. V









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